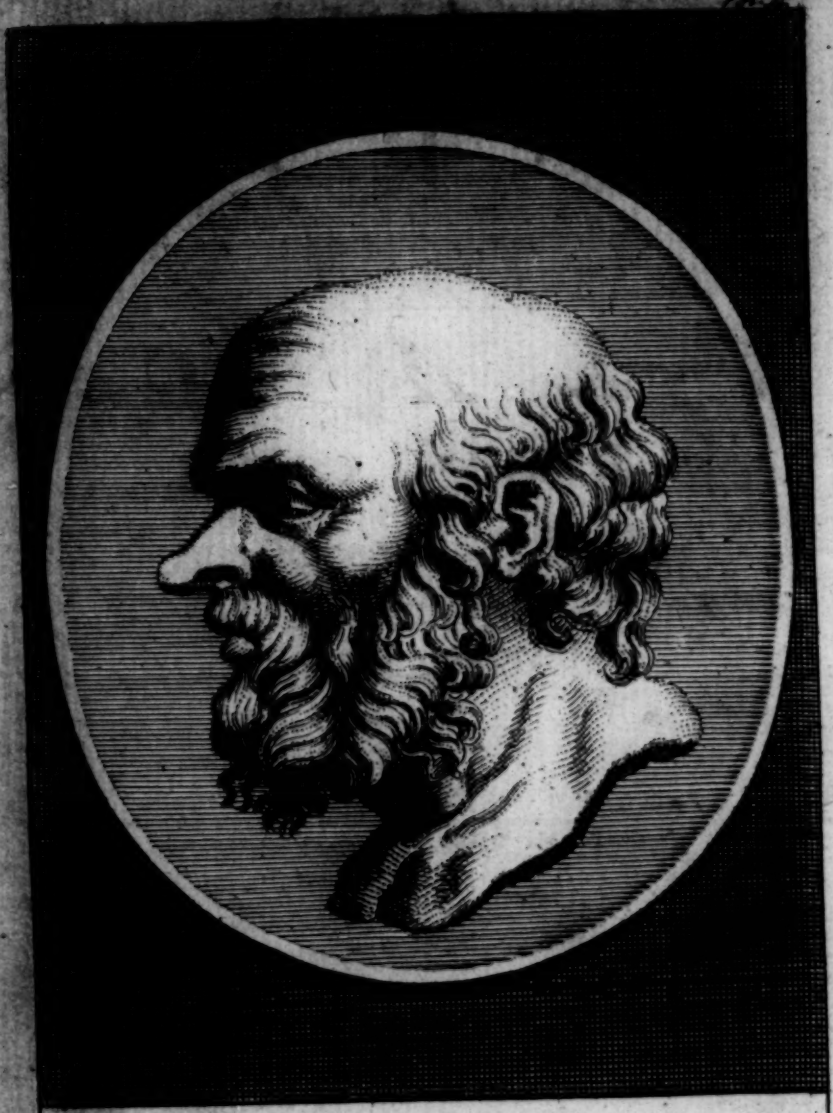

SOCRATES.

Apud Leon. Augustinum in gemma.

M. Vt Gucht Sculp.

THE WORKS OF PLATO ABRIDG'D:

With an Account of His Life, Philosophy, Morals, and Politicks.

Together with

A Translation of his Choicest DIALOGUES, *viz.*

Of
- What one ought to do.
- Immortality of the Soul.
- Valour.
- Philosophy.

The Fourth Edition.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for R. Ware, J. and P. Knapton, S. Birt, T. Longman, C. Hitch, J. Hodges, S. Austen, C. Corbet, J. and J. Rivington, and J. Ward.

MDCCXLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE INTRODUCTION TO *SOCRATES*'s APOLOGY.

IN *Eutyphron* we ſaw how *Socrates* attacked the Superſtition of the *Athenians* and Plurality of their Gods, by expoſing the Ridiculouſneſs of the Fable, with which their Divinity was ſtuffed; and by that means endeavouring to bring them to the Knowledge of the true God. They were a People devoted to Idolatry, and always upon their Guard againſt Innovations; witneſs the *Acts of the Apoſtles*; where we ſee the *Athenians*, who were diſturbed at the Preaching of St. *Paul*, cried out, *He ſeemeth to be a Setter-forth of ſtrange Gods.* Chap. xvii. 18. Now a People thus diſpoſed could not but be alarmed by a Doctrine ſo oppoſite to their Errors. But that was not the firſt Spring of their Hatred of *Socrates*. The Virtue and

generous Liberty of that wiſe Man, procured him many ſecret Enemies, who, in order to get rid of a publick Cenſor, that always twitted them with their Vices, decried him underhand, as being an impious Fellow that meddled with ſuſpected Sciences, and taught the Way of promoting Injuſtice. *Ariſtophanes* was the moſt ſerviceable Inſtrument in ſpreading that Calumny. His Comedy of the Clouds had ſuch an abſolute Influence upon the People, that it moved them to receive the Accuſation brought againſt this Philoſopher more than twenty Years after, branding him for a profligate Wretch that introduced new Deities. The Cauſe being formally brought to a Trial, *Socrates* was obliged to appear before his Judges, and anſwer thoſe two Sorts of Accuſers. 'Twas above all upon this Occaſion, as being the laſt Act of his Life, that he admirably kept up the Character of an ancient Philoſopher, endowed with a divine Spirit, and a conſummate Wiſdom; who never did an unadviſed Action, nor ſpoke ſo much as one Word amiſs. Even Death itſelf, when threatned and preſented to his View, could not oblige him to depart one Minute from the Paths of Virtue and Juſtice. He ſpeaks downright of his Innocence, and does not ſtoop to the cowardly baſe Methods of begging Votes, that were then in uſe. He employs neither the Artifice nor Varniſh of human Eloquence: he has no recourſe to Supplications and Tears; he does not bring his Wife and Children to ſoften the Judges with their Groans and Lamentations. His Defence does not ſavour of any Thing that's cringing, cowardly, baſe or little. His Diſcourſe is high, maſculine, generous, and becoming the Liberty of a Philoſopher. He gave in his Defences with ſo much Plainneſs and Simplicity, that ſome of the Ancients took occaſion from thence to ſay, that he did not clear himſelf of the Charge. 'Tis true, he did not ſpeak as Perſons upon their Trial uſed to do. He contented himſelf with ſpeaking to the Judges as he uſed to do in common Diſcourſe, and with propoſing ſome Queſtions to his Accuſers. So that his Part was rather a familiar Diſcourſe, than a ſtudied Harangue, which did not ſuit with his Genius. However,

even this his careleſs Apology was true and to the purpoſe. *Plato*, who was then preſent, afterwards gathered it into a Body: and without adding any thing to the Truth, formed it into a Diſcourſe, ſet off with an Eloquence, almoſt divine; which to my Mind, does infinitely ſurpaſs all the Maſterpieces of that Nature yet known. No other Work can ſhew ſo much Candor and Ingenuity, joined with ſo much Force. But, after all, the moſt admirable Thing in his Diſcourſe is not its Eloquence, but the fine Sentiments 'tis full of. Here Generoſity, Reaſon, Piety, and Juſtice, are diſplayed with all their Splendor; and the Maxims ſcattered here and there may juſtly be reckoned Sacred. Who would not wonder at this Leſſon of *Socrates?* viz. *That a Priſoner arraigned ought not to make it his Buſineſs to raiſe the Pity of the Judge; that he ought to affect him by his Reaſons, and not by his Requeſts; and procure an Abſolution by Juſtice, and not by Favour: for a Judge is not placed on the Bench to oblige People by violating the Laws, but to do Juſtice purſuant to them. He ſwears to this Purpoſe, and his Oath ought to be inviolable. Now an honeſt Man ſhould not ſollicit his Judge to be guilty of Perjury; and a Judge ſhould not ſuffer himſelf to be inveigled: Elſe, two innocent Perſons will become two Criminals.* He teaches, that an honeſt Man ought always to ſtand to his Poſt, let the impending Danger be ever ſo great: that he ought to obey his Superiors, and part with his Life when they demand it. *For*, ſays he, *there's nothing more criminal and ſcandalous, than to diſobey Superior Powers, whether God or Man.* He teaches us not to fear Death; but Shame, which purſues Men more ſwiftly than Death itſelf. He is of Opinion, that our ordinary Exerciſe ſhould be, diſcourſing of Virtue, and putting ourſelves to the Teſt of its Rules; *for a Life without Examination is no Life at all.* In one Word, this *Apology* is a perfect Model of the due Conduct of an honeſt Man in all the Conditions of Life, and eſpecially of the Manner how a Perſon unjuſtly accuſed ought to defend himſelf.

Several Perſons who aſſiſted in the Court upon this Occaſion, drew up *Socrates*'s Apology; in which every one produced the Arguments that occurr'd to his Memory, or thoſe that affected him moſt; and all of them kept true to the lofty and magnanimous Temper of this Philoſopher. After all the reſt, *Xenophon* compiled one upon the Relation of *Hermogenes*, the Son of *Hipponicus*, for he himſelf was not then at *Athens*. Time has robbed us of them all, except *Plato*'s and *Xenophon*'s; but 'tis apparent that the one of theſe is much ſhort of the other. In the firſt we meet with all the Force of the greateſt Diſciple of *Socrates*, a Diſciple that was preſent, and came near to the true Original: whereas the other preſents us with the Hand of a Diſciple that was abſent, and goes upon an imperfect Copy. However, * even this imperfect Copy is evidence that the Paſſages related by *Plato* are true; for *Xenophon* does not only go upon the ſame Ideas of Things, but likewiſe aſſures us, that *Socrates* ſpoke as he ſays he did.

Do but obſerve, ſays *Montagne* †, *by what Reaſons* Socrates *rouzes up his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Argument he fortifies his Patience againſt Calumny, Tyranny and Death. You will find nothing in all this borrowed from* Arts *and* Sciences. *The ſimpleſt may there diſcern their own Means and Power. 'Tis not poſſible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great Kindneſs, in ſhewing it how much it can do of itſelf. His Plea is plain and puerile, but of an unimaginable Height, and offered in the laſt Extremity. His Way of arguing is equally admirable for its Simplicity and its Force. 'Tis an eaſier matter to ſpeak like* Ariſtotle, *and live like* Cæſar, *than to ſpeak and live as* Socrates *did. Here lies the greateſt Difficulty, and the laſt Degree of Perfection, that no Art can improve.*

* From thence 'tis evident, ſays *Xenophon*, that *Socrates* truly ſpoke in that Faſhion.

† Book 3. Chap. 12.

But

But before I launch into the Apology, 'twill be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the familiar Spirit that governed *Socrates*, which has made ſo much Noiſe in the World. Some looked upon it as Chimera and Fiction; others gave very different Accounts of it.

'Tis needleſs to obſerve, that the Opinion of *Plato*, aſſigning to every Man, from his very Birth, a particular Genius, or Angel, to take care of him, is a Ray of the Truth taught in the Holy Scriptures, where we hear of Men conducted by Angels, and Jeſus Chriſt himſelf ſaying, that *the Angels of little Children do ſee the Face of God in Heaven without interruption*. That cannot be queſtioned. Upon which Account, ‖ *Origen* uſes thoſe as Calumniators, who would brand the Familiar of *Socrates* for a Fable. A certain Proof that he was truly guided by a good Genius, is, that all his Life long he was pious, temperate, and juſt; that in all Caſes he always joined in with the right Side: that he never injured any Man; that he always proclaimed War againſt Vice, and attacked falſe Religions; that the whole Buſineſs of his Life was to make Men more honeſt, and acquaint them with Truth and Juſtice.

The only Difficulty is, to know how this Familiar gave him to underſtand its Meaning, and what was the Nature of that divine Voice. Doubtleſs Inſpiration was the Manner of Conveyance. And † *Plutarch* naturally leads us to that Thought, where he ſpeaks of the Miracles recounted in *Homer*, who oftentimes introduces Deities coming to ſuccour Men, and to inſpire them with the Knowledge of what they ought to do or avoid. His Words are theſe: * *We muſt either deny the Deity the Title of a moving Cauſe, or any Principle of our Operations; or elſe own that it has no other Way of ſuccour-*

‖ In the 6th Book againſt *Celſus*.

† In the Life of *Coriolanus*.

* Here *Plutarch* is out, in giving too narrow a Compaſs to the Means by which God may ſuccour Men. See the Remark upon that Paſſage.

ing Men, and co-operating with them, than by calling up and determining the Will, by the Ideas it conveys into us. For it does not push or act upon our Bodies; it influences neither our Hands nor our Feet; but by Virtue of certain Principles and Ideas, which it calls up within us, it stirs up the active Faculty of our Soul; and either pushes on our Will, or else checks it, and turns it another Way.

But some will object, that at this Rate it was not a Voice. It was a Voice; that is, an Impression upon the imaginative Faculty of the Soul: such as happens often while one's asleep, and sometimes when awake; when one fancies that he hears and sees, tho' at the same Time he hears nothing, and sees as little. This was the Opinion that *Plutarch* entertained. For he says, * that *Socrates* was a Man of a clear Head, of an easy and calm Temper; that is, he was not moved by Trouble, nor disquieted by Passion, and consequently was entirely disposed to listen to the Suggestions of that *Genius*, which by Virtue of its Light alone influenced the understanding Part of the Soul, and made the same Impression upon it that a Voice does after it has passed thro' the Organs of the Body. 'Twas this Voice that *Homer* so admirably describes, when speaking of the Dream that came upon *Agamemnon*, he says, that a *divine Voice surrounded him.*

There is yet another Difficulty behind: 'Tis, why this Voice had only the Power of diverting *Socrates* from Things, and never egged him on to any thing: for *Marcilius Ficinus* is certainly out, in pretending to give such a mysterious Account of the Matter, as if the Genius of *Socrates* never pushed him on, because he was not of a martial Spirit, and always dissuaded him, because he was naturally heavy: as if the divine Being had only given him the Light to deny, and not to affirm. This is the Way to elude the Argument, by splitting upon greater Difficulties, or pinning the Controversy upon

* In his Treatise of the Genius of *Socrates.*

idle

idle and frivolous Diſtinctions. The more reaſonable and natural Account of the Matter, is, that *Socrates* was virtuous to the laſt Degree, and always bent to take up with whatever he took to be fair and honeſt; that upon other Scores, he had no Buſineſs to mind, but to live a ſimple and uniform Life, and conſequently had no other occaſion but to be reſerved and backward, when his Reaſon offered to ſollicit him either to paſs a falſe Judgment, or to make a wrong Step.

In the *Latin* Tranſlations, this Apology is covered with Obſcurity, becauſe the Tranſlators have not taken Care to divide it, and did not perceive that it was made at three ſeveral Times, which are diſtinctly pointed to in the Tranſlation I now preſent you with.

THE APOLOGY OF *SOCRATES*.

I know not, *Athenians*, what Impreſſion the Harangues of my Accuſers have made upon you: For my Part, I own, that they have almoſt made me forget myſelf; ſo artfully are their Reaſons coloured and ſet off. And yet, I can aſſure you, they have not ſpoke one Word of Truth.

But of all their Calumnies, that which ſurprizes me moſt, is, that they counſel you to beware of being ſe-

duced by my Eloquence, * and endeavour to work you into a great Opinion of it. For certainly it is the height of Impudence, not to fear the Shame of having the Lye given them; which I am about to do, by ſhewing that I am not at all eloquent, unleſs they call him eloquent who can ſpeak nothing but the Truth. If that be their Plea, I own myſelf a great Orator, but not after their Faſhion; for I once more tell you, that they have not ſpoke one Word of Truth: And I am now about to diſcover to you the naked Truth, in common and ſimple Expreſſions, without the Ornaments of the queint Turns and picked Terms that ſet off their Diſcourſes. For I have this Confidence in myſelf, that I ſpeak the Truth, and none of you ought to expect any thing elſe from me; and it would be very unſuitable for one of my Age to come before you, like a School-boy with a ſtudied Harangue upon a fabulous Subject.

Wherefore the only Favour I deſire and beg of you, is, that when you find my Defences given in the moſt ordinary and common Terms and Ways of Expreſſion, ſuch as I am always wont to make uſe of in my ordinary Interviews with you on the Exchange and Publick Banks, and the other Places where I uſed to meet you often; my Requeſt is, that when ye find it ſo, ye would not be ſurprized or incenſed againſt me, for I am about to tell you the Matter of Fact juſt as it ſtands.

Tho' I am now ſeventy Years old, yet this is the firſt Time that ever I entered this Hall: I am a Stranger to it, unacquainted with its Language and Cuſtoms. Now were I a Foreigner, you would readily grant me the Favour of giving in my Defences in the Language and Manner of my own Country. In like Manner I now beg of you, as a Stranger to this Hall, and I think my

* They cried up his Eloquence, in order to aggravate the Injuſtice they charged upon him; alledging, that he confounded the Ideas of Juſtice, and taught the Way of putting a good Face upon bad Cauſes.

Petition

Petition is juſt, that you'd grant me the ſame Favour, and overlook my Ways of Expreſſion, which perhaps are not ſo good as others (tho' after all, it is poſſible they may be better) and only to mind whether I ſpeak juſtly or not: for that ought to be the chief View of a Judge, as the greateſt Virtue of an Orator conſiſts in ſpeaking nothing but the Truth.

'Tis but reaſonable that I ſhould firſt begin to anſwer the Charges of my firſt Accuſers, and afterwards come up with the latter in their Order? For I have had a great many Accuſers before this Court theſe ſeveral Years, and all of them have advanced nothing but what's falſe. I am more afraid of my old Accuſers, than of *Anytus* and his Complices. It is true, the latter diſplay a great deal of Eloquence; but the others are more to be regarded, ſince they accoſted you from your Infancy, and wheedled you into a Belief of what Calumnies they pleaſed.

They told you, there was one *Socrates*, a wiſe Man, that inquired into the Actions of the Heavens, and the hidden Treaſures in the Boſom of the Earth; who has ſuch a dextrous Way of perplexing the Ideas of Juſtice and Truth, that he can make a bad Cauſe a good one.

The Men who ſpread thoſe falſe Rumours are my moſt dangerous Enemies; for thoſe who liſten to their Surmiſes, are over perſuaded that Philoſophers taken up with ſuch Inquiries, believe no Gods. Beſides, theſe Accuſers are very numerous, and they have had a long while to concert their Plot; they are now very ancient, and took Occaſion to prepoſſeſs you with that Opinion, in an Age that generally is too credulous: For you were then but Infants for the moſt part, or at moſt in the firſt Years of your Youth, when they laid their Accuſation againſt me before you, and carried it on at their own leiſure, without any Oppoſition: And, which is yet more unjuſt, I am not allowed to know my Accuſers. They get off with ſetting up a Comedian at the Head of the Charge, while all thoſe, who through Envy or Malice have wrought you into a Belief of theſe Falſhoods, and continue ſtill underhand to throw the ſame Calumnies about

theſe Men I ſay, are allowed to lie concealed: So that I have neither the Power of calling them to account before you, nor the Pleaſure of refuting them in your preſence; and the only Way of defending myſelf, is, to fight with a Shadow, and ſpeak againſt I do not know whom.

Wherefore conſider, *Athenians*, that I am now to encounter two Sorts of Accuſers, thoſe who arraigned me a great while ago, and thoſe who ſummoned me lately; and I intreat you to believe that I lie under a neceſſity of giving in my Anſwers immediately to the firſt Sort.

Now is the Time then, that I am to defend myſelf, and in ſo ſhort a Space of Time, I am to endeavour to root out of your Minds a Calumny, that you have entertained a long while, and which has taken deep Root in them. I wiſh with all my Heart that my Defences could promote your Advantage as well as my own, and that my Apology might ſerve ſome more important Deſign, than that of juſtifying myſelf: But I perceive the Difficulties that lie in the Way; and am not ſo blind as not to ſee, where all this Buſtle will terminate. God's Will be done. My Buſineſs is to obey the Law, and defend myſelf.

To return to the firſt Original of the Charge, upon which I am ſo much decried, and which inſpired *Melitus* with a Boldneſs to arraign me before you; let's ſee what was the Plea of theſe my firſt Accuſers: * For their Charge muſt be put into Form, as if it were writ, and Affidavits made. 'Tis this: Socrates *is an impious Man; with a criminal Curioſity he pretends to penetrate into all that paſſes in the Heavens, and to fathom what's contained in the Bowels of the Earth. He has the way of giving the Aſcendant to Injuſtice; and is not content*

* *Socrates* treats the Calumnies of *Ariſtophanes* and his firſt Enemies, as if it were a juſt Charge formally preſented upon Oath; for both the Accuſer and the Priſoner are obliged to ſwear, that they would advance nothing but Truth; And this they called ἀληθολογία.

to

to reſerve theſe Secrets to himſelf, but communicates them to others.

This is the Accuſation: The Heads of which you have ſeen in the Comedy of *Ariſtophanes*, where one *Socrates* is repreſented as hung up in a Baſket, giving out that he walks upon the Winds; with many other ſuch fooliſh Advances. Now theſe are Secrets that I am altogether a Stranger to; I never gave my Mind to theſe ſublime Sciences: Not that I deſpiſe them, or contemn thoſe who are well verſed in them, if any ſuch there be, leſt *Melitus* ſhould thereupon charge me with new Crimes; I would only give you to know, that I never meddled with theſe Sciences, as moſt of you can witneſs.

Since ye have ſo often converſed with me, and that there is ſo great a Number of you who know me, I conjure you to declare, if ever you heard me ſpeak of theſe things, either directly or indirectly. This may furniſh you with certain Evidence, that all the other Articles of my Indictment are of a Piece with this, as being downright Untruths. And if ever you heard that I either taught, or required a Reward for ſo doing, I'll juſtify it to be a downright Calumny.

Not that I diſparage thoſe who are capable to inſtruct and teach Men, ſuch as *Gorgias* of *Leonti*, *Prodicus* of *Ceos*, and *Hippias* of *Elæa*. For theſe great Men have a wonderful Talent of perſuading and retaining all the Youth of whatever City they go to; young Men that might apply themſelves to which of their own Country-men they have a Mind to, without any Charge, are ſo influenced by them, that they quit their own Countrymen, and adhere to them only, paying round Sums, and acknowledging infinite Obligations beſides. I have likewiſe heard, that there's yet another very ingenious Maſter in this City, who came from *Paros*; for I met him t'other Day in the Houſe of a Man that ſpends more upon Sophiſters, than all the other Citizens put together; I mean *Callias*: Where happening to ſpeak of *Callias*'s two Sons, I addreſſed myſelf to him in this Faſhion; Had you two young Horſes, would not you want to put them into the Hands of ſome ſkilful Man, and pay him

him well, for making them handſome, and giving them all the good Qualities they ought to have? And would not this ſkilful Man be ſome good Groom, or expert Huſbandman? Now you have two Children, what Maſter have you pitched upon for them? Whom have we in Town, that's well verſed in human and political Virtues? For doubtleſs you have conſidered that Queſtion already, upon the Account of your Children. Tell me then, if you know of any? Yes, doubtleſs, replied *Callias*. Who is it, ſaid I; what Country is he of; and what are his Demands? 'Tis *Evenus*, replied he, from *Paros*: He demands ‖ 5 *Minæ*. Whereupon I told him, *Evenus* was happy, provided it was true that he knew the Art, and could impart it to others.

‖ Fifty Crowns.

As for me, Gentlemen, were I poſſeſſed of ſuch Endowments, I ſhould be proud of them, and glory in them: But ſuch is my Misfortune, I have no Title to them. I perceive you'll be ready to reply, * *But what have ye done then*, Socrates, *and what occaſioned theſe Calumnies you are charged with? Had you never done more than your Fellow-Citizens, nor meddled with further Buſineſs, theſe Reports of you would never have had a Being. Tell us therefore how the Matter ſtands, that we may not paſs an unadviſed Sentence.* This, I take it, is a juſt Objection: Wherefore I'll endeavour to lay before you the Occaſion of my being ſo much decried and talked of. Give ear to me, and aſſure yourſelves, that I'll ſpeak nothing but Truth.

The Diſrepute I lie under, is only occaſioned by a Sort of Wiſdom within me. But what is this Wiſdom? Per-

* Thus the Words τόνδε τινὰ πρᾶγμα are to be rendered; and not as *de Serres* does, *viz. Quænam hæc eſt tua Res?* What's your Buſineſs then? The Judges knew very well what was *Socrates*'s Buſineſs, and conſequently can't be ſuppos'd to put that Queſtion to him. But it is very probable they might aſk him what it was that brought him thither, or what he had done to merit thoſe Calumnies. *Marcilius Ficinus* was better acquainted with the Spirit of the *Greek* Language, for he rendered it, *Quodnam tuum eſt Opus?*

haps

haps 'tis merely human Prudence, for I run a great Risk of being poſſeſſed of none elſe: whereas thoſe Men I mentioned but now, are wiſe above a human Pitch.

I can ſay nothing to this laſt Sort of Wiſdom, becauſe I am a Stranger to it; and thoſe who charge it upon me, are Liars, and mean only to injure my Reputation. But I beg that you *Athenians* would not be ſtartled, if I ſeem to ſpeak a little favourably of myſelf: I ſhan't advance any Thing upon my own Authority, but ſhall produce an unexceptionable Author to vouch on my behalf. For a Witneſs of my Wiſdom, ſuch as it is, I refer you to the God himſelf that preſides at *Delphi*. You are all acquainted with *Chærephon*, who was my Companion from my Infancy, and had the like Intimacy with moſt of you. He accompanied you in your Exile, and return'd along with you. So that ye can't but know what Sort of a Man *Chærephon* was, and how eager in all his Undertakings. One Day, being at *Delphi*, he had the Boldneſs to aſk the Oracle (once more I beg you would not be ſurprized with what I am about to ſay) I ſay, he put this Queſtion to the Oracle. Whether there was ever a Man in the World more wiſe than I? The Prieſteſs made anſwer, that there was none. His Brother, who is yet alive, can aſſure you that this is true. Wherefore, I intreat you, *Athenians*, to conſider ſeriouſly the Reaſon why I preſent you with an Account of all theſe Things: For, it is only to ſhew you the Spring of thoſe falſe Rumours, that have taken Air againſt me.

When I heard the Oracle's anſwer, I put the Queſtion to myſelf; What does the God mean? What is the hidden Senſe that lies couched under theſe Words? For, I am ſenſible, that I am intitled to no Wiſdom, neither ſmall nor great. What then does the God mean in giving me out for the wiſeſt of Men, ſince a Deity cannot lie? Thus I continued a long Time in Suſpence about the meaning of the Oracle, till at laſt, after a great deal of Trouble, it came in my mind to make this Trial. I went to one of our Citizens, that paſſes for one of the wiſeſt Men in the Town, and hoped that by inſtancing him, as

Gods cannot lie.

as being a Perſon more wiſe than I, I ſhould refute the Oracle. When I examined this Man, who was one of our greateſt Politicians, and whoſe Name, I know, is a ſufficient Recommendation; I found that all the World looked upon him as a wiſe Man, and that he had the like Thoughts of himſelf, but in Effect was no ſuch Man. After this Diſcovery, I made it my Buſineſs to convince him, that he was not the Man he took himſelf to be. Now this was the Occaſion which rendered me odious to this Man, and to all thoſe who aſſiſted at that Interview.

When I parted with him, I reaſoned with myſelf, and ſaid to myſelf, I am wiſer than this Man. 'Tis poſſible that neither he nor I know any Thing that's good or valuable: But ſtill there's this Difference; he is poſſeſſed with an Opinion of his own Knowledge, tho' at the ſame Time he knows nothing; But I, as I know nothing, ſo I pretend to know as little. So that upon this Score, I thought myſelf a little wiſer than he, becauſe I did not think that I knew what I did not know.

After that I viſited another that paſſed for a wiſer Man than the former; but found him in the ſame Circumſtances, and by that Diſcovery gained new Enemies. However, this did not diſcourage me. I continued to make the ſame Experiment upon others. I was ſenſible that by ſo doing, I drew Hatred upon myſelf, which gave me ſome Trouble, becauſe I dreaded the Conſequences of it. But I was convinced that I was bound to prefer the Voice of God to all Conſiderations, and to apply myſelf to the moſt reputable Men, in order to find out its true Meaning. And now that I muſt tell you, O *Athenians*, the Truth, the whole Reſult of my Inquiry was this: All thoſe who paſſed for the wiſeſt Men, appeared to me to be infinitely leſs diſpoſed to Wiſdom, than thoſe who were not at all ſo eſteemed.

'Tis a common Thing, thoſe who are leaſt eſteemed are oftentimes the moſt wiſe.

To continue the Account of all my Adventures, in order to refute the Oracle: Having viſited all the great Stateſmen, I addreſſed myſelf to the *Poets*, both Tragedians,

gedians, * Dithyrambicks and others; I made no Question, but I ſhould be catched napping, as the Saying is, by finding myſelf far more ignorant than they. I took up ſome of their moſt elaborate Performances, and put the Queſtion to them, what was their Meaning, what Plot or Deſign they carried on in theſe Pieces? as if I meaned to be inſtructed. Indeed, *Athenians*, I am aſhamed to tell you the Truth: But after all, ſince I muſt out with it, there was not *one* Man of the whole Company that was not more capable to diſcourſe of, and aſſign Reaſons for the Poems, than their reſpective Authors. Thus in a little Space of Time, I diſcovered that † Poets do not carry on their Work by the Meaſures of Wiſdom, but by a Sort of Enthuſiaſm, and certain Impulſes of Nature, like Prophets and Divines, that ſpeak of a great many fine Things which they do not underſtand. The Poets ſeemed to me to be caſt in the ſame Mould; and at the ſame Time, I perceived that by Reaſon of their Poetry, they looked upon themſelves as the wiſeſt of Men, and admirably well verſed in all other Things, that have no Relation to their Buſineſs, and which they do not at all underſtand. Then I turned my Back upon them, being convinced that I was above them, upon the ſame Score that entitled me to a Preference before the great Politicians.

This is a Miſtake of *Plato*'s, which I obſerved in his Life.

Having done with the Poets, to conclude my Inquiry, I addreſſed myſelf to the Tradeſmen. When I accoſted them, I was fully convinced that I underſtood nothing belonging to their Profeſſion, and that I ſhould find them

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* The Poets, who compiled Hymns to the Honour of *Bacchus*, were ſo called. Theſe Dithyrambs were full of a ſublime Rage, and conſiſted of bold and new-coined Words. And accordingly, in order to be ſucceſsful in compiling them, there was a Neceſſity of being tranſported with Fury and Enthuſiaſm. See our Remarks upon the ſecond Ode of the fourth Book of *Horace*.

† Poets are not made by human Wiſdom, but by a Sort of Divine Inſpiration; as *Socrates* makes it out in the Dialogue called *Ion*.

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to be Men of clear Underſtandings and ready Parts: And indeed, I was not deceived. They knew all that I was ignorant of, and upon that Score were infinitely wiſer than I. But after all, O *Athenians*, the wiſeſt among them ſeemed to fall foul upon the ſame Shelve with the Poets. * For every Man of them preſumed ſo far upon his Succeſs in the Way of his Buſineſs, that he fancied himſelf to be admirably well verſed in greater Matters: And this extravagant Fancy alone obſcured their other commendable Qualities.

Then I put the Queſtion to myſelf as arguing on the behalf of the Oracle; whether I ſhould rather chuſe to continue ſuch as I was, without either the Knowledge of that Sort of Men, or their Ignorance; or to be entitled to both, and reduced to the ſame Category with them? I anſwered, both for myſelf, and for the Oracle, That it was infinitely preferable to continue as I was. This, Gentlemen, is the Source of that dangerous and mortal Hatred and Enmity, which raiſed all the Calumnies I am now charged with, and chriſten'd me *The Wiſe*. For all who hear me, believe that I know all Things: and by Virtue of that Knowledge, am enabled to diſcover and expoſe the Ignorance of others. But I am of Opinion, that there's none truly wiſe, but God himſelf; and that the Oracle meaned ſo much, in giving us to know that the utmoſt extent of human Wiſdom is no great Matter; or, rather, that it is juſt nothing. And as for the Oracle's mentioning *Socrates*, doubtleſs my Name was only propoſed as an Inſtance; ſignifying to all Men, that the wiſeſt among them, is he, who, like *Socrates*, diſclaims all Wiſdom in himſelf.

God alone is wiſe.

Who is the wiſeſt of Men.

Having fixed upon this Truth, I purpoſed to fortify the Idea yet more, and to obey God, in carrying on

* This Preſumption of the *Athenian* Tradeſmen, is a ſufficient Evidence of the Spirit of the People of *Athens*. They loved to meddle with and judge of every Thing.

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my Enquiry, not only among my own Countrymen, but likewiſe among Strangers; in order to try if I could meet with any that were truly wiſe; and in Caſe I found none, to act the Part of an Interpreter to the Oracle, and convince the World that they are Strangers to Wiſdom. This my Deſign does ſo engroſs both my Time and my Thoughts, that I have not Leiſure either to meddle in publick Buſineſs, or to take Care of my private Affairs: and thus my Circumſtances are ſo narrow in the World, by reaſon of that continual Service and Worſhip * which I render to God.

Beſide, a great many young Gentlemen, who are come of rich Families, and have Time at Command, do willingly engage to follow me, and take ſo much Pleaſure in obſerving the Method in which I confute all other Men, that they afterwards endeavour to imitate me in baffling thoſe they engage with: and it is not to be doubted but that they meet with a plentiful Harveſt, by reaſon of the infinite Number of thoſe vain Men, who fancy they know all Things, tho' at the ſame Time they know nothing, or at leaſt very little.

All thoſe whom they convince of their Ignorance, have their Eyes upon me, and not upon them; and give it out, *that there's one* Socrates, *a profligate and infamous Wretch, who corrupts the Youth*: and if any body aſks them what *Socrates* does, or what he teaches, they know nothing of the Matter; but to avoid being at a ſtand, they have recourſe to theſe frivolous Reproaches that are commonly caſt upon Philoſophers, *viz.* That he dives into the Heavens and the Boſom of the Earth; that he believes in no God, and colours bad Cauſes with a good Countenance. For they dare not tell the true Matter of Fact, that *Socrates* is too hard for them, and expoſes them for making a Shew of knowing what they do not know. Thus it came to paſs, that my ambitious,

* By the Worſhip and Service done to God, he means the Pains he took in convincing the World that they have no Wiſdom, and that God alone is entitled to it.

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violent, and numerous Enemies, ſupported by a mutual Union, and backed by an Eloquence capable to ſeduce Men, did a great while ago ſuggeſt to you the Calumnies they had forged againſt me; and now have taken off and inveigled *Melitus*, *Anitus*, and *Lycon*. *Melitus* ſtands by the Poets; *Anytus* repreſents the Politicians and Tradeſmen; and *Lycon* appears for the Orators. So that you ſee I had Reaſon to tell you in the Beginning of my Diſcourſe, that I ſhould look upon it as a great Miracle, if in ſo ſhort a Time I could unhinge a Calumny that has had ſo much Time to take root and fortify itſelf in your Minds.

This, *Athenians*, is the whole and the naked Truth. I conceal nothing from you, and I diſguiſe as little: tho' at the ſame Time I am not ignorant, that all my Advances upon this Score do but exaſperate the Wound. But even that is ſufficient Evidence that I ſpeak the Truth, and point to the true Source of theſe Imputations. As often as you'll take the Pains to canvaſs them, whether now or at another Time, you'll be fully convinced that it is ſo. And this, I take, is a ſufficient Apology againſt my firſt Accuſers.

I am now come up with the latter, and ſhall endeavour to anſwer *Melitus*; who if the World will take his Word for't, is a very honeſt Man, and very affectionate to his Country. To draw up the indictment in Form, as I did in Anſwer to the firſt; the Purport of it is this; Socrates *is guilty of unjuſt Things. He corrupts the Youth by not believing the Gods received by his Country, and introducing new Deities.* To examine every Article apart:

His Plea is, that I am guilty of Injuſtice, in corrupting the Youth. And I, on the other hand, alledge that *Melitus* is a very unjuſt Man, for arraigning Men on purpoſe to make a ſhew of taking much Care of Things that he never troubled his Head with. This Charge I am about to make good. I challenge you then, *Melitus*; tell me, is there nothing you mind ſo much as the promoting the Good and Integrity of young Men as much as is poſſible?

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Melitus. No, ſure there's nothing.

Socrates. But pray tell our Judges, who it is that can nder the Youth better? For it is not to be queſtioned, t that you can tell who, ſince you make that ſo much ur Buſineſs. In effect, ſince you have found out and peached the Perſon that corrupts them, you ought to ll who is able to ſet them right. Pray ſpeak . . . . . ou ſee, *Melitus*, you are put to a *Nonplus*, and know ot what to anſwer. Does not this cover you with hame? Is not this a convincing Proof that you never inded the Education of Youth? But once more, who it that's able to better the Youth?

Melitus. The Laws.

Socrates. That is not the Thing, my Friend. I aſk ou, who 'tis? Who is the Man? For it is a plain Caſe, hat the chief Thing that the Man muſt be verſed in, is the aws.

Melitus. I tell you, *Socrates*, that theſe Judges are the len.

Socrates. How do you mean, *Melitus?* What! are heſe Judges the only Men capable to inſtruct and better he Youth?

Melitus. Moſt certainly.

Socrates. But are all theſe Judges capable ſo to do? or it only a particular Number of them?

Melitus. All of them.

Socrates. You talk ſtrangely: you have found out a reat Number of good Preceptors for us. But pray, is he whole Audience capable likewiſe to better the Youth, r not?

Melitus. They are all likewiſe capable.

Socrates. And what do you ſay of the Senators?

Melitus. The Senators can alſo do it.

Socrates. But, my dear *Melitus*, do thoſe who ha- atigue the publick Aſſemblies corrupt the Youth? or are hey capable in like Manner to better them?

Melitus. They are all likewiſe capable.

Socrates. It will follow then, that all the *Athenians* re capable to inſtruct the Youth without me? and that

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it is only I who corrupt them. Is not this what you mean?

Melitus. It is juſt ſo.

Socrates. I muſt needs own, that by this means you faſten a very great Misfortune upon me. However, pray go on, and anſwer me: What do you think, are Horſes in the ſame Condition? Can all Men make them better, and is it only one Man that has the Secret of ſpoiling them? Or is it not juſt a contrary Caſe; that is, that only one Man, or a ſmall Number of Jockeys, know how to better them, and the reſt of Mankind, when they make uſe of them, do only ſpoil them? Now, is not the Caſe of all other Animals juſt the ſame? It is certainly ſo, whether *Anytus* and you agree to it or not: for it would be an infinite Happineſs and Advantage to the Youth, if there were only one Man in the World that could corrupt them, and every body beſides were able to redreſs their Errors. But indeed, *Melitus*, you have given ſufficient Proof, that the Education of Youth did never much diſquiet you: and upon this Occaſion you have plainly given the World to know, that you never minded it. However, pray *Melitus*, anſwer me as to this Point, whether does a Man benefit more by living with honeſt Men, or with Knaves? Return me an Anſwer, my Friend, for I put no difficult Queſtion to you. Is it not true, that wicked Men do always give ſome bad Tincture to thoſe who frequent their Company, and that good Men do always benefit thoſe that live with them?

Mel. Yes, doubtleſs.

Soc. Is there any Man, who had rather chuſe to be prejudiced than to be benefited by thoſe he lives with? Anſwer me, for the Law enjoins you ſo to do.

Mel. No, there's none.

Soc. But now that you charge me with corrupting and debauching the Youth, whether do you alledge that I did it willingly and knowingly, or againſt my Will?

Mel. Willingly and knowingly.

Soc.

Soc. How then, *Melitus*, does your Wiſdom, in the Age you are now of, ſurpaſs mine at this Age ſo far, that you know very well that wicked Men do always prejudice, and good Men benefit thoſe who frequent their Company; and yet that I ſhould be ſo ignorant as not to know, that if I debauch any of my Followers, I run the Riſk of being prejudiced by them, and at the ſame Time continue to draw that Evil upon myſelf both willingly and knowingly? In this Point, *Melitus*, I do not believe you at all; neither do I think that any Man in the World can believe you. For one of thoſe two Things muſt be true, namely, either that I do not corrupt the Youth at all, or if I do, that 'tis againſt my Will and without my Knowledge. Now, turn the Caſe upon which of theſe two you will, it is plain that you are a Calumniator and a Liar. Put the Caſe that I corrupt the Youth againſt my Will, the Law does not arraign Men for involuntary Crimes. But it orders that ſuch Men as are guilty of them, ſhould be taken aſide, informed of them, and privately reproved for their Errors; for 'tis plain, that if I be inſtructed to the full, I'll ceaſe to be guilty of what I have committed againſt my Will. Now you have neither counſeled me nor inſtructed me; but have arraigned me before a Tribunal, which the Law has provided for thoſe who deſerve Puniſhment, and not for thoſe who ſtand only in need of Remonſtrances. This, Gentlemen, is a convincing Proof of what I alledged before; namely, that *Melitus* never minded the Thought of theſe Things.

But, after all, pray tell how it is that I corrupt the Youth. According to your Information, 'tis by teaching them to diſown the Gods acknowledged by their Country, and to honour ſtrange ones. Is not this your Plea?

Mel. It is juſt ſo.

Soc. Then, *Melitus*, I conjure you, in the Name of all thoſe Gods whoſe Intereſt is now concerned, to explain your Meaning more clearly, both to me and to our Judges: for I am at a Loſs to know, whether you allow that I teach the Youth to believe in any Gods, and only

turn their Reſpect from the Gods of their own Country to foreign ones; or whether you charge me with believing no God at all, and ſhaking the Belief of others? Tho' at the Bottom I am effectually perſuaded that there are Gods: ſo that Atheiſm is none of my Crime.

Mel. I charge you with owning no God.

Soc. You are a ſtrange Man! How can you talk ſo? What! do not I believe as other Men do, that the Sun and Moon are Gods †?

Mel. Certainly, *Athenians*, he believes in no God; for he ſays the Sun is a Stone, and the Moon a Piece of Earth.

Soc. My dear *Melitus*, you think you are ſpeaking to *Anaxagoras*, and treat our Judges very contemptuouſly, in thinking them ſo void of Letters, as not to know that the Books of *Anaxagoras*, the *Clazomenian*, are ſtuffed with ſuch Stories. Beſides, would the Youth be at the Trouble of learning from me ſuch Things as are contained in the publick Books which are ſold every Day in the *Orcheſtra* for a Drachma? This would furniſh them with a fair Opportunity of deriding *Socrates*, for attributing to himſelf ſuch Things as are not only none of his, but likewiſe abſurd and extravagant. But pray tell me, do you alledge that I own no God?

Mel. Yes I do.

Soc. You advance incredible Things, my dear *Melitus*, and are not conſiſtent with yourſelf. Suffer me to tell you, *Athenians*, that *Melitus* ſeems to me to be very inſolent, and that he has laid this Accuſation againſt me, out of a youthful Preſumption to inſult over me, for he's come hither, as it were to try me, in propoſing a Riddle, and ſaying within himſelf, I'll ſee if *Socrates*, who paſſes for ſo wiſe a Man, will be able to diſcern that I'm upon the Banter, and advance contra-

† *Socrates* threw in this ironical Expreſſion, in order to expoſe the Ridiculouſneſs of the Religion of the *Athenians*, who looked upon the Sun and Moon as Gods, which are only the Work of God's Hands.

dictor

dictory Things, or if I can gull him and all the Audience. In effect, his Information preſents us with a palpable Contradiction: as if he had ſaid, *Socrates is guilty of Injuſtice in owning no Gods, and in owning Gods.* And this is Banter all over. That's the Notion I have of it. I beg you would liſten to me, and, purſuant to my firſt Requeſt, would not be incens'd againſt me for addreſſing you in my ordinary Way of ſpeaking.

Anſwer me *Melitus*; is there any Man in the World that believes that there are human Things, and yet denies the Being of Men? Pray anſwer, and do not make ſo much Noiſe. Is there any Man who believes that there are certain Rules for managing of Horſes, and yet believes there is no ſuch Thing as a Horſe? Is there any Man that troubles himſelf with Tunes for a Flute, and yet believes that no Man can play upon it? There's no ſuch Man to be ſure: for ſince you will not anſwer yourſelf, I'll anſwer for you. But pray anſwer me to this Point: Is there any Man that believes Divine Things, and yet denies the Being of a God?

Mel. No, certainly there's none.

Soc. What Pains have I taken to wreſt that Word out of you! * You acknowledge then that I believe and teach the Being of Deities. So that whether they be new or old, you ſtill own that I believe in Deities. And to this purpoſe you ſwore in your Information. Now, if

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* Theſe Paſſages are more important than at firſt View they ſeem to be. Whoever believes that there are ſuch Creatures as the Children of Gods, believes that there are Gods. The acknowledging of Angels implies the Belief of Gods: which is the Thing that *Socrates* points to. Theſe inferior Gods are Children and Miniſters of the ſupreme God, the God of Gods. Now *Socrates* own'd an infinite Number of theſe ſubordinate Beings, which he look'd upon as a continued Chain deſcended from the Throne of God to the Earth, and as the Bonds of Commerce between God and Men, and the Medium which unites Heaven and Earth. This Notion of his might be taken from *Homer*'s myſterious Chain; or perhaps he had heard of *Jacob*'s Ladder, the Top whereof reach'd to Heaven, when the Foot ſtood upon the Earth; upon which the Angels of God aſcended and deſcended. *Gen.* xxviii. 12.

I believe that there are Deities, I muſt neceſſarily ſuppoſe that there are Gods. Is it not ſo? Yes, doubtleſs. I take your Silence for Conſent. But theſe Deities or Demons, do not we take them for Gods, or the Children of Gods! Anſwer me.

Mel. Yes, doubtleſs.

Soc. And by conſequence you acknowledge that I believe there are Demons, and that theſe Demons are Gods. You have now a fair Proof of my Allegation; namely, that you propos'd to me a Riddle, in order to divert yourſelf to my Coſt, in alledging that I own'd no Gods, and yet believe there are Demons. For if Demons are Children of † God, or Baſtards, if you will, ſince they are ſaid to be born of Nymphs or other Women, who is the Man that owns the Children of Gods, and yet denies the Being of the Gods themſelves? This is as great an Abſurdity, as if one ſpoke of Colts and Eaglets, and yet denied the Being of Horſes or Eagles. So that, *Melitus*, 'tis a plain Caſe, that you laid this Accuſation againſt me, in order to make Trial of my Parts; or elſe you muſt own that you have no lawful Pretence for citing me before this Tribunal. For you will never convince any Man who has one Grain of Senſe, that the ſame Man who believes there are ſuch Things as relate to the Gods and to Demons, does yet believe that there are neither Demons, nor Gods, nor Heroes. That's altogether impoſſible. But I need not enlarge my Defences before you, *Athenians:* what I have already ſaid will ſuffice to make it out, that I am

† *Socrates* ſpeaks thus in compliance with the Opinion of the People, who believ'd the Demons ow'd their Being to the Correſpondence of the Gods with their Nymphs or Women. Now upon this Occaſion, it was not his Buſineſs to attack that Error. 'Tis certain, that *Socrates* was not of that Opinion; for he had learnt of *Pythagoras*, that Demons or Angels and Heroes, that is devout Men and Saints, are the Sons of God, becauſe they derive from him their Being, as Light owes its Original to a luminous Body. And in his *Timæus*, ſpeaking of the Generation of Angels, or Demons, he ſays, 'tis above the Reach of human Nature.

not guilty of Injuſtice, and that *Melitus*'s Charge is groundleſs.

The Hatred and Envy of the People is always pernicious to honeſt Men.

As for what I told you in the beginning, about drawing the Hatred of the Citizens upon me, you may reſt ſatisfied that it is juſt ſo; and that if I die, I owe my Death, not to *Melitus*, nor to *Anytus*, but to that Spirit of Hatred and Envy that reigns among the People, which has ruin'd ſo many honeſt Men, and will ſtill continue to bring others to the like Fate. For it is not to be hoped that my Death will conclude the Tragedy. Were it ſo, my Life would be but too well ſpent.

But perhaps ſome will ſay, *Are not you aſham'd*, Socrates, *that you apply'd yourſelf to a Study that now puts you in Danger of your Life?* To this Objection I'll give you a ſatisfying Anſwer. Whoever is the Man that puts it to me, I muſt tell him, that he's much out, in believing that a Man of any Valour or Vertue ought to regard the Conſiderations of Death or Life. The only Thing he ought to mind in all his Enterprizes, is, to ſee that his Actions be juſt, and ſuch as become an honeſt Man. Otherwiſe it would follow from your Propoſition, that the Demi-Gods who died at the Siege of *Troy*, were all of 'em imprudent, eſpecially the Son of *Thetis*, who was infinitely more careful to avoid Shame than Death; inſomuch that his Mother ſeeing him impatient to kill *Hector*, accoſted him, as I remember, in theſe Terms: † *My Son, if you revenge the Death of* Patroclus, *by killing* Hector, *you'll certainly die yourſelf.* Now her Son was ſo little mov'd by her Threats, and contemn'd Death ſo much, that he was infinitely more afraid to live like a Coward, and not reſent the Death of his Friends. *May I die immediately* (ſaid he) *provided I do but puniſh the Murderer of* Patroclus; *provided I do not lie expos'd to Contempt, and accounted an uſeleſs Burden to the Earth.*

† In the 2d Book of the *Iliads*.

Now what do you think? Does he ſtand upon the Conſideration of Danger and Death? It is a certain Truth, *Athenians*, that every Man who has pick'd out to himſelf an honourable Poſt, or is put into it by his Superiors, ought to ſtand up ſteadily, maugre all the Danger that ſurrounds him, without conſidering either Death, or what is yet more terrible, but bending his whole Care to avoid Shame.

Shame is more to be dreaded than Death.

So that I ſhould be guilty of a monſtrous Crime, if after the faithful Services I have done, in expoſing my Life ſo often in the Poſts I was preferr'd to by our Generals, at *Potidæa*, *Amphipolis*, and *Delium*, I ſhould now be ſo tranſported with the Fear of Death, or any other Danger, as to abandon the Poſt in which God has now placed me, enjoining me to ſpend my Life-time in the Study of Philoſophy, in examining myſelf and others. That indeed would be a criminal Deſertion, and would juſtly occaſion the Arraignment of me before this Tribunal, as being a profligate Man, that owns no Gods, diſobeys an Oracle, fears Death, and believes himſelf wiſe. For to fear Death, is nothing elſe but to believe ourſelves to be wiſe when we are not; and to fancy that we know what we do not know. In effect no body knows Death; no body can tell but it may be the greateſt Benefit of Mankind: and yet Men are afraid on't, as if they knew certainly that it were the greateſt of Evils. Now is not this a ſcandalous Ignorance for Men to fancy they know what they do not know?

What is the Fear of Death.

It is the greateſt Benefit to juſt Men.

For my Part I differ in that Point from all other Men; and if in any thing I ſeem more wiſe than they, it is in this, that as I do not know what paſſes in the Regions below, ſo I do not pretend to know it. All that I know is this, that there's nothing more criminal or ſcandalous, than to be guilty of an unjuſt Thing, and to diſobey thoſe who are better than we, or placed above us,

Diſobedience to our Superiors is not only criminal, but ſhameful.

us, whether Gods or Men. So that I ſhall never dread or endeavour to avoid thoſe Evils that I do not know; and which, for any Thing I know, may really be good. But I ſhall always dread and avoid thoſe Evils which I certainly know to be ſuch.

Now, after all the Solicitations of *Anytus*, in repreſenting to you the Neceſſity of bringing me to a Trial, and now that I am upon it, that you cannot diſpence with my Life, leſt your Sons who are already ſo much addicted to my Doctrine ſhould be entirely corrupted: Suppoſing, I ſay, that after all theſe Remonſtrances, you ſhould ſay to me, *Socrates*, we have no regard to the Allegations of *Anytus*; we diſmiſs and abſolve you, but upon this Condition, that you ſhall give over the Purſuit of your Philoſophy and wanted Enquiries; and in caſe you be found guilty of a Relapſe, you ſhall certainly die. If you caſt my Abſolution upon theſe Terms, I anſwer you, *Athenians*, That I honour and love you, but that I'll rather obey God than you; and that while I live I'll never abandon the Exerciſe of Philoſophy, in admoniſhing and checking you according to my uſual Cuſtom; and addreſſing myſelf to every one I meet, in this Faſhion: *Since you are ſo honeſt a Man, and a Citizen of the famouſeſt City in the World, equally renown'd for Wiſdom and Valour, are not you aſham'd to make it your whole Buſineſs to amaſs Riches, and to purchaſe Glory, Credit and Honour; and at the ſame Time to ſlight the Treaſures of Prudence, Truth and Wiſdom, and not to think of improving your Soul to the higheſt Perfection it is capable of?* If any Man denies this to be his Caſe, and maintains, that he minds the Concerns of his Soul, I will not take his Word for't, but I'll interrogate, examine, and confute him: if I find that he is not truly vertuous, but makes a ſhew of being ſuch, I'll make him aſham'd and twit him with his Ignorance, in preferring vile and periſhing Things to thoſe which are infinitely more valuable, and will never part from us.

Wiſdom is a Treaſure that Death itſelf cannot rob us of.

In this Faſhion will I diſcourſe the Young and the Old, the Citizens and Foreigners; but above all, you Citizens, for whom I am moſt concern'd. For, be it known to you, that I am commiſſion'd by God ſo to do; and I'm fully perſuaded that your City never enjoy'd ſo great an Advantage, as this my continu'd Service to God. All my Buſineſs is to perſuade you, both Young and Old, that you ought not to doat ſo much upon your Body, your Riches, and other Things you are fond of, but ſhould love your Souls. I ever tell you, that Vertue does not flow from Riches; but on the contrary, that Riches ſpring from Vertue; and that all other Advantages accruing to Men, whether in publick or private Stations, take Riſe from the ſame Fountain.

Riches and all good Things are the Product of Vertue.

If by ſpeaking theſe Things I corrupt the Youth, then of Neceſſity the Poiſon muſt lie in thoſe Maxims: for if they alledge that I advance any Thing different from thoſe, they either are miſtaken, or impoſe upon you. After that, I have only to ſay, that whether you do as *Anytus* deſires or not; whether you diſmiſs me or detain me; I ſhall never act contrary to them, tho' I were to die for it a thouſand Times. Be not diſturb'd, *Athenians*, at what I've ſaid, but vouchſafe me the Favour of a patient hearing: as I take it, your Patience will not be in vain; for I have ſeveral other Things to acquaint you with; which may be of Uſe to you. You may aſſure yourſelves, that if you put me to Death, me who love your City ſo paſſionately, you'll prejudice yourſelves more than me. Neither *Anytus* nor *Melitus* can hurt me: 'tis impoſſible they ſhould. For God does not permit that the better ſort of Men ſhould be injur'd by thoſe who are worſe. All Men may kill us, or put us to flight, or beſpatter us with Calumnies; and queſtionleſs *Anytus* and the reſt look upon theſe Things as great Evils, but for my Part I am not of their Opinion. In my mind, the greateſt of all Evils is the doing what *Anytus* does in per-

Ill Men cannot do any real Injury to the Good.

perſecuting an innocent Perſon, and endeavouring to take away his Life by flagrant Injuſtice.

So that upon this Occaſion, *Athenians*, 'tis not out of love to myſelf, but out of love to you, that I make this Defence. Do not Sin againſt God by your Sentence, and prove unmindful of the Preſent he has made you. For if you condemn me to Death, you will not eaſily light upon ſuch another Citizen, whom God has united to your City, † like a Fly to a Horſe, (tho' perhaps you may look upon the Compariſon as ridiculous) the Horſe being generous and ſprightly, but heavy by reaſon of his Fatneſs, and ſtanding in Need of ſomething to rouze and awaken him. As I take it, God has pitch'd upon me, to rouze and ſpur you up, and to be always among you: and upon my Word you'll ſcarce light on another that will perform his Office as I have done. So, if you believe me, you'll diſmiſs me.

But perhaps, like Men awaken'd when they have a Mind to ſleep, you'll be uneaſy, and reject my Advice, and in Compliance with *Anytus*'s Paſſion, will condemn me upon very ſlight Grounds. Let it be ſo. But then you'll paſs the Remainder of your Life in a profound Lethargy, unleſs God takes a particular Care of you, and ſend you another Man like me.

But to make it out that 'tis God who united me to your City, I preſent you with an infallible Proof, *viz.* That there's ſomething more than human in my neglecting my own private Affairs for ſo many Years, and devoting myſelf wholly to your Intereſt, by taking you aſide one after another, like a Father, or an elder Brother, and inceſſantly exhorting you to apply yourſelves to Vertue.

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† When *Socrates* ſays, They would look upon his Compariſon as ridiculous, he twits the *Athenians* with the Delicacy and Niceneſs of their Ears and Taſte: for the Compariſon is not at all ridiculous, as being much the ſame with that made Uſe of by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, ch. xlvi. 20. Egypt *is like a very fair Heifer, but Deſtruction cometh out of the North.*

Had I reap'd any Benefit or Advantage by my Exhortations, you might have ſomething to ſay: but you ſee my very Accuſers, who revile me with ſo much Impudence, have not had the Face to charge me with that, nor to offer the leaſt Evidence of my demanding any Reward; and beſides my Poverty is an Evidence for me that cannot lye.

'Tis poſſible ſome may think it ſtrange and unaccountable, that I ſhould have meddled in giving private Advices, and yet had not the Courage to appear in the Conventions of the People to aſſiſt my Country with Counſel. The Thing that hindered me ſo to do, *Athenians*, was this familiar Spirit, this divine Voice, that ye have often heard me ſpeak of, and that *Melitus* has endeavour'd ſo much to ridicule. This Spirit has ſtuck by me from my Infancy: 'tis a Voice that does not ſpeak but when it means to take me off from ſome Reſolution; for it never preſſes me to undertake any Thing. It always thwarted me when I meant to meddle in the Affairs of State, and that very ſeaſonably: for had I embarked in ſuch Matters, I had long e'er now been out of the World, and had neither benefited you nor myſelf. Pray be not diſturb'd if I ſpeak my Mind without Diſguiſe. Whoever offers frankly and generouſly to oppoſe the whole Body of a People, whether you or others, and means to hinder the Commiſſion of Iniquity in the City, will never eſcape with Impunity. 'Tis abſolutely neceſſary that he who ſtands up for Juſtice, ſhould live a plain private Life, remote from publick Stations. This I'll make good, not by Words, but by Matter of Fact; upon which I know ye lay much Streſs.

Give ear to the Relation of my Adventures, and you'll find that I am uncapable of yielding to any Man, for fear of Death, in an unjuſt Thing; and that by Reaſon of my not complying, I muſt unavoidably fall a Sacrifice to Injuſtice. I am about to talk of Things that indeed are diſagreeable, but at the ſame Time are very true, and ſuch as have been tranſacted in your own Councils.

You

You know, *Athenians*, that I never bore any Magiſtracy *, but was only a Senator. Our *Antiochian* Tribe was juſt come in their Turn to the *Prytanæum*, when, contrary to all the Laws, you at the ſame Time reſolv'd to indict the ten Generals, for not taking up and interring the Corps of thoſe who were kill'd or drown'd in the ‖ Sea-Fight at the Iſles of *Arginuſæ*; and would not condeſcend to try them ſeparately: a Piece of Injuſtice that you afterwards was ſenſible of, and (*a*) regretted. Now I was only Senator, who upon that Occaſion dar'd to ſtand up and oppoſe the Violation of the Laws. I proteſted againſt your Decree, (*b*) and notwithſtanding all your Menaces and Outcries, and the Advances of the Orators that were preparing an Accuſation againſt me, I choſe rather to endanger myſelf on the Side of the Law and Juſtice, than to ſuffer myſelf to be frighted by Chains, or Death, into a tame Compliance with ſuch horrid Iniquity.

This happened under the popular Form of Government: but after the Eſtabliſhment of *Oligarchy*, the thirty Tyrants (*c*) ſent for me and fourteen more to the (*d*) *Tholus* and order'd us to bring *Leon* from *Salamina*, in order to be put to Death (*e*); for by ſuch Orders they meant to caſt the Odium of their ill Actions upon ſeveral Perſons. Upon this Occaſion I gave them to

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* The People of *Athens* were divided into Tribes, and fifty Men were choſen by turns out of each, who govern'd thirty-five Days; and were call'd *Prytani*, or Senators.

‖ This Battle was fought by *Callicratides*, the *Lacedemonian* General, againſt the ten *Athenian* Generals, who obtained the Victory. *Vid. Xenoph. Lib.* 1. *Hiſtor. Græc.*

(*a*) They afterwards repented of what they had done, and ordered the Seducers of the People to be proſecuted for Defamation.

(*b*) *Xenophon* gives the very ſame Teſtimony of *Socrates*.

(*c*) The thirty Tyrants were ſet up in the firſt Year of the 94th Olymp. being the 64th or 65th of *Socrates*'s Age.

(*d*) The *Tholus* was a Sort of Clerks Office, where the *Prytani* dined, and the Clerks ſat.

(*e*) In the ſecond Year of the 39th Olymp.

know, not by Words, but by Deeds, that to ſpeak coarſly, I made no Account of Death, and that my only Care was to avoid the Commiſſion of Impiety and Injuſtice. Notwithſtanding the Greatneſs of theſe thirty Tyrants, all their Power did not move or influence me to violate the Law, and betray my Conſcience.

Upon our departure from the *Tholus*, the other four went to *Salamina*, and brought off *Leon*; and as for me, I retir'd to my Houſe: and doubtleſs my Diſobedience had been puniſh'd by Death, had not that Form of Government been eſtabliſh'd ſoon after. There are Witneſſes enough to vouch for the Truth of all that I advance.

Now judge yourſelves, if I could have liv'd ſo many Years, had I imbark'd in the Affairs of State: 'tis ſo far from that, *Athenians*, that neither I nor any Man living could have done it. However, you ſee the only Thing I always aim'd at, whether in publick or private, was never to go along with any Man, no not with Tyrants themſelves, in an unjuſt Thing.

As for the young People, whom my Accuſers would have paſs for my Diſciples, I affirm, that I never made a Trade of teaching. Indeed, if any Perſons, whether young or old, were at any Time deſirous to ſee me and hear my Principles, I never declin'd to give 'em Satisfaction, for as I do not ſpeak for Money, ſo I will not hold my peace for Want of it. I am at all Times equally free to the Rich and the Poor, and willing to give 'em all poſſible Leiſure for aſking their Queſtions: and if any of 'em chuſe rather to hear me, I give 'em Satisfaction by anſwering my own Queſtions: and if any of theſe be found either good or bad, I am neither to be praiſed nor blamed; for I am not the Author either of their good or bad Qualities. I never engag'd to teach 'em any Thing, and in effect I never did teach 'em. If any of 'em boaſts that he ever heard from me, or was privately taught any Thing beſide what I avow publickly to the whole World, you may aſſure yourſelves he does not ſpeak the Truth.

Ye

Ye have now heard, *Athenians*, the Reaſon why moſt People love to hear me, and converſe ſo long with me. I have told you the naked Truth, *viz.* that they take a ſingular Pleaſure in ſeeing thoſe Men baffled who pretend to be wiſe, and are not. And that, you know, is not at all diſagreeable. I have likewiſe told you, that I received my Orders ſo to do from God himſelf, by Oracles, Dreams, and all other Methods which the Deity makes uſe of to make known his Pleaſure to Men.

If I did not ſpeak Truth, you might eaſily convict me of a Lye: for had I debauched the Youth, of Neceſſity thoſe who are now old, and conſcious that I perverted their Youth, would riſe up and proſecute me; or if they did not, to be ſure their Fathers, Uncles, or Brethren, would find it their Duty, to demand Revenge upon the Debaucher of their Sons, Nephews, or Brethren. Now I ſee many of thoſe here preſent, particularly *Crito* the Father of this *Critobulus*, a Man of the ſame City and Age with myſelf; *Lyſanias* the *Sphecian*, Father to this *Eſchines*; *Antipho*, a Citizen of *Cephiſia*, and Father to *Epigines*; and ſeveral others whoſe Brethren aſſiſt at this Meeting, as *Nicoſtratus* Son to *Zotidas*, and Brother to *Theodotus*. 'Tis true *Theodotus* is dead, and ſo has no Occaſion for his Brother's Aſſiſtance. Beſides thoſe, I ſee *Paralus* the Son of *Demodocus*, and Brother to *Theages*; *Adimantus*, Son to *Ariſto*, and Brother to *Plato*, who is now before you; *Aiantodorus*, Brother to * *Apollodorus:* and a great many more, of whom *Melitus* was oblig'd to have pitch'd upon one or two at leaſt for Witneſſes.

It was an Overſight in him, there's yet Time enough; I allow him to do it now: pray let him name them if he can. But you'll find, *Athenians*, 'tis quite otherwiſe;

* This *Apollodorus* was likewiſe preſent. He was a Man of a very weak Head, but one that lov'd *Socrates* entirely. When *Socrates* was condemn'd, and going to Priſon he cry'd out, 'That 'which afflicts me moſt, *Socrates*, is to ſee you die in Innocence.' *Socrates* ſtroking his Head with his Hand, ſmil'd, and ſaid, 'My 'Friend, would you rather ſee me die in Guilt?

all theſe Men, whoſe Children, whoſe Brethren *Melitus* and *Anytus* alledge I have debauch'd and entirely ruined; theſe very Men, I ſay, are all on my Side. I do not offer to take Shelter under thoſe, whom I have debauch'd: perhaps they might have Reaſon for defending me. But I put the Caſe upon thoſe, whom I have not at all ſeduc'd; Men advanc'd in Years, and near Relations to theſe young Men. What other Reaſon ſhould move them to protect me, but my Innocence and rightful Title? Do not they know that *Melitus* is a Lyar, and that I advance nothing but what is true? Theſe, *Athenians*, are Arguments that may be urg'd in my Defence: and the others, which I paſs over in Silence, are of the ſame Force and Weight.

But perhaps there are ſome among you, who calling to mind their being formerly arraigned in the ſame Place where I now ſtand, will be incens'd againſt me, upon the Account, that when they were in much leſs Danger, they made ſuppliant Addreſſes to their Judges with Tears; and to move their Compaſſion more effectually, preſented their Children, with their Friends and Relations, in this Place; whereas I have no recourſe to ſuch Refuges, notwithſtanding that in all Probability I run the moſt dangerons Riſk that can be. 'Tis poſſible, I ſay, that the Conſideration of this Difference may whet their Paſſion againſt me, and move them to caſt me with Indignation.

I am unwilling to believe that there are any ſuch here; but if there be, the moſt reaſonable Excuſe I can plead is this: I have Relations as well as they have. To uſe *Homer*'s Expreſſion, *I am neither ſprung from Oak nor Stone, but am born like other Men.* I have three Sons, the eldeſt of whom is yet young, and the other two are but Infants: and yet I ſhall not bring 'em hither to get myſelf clear'd upon the Conſideration of them.

Now, what is the Reaſon that I won't do it? 'Tis neither a proud Stiffneſs of Humour, nor any Contempt of you; and as for my fearing or not fearing Death, that is another Queſtion: 'tis only with Reſpect to your Honour, and that of the whole City, that I decline it.

For 'tis neither handſom nor creditable, either for you or me, to make Uſe of ſuch Means at my Years, and under ſuch a Reputation as I have: 'tis no Matter whether it is merited or unmerited; ſince 'tis ſufficient that by an Opinion generally receiv'd, *Socrates* has the Advantage of moſt Men. If thoſe who paſs among you for Men of an uncommon Rank, preferable to the reſt for Wiſdom, Courage, or any other Vertue, ſhould ſtoop to ſuch, unacountable, baſe and mean Actions, as if they were apprehenſive of ſome great Evil accruing to them upon your condemning them to die, and expected Immortality by Vertue of your Abſolution: if theſe Men, I ſay, ſhould be guilty of ſuch Meanneſs, they'd affront the City extremely; for they'd give Strangers Occaſion to imagine, that the moſt vertuous Men among the *Athenians*, thoſe who are entitled to Honours and Dignities, by way of preference to all others, are nothing different from the loweſt ſpirited Women. Now this, *Athenians*, you ought to beware of; you that are poſſeſs'd of ſome Reputation and Authority. And ſuppoſing I deſign'd to do any ſuch Thing, you would be obliged to ſtop me, and give me to know that you'd ſooner condemn one that means to excite your Compaſſion by theſe tragical Scenes, and by that means to expoſe your City to be ridicul'd; than one who with Tranquillity and Repoſe expects what Sentence you pleaſe to pronounce.

But to wave the Topick of the City's Glory, which is ſenſibly wounded by ſuch Indignities; Juſtice itſelf forbids ſupplicating the Judge, or extorting an Abſolution by Requeſts. A Judge ought to be perſuaded and convinc'd. He is not plac'd upon the Bench to oblige Men by violating the Laws, but to do Juſtice purſuant to the Laws. He is ſworn to do ſo by an Oath that ought to be inviolable. 'Tis not in his Power to favour whom he pleaſes: he is obliged to do Juſtice. We ought not therefore to bring you into a Cuſtom of Perjury; and you ought to hinder thoſe who attempt it: for both thoſe who tempt you, and you who comply, do equally

The Duty of a Judge.

equally wound Juſtice and Religion, and both are involv'd in the Guilt.

Wherefore, *Athenians*, do not you expect that I'll have recourſe to ſuch Things as I take to be neither creditable, juſt, nor pious; eſpecially upon this Occaſion, where I ſtand arraign'd of Impiety by *Melitus*. Should I move you by Prayer, and force you to break your Oath, that would be Evidence that I taught you to believe no Gods; and thus in offering to juſtify myſelf, I ſhould entangle myſelf in the very Charge of my Adverſaries, and prove againſt myſelf that I believe in no Gods. But I am very far, *Athenians*, from being of that Principle. I am more convinced of the being of a God, than my Accuſers are; and am ſo well ſatisfy'd in the Point, that I reſign myſelf to you and to God, that ye may judge as ye think fit, both for yourſelves and for me.

[Socrates *having ſpoken in this Manner, the Judges put it to the Vote, and he was found guilty by thirty-three Voices. After which,* Socrates *began again to ſpeak.*]

I Am not at all troubled, *Athenians*, at the Sentence ye have now pronounc'd. Several Things keep me from being diſturb'd; eſpecially one Thing, *viz.* That I was fully prepar'd before-hand, and have met with nothing more than I expected: for I did not think to have come ſo near to an Abſolution, but expected to be caſt by a greater Majority of Votes. I finding now that I am only caſt by thirty three Votes, I fancy I have eſcaped *Melitus*'s Proſecution; and not only ſo, but I think 'tis evident, that if *Anytus* and *Lyſon* had not joined in the Accuſation, ‖ he had loſt his 1000 Drachms, ſince he had not the fifth Part of the Votes on his Side. *Melitus*

‖ An Accuſer was obliged to have one half of the Votes, and a fifth Part more, or elſe was fin'd in 1000 Drachms, *i. e.* 100 Crowns. *Theophraſt.* in his Book of Laws; and *Demoſthenes* againſt *Androtion*.

then

then thinks I deſerve Death in a good Time! and as for me, what Puniſhment ‖ ſhall I allot to myſelf? You ſhall ſee plainly, *Athenians*, that I'll pitch upon what I deſerve. Now what is it that I muſt condemn myſelf to, for not concealing what Good I've learnt in my Lifetime, for ſlighting what others court very earneſtly, I mean Riches, Care of Domeſtick Affairs, Offices, Dignities; and for never embarking in a Party, or engaging in any Office, which Things are commonly practis'd in this our City? I have look'd upon myſelf as a Man of more Honeſty and Goodneſs, than to preſerve my Life by ſuch pitiful Shifts. Beſides, you know I never would engage in any Profeſſion that did not enable me at once to promote your Advantage and my own; and that my only Aim was, to be always in Readineſs to procure to each of you in private, the greateſt of all good Things, by perſuading you not to ſet your Mind upon your Poſſeſſions, till you had taken Care of yourſelves in ſtudying Wiſdom and Perfection; juſt as a City ought to be taken Care of, before the Things that belong to it; and in like Manner, every other principal Thing is entitled to a Preference in our Thoughts, before its Appurtenances.

After all theſe Crimes, what is my Demerit? Doubtleſs, *Athenians*, if you proportion the Reward to the Merit, I deſerve ſome conſiderable Good, ſuitable to ſuch a Man as I am. Now what is't that's ſuitable for a

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‖ To underſtand this, we muſt know, that when the Criminal was found guilty, and the Accuſer demanded a Sentence of Death; the Law allowed the Priſoner to condemn himſelf to one of theſe three Puniſhments, *viz.* Perpetual Impriſonment, a Fine, or Baniſhment. This Privilege was called ὑποτιμᾶσθαι; and was firſt enacted on the behalf of the Judges, that they might not ſcruple to paſs Sentence upon thoſe who by condemning themſelves own'd their Guilt. *Socrates* was catch'd in this Snare; but *Xenophon* teſtifies that he did not condemn himſelf at all, and would not allow his Friends to do it, becauſe 'twas in effect an Acknowledgment of the Crime. Only, in Obedience to the Laws, and in order to proclaim his Innocence, inſtead of a Puniſhment, he demanded a Reward worthy of himſelf.

poor

poor Man that's your Benefactor, and wants Leiſure and Opportunity for exciting and exhorting you? Nothing ſuits better with ſuch a Man, than to be entertain'd in the *Prytanæum*; that's more due to him than to thoſe of you that have brought off the Trophies of Victory from the Horſes and Chariot-Races in the Olympick Games. For theſe Victors purchaſe you a ſeeming Happineſs by their Victories: but as for me, I make you really happy by mine. Beſides, they ſtand not in Need of ſuch a Supply, but I do. In Juſtice therefore you ought to adjudge me a Recompence worthy of myſelf; and to be maintain'd upon the Publick is no more than I deſerve.

Thoſe Victors were look'd upon as Gods.

Perhaps you may charge me with Arrogance and Self-conceit, in ſpeaking thus to you, as you did but now, when I ſpoke againſt the Supplications and Prayers of Priſoners. But there's nothing of that in the Caſe: pray hear me.

'Tis one of my Maxims, That *knowingly and willingly, we ought not to do the leaſt Harm to any Man.* My Time is ſo ſhort, that I cannot upon this Occaſion ſtay to recommend it to you. If the ſame Law prevail'd here that is obſerv'd elſewhere, enjoining that a Tryal upon Life and Death ſhould laſt not one, but ſeveral Days, I am perſuaded I could make you ſenſible of its Importance. But how is it poſſible to wipe off ſo many Calumnies in ſo ſhort a Space of Time? However, being convinc'd that I ought to injure no Man, how ſhould I behave towards myſelf, if I own'd myſelf worthy of a Puniſhment, and paſſed Sentence againſt myſelf? What? ſhould I be afraid of the Puniſhment adjudg'd by *Melitus*, a Puniſhment that I cannot poſitively ſay whether 'tis Good or Evil, and at the ſame Time pitch upon another Sort of Puniſhment that I am certain is evil? Shall I condemn myſelf to perpetual Impriſonment? Why ſhould I live always a Slave to the eleven Magiſtrates? ſhall it be a Fine, and continuing in Priſon till I pay it? That is much at one, for I have nothing to pay it with. It remains then that I ſhould chuſe Baniſhment; and perhaps

perhaps you will confirm my Choice. But indeed *Athenians*, I muſt needs be much blinded by the Love of Life, if I did not perceive that, ſince you who are my Fellow-Citizens could not brook my Converſation and Principles, but were always ſo gall'd by them, that you were never at eaſe till you got yourſelves rid of me, much more will others be unable to brook them. That would be a pure Way of living for *Socrates*, at theſe Years to be expell'd *Athens*, and wander from City to City like a Vagabond in Exile! I am very well ſatiſfied, that where-ever I went the younger Sort would liſten to me juſt as they do here: if I thwart them, they'll ſollicit their Fathers to expel me; and if I do not, their Parents and Kinſmen will expel me upon their Account.

But perhaps ſomebody will ſay: *Why*, Socrates, *when you go from hence, cannot you hold your Peace, and live quietly?* I ſee plainly, that to perſuade you to any Thing, is a moſt difficult Enterprize: for if I tell you that my Silence would be Diſobedience to God, and upon that Account ‖ I cannot hold my Peace; you will not believe me, you'll look upon the whole Story as a myſterious Irony. And if on the other hand I acquaint you, that a Man's greateſt Happineſs conſiſts in diſcourſing of Vertue all the Days of his Life, and entertaining himſelf with all the other Things you have heard me ſpeak of, either in examining myſelf or others, ſince a Life without Examination is no Life; you'll believe me yet leſs. However, 'tis juſt as I tell you, tho' you cannot believe it. But, after all, I am not accuſtom'd to think myſelf worthy of any Puniſhment. Indeed, if I were rich, I would amerce myſelf in ſuch a Sum as I might be able to pay. But I am

A Man's greateſt Happineſs conſiſts in diſcourſing of Vertue.

A Life without Self-Examination is no Life.

‖ 'Twas impoſſible in *Socrates* to diſobey God, and conceal the Truths he was oblig'd to reveal. What a noble Example is this in a Pagan!

not

not in a Condition, unleſs you would allow the Fine to be proportioned to my Indigency; and ſo perhaps I might make ſhift to pay a *Mina* of Silver. Indeed *Plato*, who is here preſent, and *Crito*, and *Critobulus*, and *Apollodorus*, would have me ſtretch it to 30 *Mina's*, which they'll anſwer for: And accordingly I amerce myſelf in thirty *Mina's*, and I give you them for very creditable Surety.

Ten Crowns.

300 Crowns.

[Socrates *having amerc'd himſelf in Obedience to the Laws, the Judges took the Matter into Conſideration, and without any Regard to the Fine, condemn'd him to die. After the Sentence was pronounc'd,* Socrates *began again, thus:*]

INDEED, *Athenians*, your Impatience and Precipitancy will draw upon you a great Reproach, and give the Envious Occaſion to cenſure your City, for condemning that wiſe Man, *Socrates:* For to heighten the Scandal, they'll call me wiſe, tho' I am not. Whereas, had you ſtaid but a ſhort while, my Death had come of itſelf, and thrown into your Lap what you now demand. You ſee my Age has run the moſt of its Round, and draws very near to a Concluſion. I do not make this Addreſs to all my Judges, but only to thoſe that voted my Condemnation. Do you think that I had been condemn'd, if I had thought it my Duty to try every means for procuring my Abſolution; and if ſo, do you think I had wanted perſuaſive and touching Expreſſions? 'Tis not ſuch Words that I have been wanting in, but in Boldneſs, in Impudence, and in a Deſire to gratify you, by telling you ſuch Stories as you love to hear. Doubtleſs you had been infinitely well pleas'd, to ſee me cry, groan, whine, and ſtoop to all the other mean Shifts that are commonly made uſe of by Priſoners at this Bar. But upon this Occaſion, I did not think it my Duty to ſtoop to any Thing ſo baſe and ſcandalous: and now that the Sentence is paſt, I do not repent of avoiding the Indignity, for I chuſe rather

to

to die upon the Defence I have now made, than to live by ſuch Prayers and Supplications as you require. Neither Civil nor Military Juſtice allows an honeſt Man to ſave his Life any how. For in Duels it happens often, that a Man may eaſily ſave his Life by throwing down his Arms, and begging quarter of his Enemy: And in like Manner in all other Dangers, a Man that's capable of ſaying or doing any Thing, may hit upon a thouſand Expedients for avoiding Death. To eſcape dying, *Athenians*, is not the greateſt Difficulty; Shame falls in upon us more ſwiftly and is much harder to avoid. And accordingly in this Juncture, I, who am ſtiff and old, am only attack'd and overtaken by the ſloweſt of the two; whereas my Accuſers, who are vigorous and ſtrong, are catch'd by the ſwifteſt; I mean, Infamy. Thus am I about to be delivered up to Death by your Orders, and they *(a)* are ſurrender'd to Infamy and Injuſtice by the Orders of Truth. I am very well contented with my Sentence, and ſo are they with theirs. Thus Things are as they ought to be, and our Shares could not have been more juſtly or better divided.

'Tis infinitely more difficult to avoid Shame, than Death.

In the next Place, I have a mind to foretell you, who have condemned me, what will be your Fate, for I am now juſt arriv'd at the Minute, *(b)* that affords a Man the ſteadieſt Thoughts, and enables him to propheſy,

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(*a*) *Socrates* is condemn'd by the Injuſtice of Men, but his Judges are condemn'd by the Orders of Truth. Thus were the *Athenians* only criminal, both with reſpect to God in diſowning *Socrates*'s God, and trampling under Foot the Oracle of *Apollo*; and with reſpect to Men in debauching the Youth, particularly *Alcibiades*, *Hipponicus*, *Critias*, and an infinite Number of others. *Max. de Tyr.*

(*b*) At the Point of Death Mens Thoughts are ſteadier than in the Career of Life; becauſe at that Time Paſſion is dethron'd, and the Soul begins to retrieve its Liberty. This was *Homer*'s Opinion: and there's no Difficulty in tracing a higher Source for it, than that Poet.

upon

upon the Approach of Death. I tell you then, that no ſooner ſhall you have put me to Death, but (*c*) the Vengeance of God will purſue you with more Cruelty than you have ſhewn to me. By ridding yourſelves of me, you deſign'd only to throw off the troubleſome Taſk of giving an Account of your Lives; but I tell you beforehand, you ſhall not compaſs your End.

A greater Number of Perſons will riſe up and cenſure you. Tho' you perceived it not, 'twas my Preſence that has hitherto reſtrain'd them. But after my Death they will make you very uneaſy; and for as much as they are younger than I, will prove more troubleſome and hard to be rid of. For if you fancy to yourſelves, that putting ſuch Perſons to Death is an effectual Way to reſtrain others, and prevent their upbraiding you, you are much miſtaken.

That Way of ridding yourſelves of youre Cenſors, is neither honeſt nor practicable. A better Way, which is at once very eaſy and honeſt, is, not to ſtop their Mouths, but to amend your Lives. So much for thoſe who voted my Condemnation.

As for you, *Athenians*, who gave your Votes for my Abſolution, I would gladly diſcourſe you, while the head Magiſtrates are buſy, till I be carried to the Place of Execution: I beg therefore a Minute's Audience, for ſince we have ſo much Time, why may not we confer together? I mean to repreſent to you a Thing that happen'd to me but now, and give you to underſtand what it imports. 'Tis a marvelous Thing, *my Judges*, (for in calling you *my Judges*, I am not at all miſtaken) that I met with but now. The Divine Law, that has adviſ'd me ſo often, and upon the leaſt Occaſion never fail'd to divert me from whatever I meant to purſue,

The unjuſt do not deſerve the Name of Judges.

(*c*) This Prediction was fulfill'd in a raging Plague, that ſoon after laid *Athens* deſolate; and all the Misfortunes that over-run this unjuſt Republick, and indeed all *Greece* were taken for a certain Mark of Divine Vengeance.

that

that was not fit for me; this Law has not given me any Sign this Day, on which I have met with what moſt Men take to be the greateſt of Evils: It did not diſcover itſelf to me, neither in the Morning when I came (*d*) from my Houſe, nor when I enter'd this Hall, nor when I began to ſpeak. At other Times it frequently interrupted me in the middle of my Diſcourſe: but this Day it has not thwarted me in any Thing that I deſigned, either to ſay or to do. Now I am about to tell you what this means. It is very probable that what I am now to encounter is a very great Good; for certainly 'tis a Miſtake to look upon Death as an Evil. And for an evident Proof of the contrary, let's conſider, that, if I had not been to meet with ſome good Thing to Day, God, under whoſe Care I am, would not have fail'd to acquaint me, purſuant to his uſual Cuſtom. Let's fathom the Depth of this Matter, in Order to demonſtrate, that the Belief of Death's being a good Thing, is a well grounded-Hope.

One of theſe two Things muſt be true; (*a*) Either Death is a Privation of Thought, or it is the Soul's Paſſage from one Place to another. If it be a Privation of Thought, and, as 'twere, a peaceable Sleep undiſturb'd by Dreams, then to die is great Gain. After one Night

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(*d*) For *Socrates* was not impriſon'd till after his Condemnation.

(*a*) By this Dilemma, *Socrates* does not call in Queſtion the Immortality of the Soul, but points to the two Opinions of Philoſophers, ſome of whom thought the Soul fell with the Body; and others, that the former ſurviv'd the latter. Now he offers to prove that Death is not ill in either of theſe Opinions: For, ſays he, if the Soul dies, 'tis annihilated, and conſequently void of Thought; and if it ſurvives, we are happier after Death than before. Some decry *Socrates*'s Ratiocination, in alledging a third State of the Soul, where after Death it ſtays to undergo the Puniſhment due to its Crimes. But that's a meer Quibble; for *Socrates* ſpeaks only of good Men, who having obeyed God, may expect a bleſſed Immortality: For he likewiſe taught, that the Wicked ſuffer eternal Puniſhment in the World to come; as we ſhall ſee in his *Phedon*: And he did not in the leaſt pretend that thoſe Wretches had no Occaſion to fear Death.

of

of ſuch Tranquillity, free from Diſturbance, Care, or the leaſt Dream; I'm confident, if a Man were to compare that Night with all the other Nights and Days of his paſt Life, and were obliged to tell in Conſcience and in Truth, how many Nights or Days of his whole Life-time he had paſſed more happily than that one: I'm confident, I ſay, that not only a private Man, but the great King himſelf, would find ſo ſmall a Number, that it would be very eaſy to count 'em. Now if Death does in any Meaſure reſemble ſuch a Night, I have juſtly given it the Appellation of great Gain; ſince its whole Time is only a long continued Night.

If Death be a Paſſage from this Place to another, and the Regions below are a Place of Rendezvous for thoſe who liv'd here: pray, my Judges, what greater Good can a Man imagine? For if a Man quits his counterfeit Judges here, for true ones in the Regions below, who, they ſay, adminiſter Juſtice with ſo much Equity; ſuch as *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Triptolemus*, and all the other Demi-Gods, who were ſo juſt in this Life; will not that be a happy Change? At what Rate would not you purchaſe a Conference with *Muſæus*, *Heſiod*, and *Homer*? For my Part, if ſuch a Thing were practicable, I'd die a thouſand Times to enjoy ſo great a Pleaſure. What Tranſports of Joy ſhall I encounter, when I meet *Palamedes*, *Ajax* the *Telamonian*, and all the other Heroes of Antiquity, who in this Life were Victims of Injuſtice! How agreeable will it be to put my Adventures in the Balance with theirs! But the infinitely greateſt and moſt valuable Pleaſure will conſiſt in ſpending the Time in putting Queſtions and Interrogatories to thoſe great Men *(b)* in Order to ſtrike out the Diſtinction between the truly Wiſe, and thoſe who falſly fancy themſelves to

He ranks theſe three *Poets* together, as being the Authors of the *Pagan* Theology.

No Evil can betide the Juſt, either in this, or a future Life.

(b) By interrogating them upon all the Actions of their Lives and the Reaſons that influenc'd 'em: For *Socrates* here ſpeaks of

be ſuch. Who would not give all he has in this World for a Conference with him, who led the numerous Army againſt *Troy*, or *Ulyſſes*, or *Siſyphus*, and 100000 other Men and Women, whoſe Converſation and Diſcoveries would afford an inexpreſſible Felicity? Theſe Men are infinitely more happy than we, and inveſted with Immortality. Upon which Account, my Judges, you ought to encounter Death with ſteady Hopes, as being perſuaded of this certain Truth, (c) That an honeſt Man needs fear no Evil, either in this, or the future Life, and that the Gods take Care of all his Concerns: For what has now happened to me, is ſo far from being the Effect of Chance, that I am fully convinc'd, 'tis infinitely better for me to die, and be rid of the Encumbrances of this Life. And for that Reaſon, God, who regulates my Conduct, did not thwart me to Day. So that I have no Reſentment againſt my Accuſers, or thoſe who voted my Condemnation: notwithſtanding that they mean'd, not to do me any Kindneſs, but to prejudice me, which might afford me juſt Grounds of Complaint. One Thing I have to beg of 'em is this; That when my Children grow up, if they make you uneaſy as I did, that you * would puniſh 'em ſeverely. But if you find that they prefer Riches to Vir-

No Evil can betide the Juſt, either in this, or a future Life.

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the Wiſdom they were really poſſeſs'd of, or fancied themſelves to poſſeſs in this World; and does not at all imply that any in a bleſſed State are capable of believing themſelves wiſe, when they are not.

(c) This was the Preſumption of a *Heathen*, who was ignorant of the fatal Effects of Sin and Corruption; for which the juſteſt ought always to tremble. So that this Maxim of *Socrates* is only applicable to thoſe, whoſe Sins, through God's Mercy, are not imputed to them.

* *Socrates* is ſo content to die for the Sake of Juſtice, that he deſir'd his Judges to treat his Children in the ſame Faſhion, if ſo be they prov'd ſo happy as to give 'em the ſame Trouble that he did; that is, if they made it their Buſineſs to correct their Injuſtice, their Idolatry, and all their other Vices.

tue,

tue, and take themſelves to be ſomewhat, when in Effect they are nothing; pray be not wanting in checking them, and expoſing them, for not minding thoſe Things which deſerve all their Care, and believing themſelves to be what they are not. But now 'tis true, we ſhould all retire to our reſpective Offices, you to live and I to die. But whether you or I are going upon the better Expedition, † 'tis known to none but God alone.

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† *Socrates* did not ſpeak this out of Ignorance, for he knew very well that the Juſt were happier in their Death, than the Wicked in their Life. But the People that had but juſt condemn'd him, were not in a Condition to reliſh that Maxim; upon which Account *Socrates* tells 'em that *God alone knew*; and accordingly God quickly gave 'em all to know the Difference between the Fate of *Socrates* and that of his Judges. The *Athenians* repented their putting to Death an innocent Perſon, and publickly lamented the Loſs of him whom they had condemn'd by a publick Sentence. The Schools and Places for Exerciſe were ſhut up; *Socrates*'s Statue was erected, and a Chapel conſecrated to his Memory; and his Accuſers proſecuted. *Melitus* was torn in Pieces. *Anytus* was expell'd the *Heraclea*, where he ſhelter'd; and all the Abettors of the Conſpiracy were look'd upon as curſed, and excommunicated, and reduced to ſuch a Pitch of Deſpair, that moſt of 'em laid violent Hands on themſelves.

THE INTRODUCTION TO *CRITO.*

SOCRATES, in his Apology, has furniſh'd us with an admirable Model of an honeſt Man's Defence, when unjuſtly araign'd. And in this Dialogue, which is entitled, *Of what is to be done*, he gives us a yet more perfect Plan of the Conduct of a good Man, and the Obedience he owes to Juſtice and the Laws, even in dying when they require it, tho' at the ſame Time 'twere eaſy for him to eſcape. While *Socrates* lay in Priſon, his Friends, being more concern'd for his Life than himſelf, had retain'd the Gaoler. Every Thing was in Readineſs for accompliſhing his Eſcape; and *Crito* goes into the Priſon before Day, to tell him the good News, and perſuade him not to ſlight the precious Opportunity. *Socrates* hears him, and commends his Zeal: But before he would comply, ſtarts the Queſtion, Whether it was juſt for him to depart the Priſon, without the Conſent of the *Athenians?* So that the Point to be decided in this Dialogue, is, whether a Man unjuſtly condemn'd to die, can innocently

withdraw himſelf from the Hand of Juſtice and the Law? *Socrates* was the only Man of the Age he lived in, that call'd that in queſtion; and, which is yet more ſurprizing, were he now alive, he would be the only Man in this our Age. All that we ſee before our Eyes, or read of in our Hiſtories; in a Word, all the Inſtances of what Men have done through the Love of Life, and the Fear of Death, have ſo debauched our Judgments, that we are ſcarce capable to judge of what true Juſtice requires, and are apt to call every Thing juſt, that's univerſally practis'd. Now there cannot be a more capital Error. However, ſince the Conduct of a *Heathen*, that choſe rather to die, than to break the Courſe of Juſtice, would ſeem to us the Effect of Folly, or ſtrong Prejudice; let's try if we can hit upon any ſolid Rule, that may reclaim us by its Authority, and convince us by its Light. The Chriſtian Religion affords a great many ſuch: But we ſhall confine ourſelves to one, which in a Sovereign Degree is juſtly intitled to both theſe Characters. St. *Paul*, being in priſon in *Macedonia*, one Night the Priſon-Doors opened, and his Chains dropp'd off, and he was ſo far from making his Eſcape, that he hinder'd others to do it. *Peter* being impriſon'd by *Herod*, who had reſolv'd to put him to Death after the Paſſover, made his Eſcape the Night before the Day of Execution. But how did he do it? God did not content himſelf with unlocking his Chains, and opening the Priſon-Doors, but ſent an Angel, who puſh'd him on, and forc'd him to go along. This was the Conduct of the Saints. The the Priſon be open, they do not offer to make their Eſcape. Nothing leſs than an Angel can oblige them to depart the Priſon. *Socrates*, who was no Saint, but follow'd as cloſe as poſſible the ſame Light that guides and illuminates the Saints, obſerves the ſame Conduct: They open'd the Priſon and unty'd his Chains, but his Angel was ſilent, and he would not ſtir. He preferr'd an innocent Death before a criminal Life: But before he came to a Reſolution, he heard the Reaſons of his Friend, who ſpeaks with a great Deal of Force, and omits nothing that could move him: And after that

with a Divine Eloquence, confronted him with inconcitable Maxims, grounded upon Truth and Juſtice, in which one may trace the Rays of the Evangelical Doctrine, *viz. That we ought to ſlight the Opinions of Men, and regard only the Judgment of God; that it is not living but living well, that ſhould be our Wiſh; that Juſtice is the Life, and Injuſtice the Death of the Soul; that we ought not to injure our Enemies, or reſent the Injuries we receive; that 'tis better to die, than to ſin; that we muſt obey the Law of our Country; that the Injuſtice of Men cannot juſtify our Diſreſpect to the Laws; and that the Laws of this World have Siſter-Laws in the other, which revenge the Affronts put upon 'em here.*

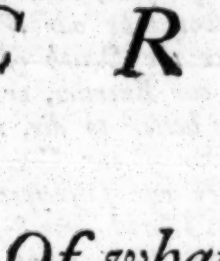
Theſe were the Principles that *Socrates* went upon. Thoſe who take the Pains to examine 'em and weigh their Conſequences, will be fully ſatisfied, not only that *Socrates* acted the Part of an honeſt Man in refuſing to make his Eſcape, but likewiſe, that he could not be a good Man if he did otherwiſe. And 'twas with this View, that *Quintilian* ſaid, This Philoſopher, by quitting the ſmall Remainder of his Life, retriev'd all the former Part of his Life, and likewiſe gain'd a Life to all Ages. 'Tis ſuch Thoughts as theſe that our Souls ſhould always have in View, in Order to keep out Vice; for if once we relent and allow the Enemy to gain ſome Ground, under a ſpecious Pretence and a taking Appearance, it will quickly maſter all, and overturn all the Banks that ſhould ſtop its Courſe.

CRITO.

OR,

Of what we ought to do.

Socrates and *Crito.*

Soc.  HAT's the Matter you come here ſ
ſoon, *Crito?* As I take it, 'tis very early
Crit. 'Tis true.
Soc. What a-Clock may it be then
Cri. A little before the Break of Da
Soc. I wonder the Gaoler let you i
Crit. He is one I know very well. I have been wit
him here often; and he is in ſome Meaſure obliged t
me.

Soc. Are you but juſt come? Or is it long ſince yo
came?

Crit. I have been here a pretty while.

Soc. Why did you not awaken me then when you cam
in?

Crit. Pray God forbid, *Socrates.* For my own Par
I would gladly ſhake off the Cares an
Anxiety that keep my Eyes from clo
ſing. But when I enter'd this Room,
wonder'd to find you ſo ſound aſleep
and was loth to awaken you that
might not rob you of thoſe happy Minutes. Indeed
Socrates, ever ſince I knew you, I have been alway
charme

The Tranquillity of *Socrates* on the Eve preceding his Death.

charmed with your Patience and calm Temper; but in a diſtinguiſhing Manner in this Juncture, ſince in the Circumſtances you are in, your Eye looks ſo eaſy and unconcern'd. His Calmneſs and Patience.

Soc. Indeed, *Crito*, it would be a great Indecency in one of my Age to be apprehenſive of Death.

Crit. Ay! And how many do we ſee every Day, under the like Misfortunes, whom Age does not exempt from thoſe Fears!

Soc. That's true. But after all, what brought you hither ſo early?

Crit. I came to tell you a troubleſome Piece of News, which, tho' it may not ſeem to affect you, yet it overwhelms both me and your Relations and Friends with inſufferable Grief. In fine, I bring the moſt terrible News that ever could be brought.

Soc. What News? Is the Ship arriv'd from *Delos*, upon the Return of which I am to die?

Crit. It is not yet arriv'd; but without doubt it will be here this Day, according to the Intelligence we have from ſome Perſons that came from *Sunium*, and left it there. For at that Rate, it cannot fail of being there to Day, and to-morrow you muſt unavoidably die.

Soc. Why not, *Crito?* Be it ſo, ſince 'tis the Will of God. However, I do not believe that Veſſel will arrive this Day.

Crit. What do you ground that Conjecture upon?

Soc. I'll tell you: I am not to die till the Day after the Arrival of the Veſſel.

Crit. At leaſt thoſe who are to execute the Sentence ſay ſo.

Soc. That Veſſel will not arrive till to-morrow, as I conjecture from a certain Dream I had this Night, about a *(a)* Minute ago. And it ſeems to me a Happineſs, that you did not awaken me.

(*a*) He ſpeaks on this Faſhion, becauſe the Dreams of the Morning were look'd upon as more diſtinct and true. *Certiora & colatiora ſomniari affirmant ſub extimis Noctibus, quaſi jam emergente animarum Vigore producto Sopore.* Tertul. de Anima.

Crit, Well, what is the Dream?

Soc. I thought I saw a very handsom comely Woman, clad in white, come up to me, who calling me by Name, said, (*b*) *In three Days thou ſhall be in the fertile* Phthia.

Socrates's remarkable Dream. *Phthia* was *Achilles*'s Country.

Crit. That's a very ſtrange Dream, *Socrates.*

Soc. 'Tis a very ſignificant one, *Crito.*

Crit. Yes, without Doubt. But for this Time, prithee, *Socrates*, take my Advice and make your Eſcape. For my Part, if you die, beſides the irreproachable Loſs of a Friend, which I will ever lament, I am afraid that a great many People, who are not well acquainted neither with you nor me, will believe that I have forſaken you, in not employing my Intereſt for promoting your Eſcape, now that 'tis in my Power. Is there any Thing more ſcandalous, than to lie under the Diſrepute of being wedded to my Money more than my Friend? For, in ſhort, the People will never believe, that 'twas you who refus'd to go from hence, when we preſs'd you to be gone.

The Vulgar People can never conceive that a Man condemn'd to die will not make his Eſcape if he can.

Soc. My dear *Crito*, why ſhould we be ſo much concern'd for the Opinion of the People? Is it not enough,

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(*b*) In the 9th Book of the Iliads, *Achilles* threatening to retire, ſays to *Ulyſſes*; *after To-morrow you ſhall ſee the* Helleſpont *cover'd with my Ships, and if* Neptune *afford me a happy Voyage, in three Days I ſhall arrive at the fertile* Phthia. 'Twas this laſt Verſe that *Socrates* had from the Mouth of the Woman in his Dream; for our Dreams always bear a Proportion to our *Genius*'s, *Habits*, and Ways of Thinking. Nothing can be a ſtronger Evidence of the gentle and eaſy Thoughts that *Socrates* had of Death, than his Application of this Paſſage, by which he repreſents Death as a fortunate Voyage to one's own Country. The *Grammarians*, who were always tied up to the Letter, were never able to point out the Beauty and Delicacy of this Paſſage: For they only turn'd it into a coarſe Idea of Death upon the Reſemblance of the Word *Phthia* with φθίνειν to *corrupt*; as if a *Grecian* could ever have miſtaken φθίη for φθίσις.

that the more ſenſible Part, who are the only Men we ought to regard, know how the Caſe ſtands?

Crit. But you ſee, *Socrates*, there's a Neceſſity of being concern'd for the Noiſe of the Mob; for your Example is a ſufficient Inſtance, that they are capable of doing, not only ſmall, but the greateſt of Injuries, and diſplay their Paſſion in an outragious Manner, againſt thoſe who are once run down by the vulgar Opinion.

Soc. * Would to God, *Crito*, the People were capable to do the greateſt of Injuries! Were it ſo, they would likewiſe be capable of doing the greateſt Good: That would be a great Happineſs. But neither the one nor the other is poſſible. For they cannot make Men either wiſe Men or Fools.

Crit. I grant it. But pray anſwer me: Is it out of Tenderneſs to me and your other Friends, that you will not ſtir from hence? For fear, leſt upon your Eſcape we ſhould be troubled and charged with carrying you off, and by that Means be oblig'd to quit our Poſſeſſion, or pay a large Sum of Money, or elſe ſuffer ſomething more fatal than either? If that be your Fear, ſhake it off, *Socrates*, in the Name of the Gods. Is not it highly reaſonable that we ſhould purchaſe your Eſcape at the Rate of expoſing ourſelves to theſe Dangers, and greater ones, if there be Occaſion? Once more my dear *Socrates*, believe me and go along with me.

Soc. I own, *Crito*, that I have ſuch Thoughts, and ſeveral others beſides in my View.

Crit. Fear nothing I intreat you; for in the firſt Place, they require no great Sum to let you out. And on the other Hand, you ſee what a pitiful Condition † thoſe are in, who probably might arraign us: A ſmall Sum of Money will ſtop their Mouths; my Eſtate alone will ſerve for that. If you ſcruple to accept of my Of-

* This is a noble Principle of *Socrates*. None can do the greateſt Harm, but thoſe who are able to do the greateſt Good. And this can only be attributed to God, not to Men.

† Thoſe who made Trade of accuſing at *Athens*, were a poor Sort of People, whoſe Mouths were eaſily ſtopp'd with Money.

ſer, here is a great Number of Strangers, who deſire nothing more than to furniſh you with what Money you want. *Simmias* the *Theban* himſelf has brought up very conſiderable Sums. *Cebes* is capable of doing as much, and ſo are ſeveral others. Let not your Fears then ſtifle the Deſire of making your Eſcape. And as for what you told me t'other Day, in the Court, that if you made your Eſcape, you ſhould not know how to live; pray let not that trouble you: Whitherſoever you go, you'll be beloved in all Places of the World. If you'll go to *Theſſaly*, I have Friends there, who will honour you according to your Merit, and think themſelves happy in ſupplying you with what you want, and covering you from all Occaſions of Fear in their Country. Beſides, *Socrates*, without doubt you are guilty of a very unjuſt Thing in delivering up yourſelf, while 'tis in your Power to make your Eſcape, and promoting what your Enemies ſo paſſionately wiſh for. For you not only betray yourſelf, but likewiſe your Children by abandoning them, when you might make a Shift to maintain and educate 'em: You are not at all concern'd at what may befal them, tho' at the ſame Time they are like to be in as diſmal a Condition, as ever poor Orphans were. A Man ought either to have no Children, or elſe to expoſe himſelf to the Care and Trouble of breeding them. You ſeem to me to act the ſofteſt and moſt inſenſible Part in the World; whereas you ought to take up a Reſolution worthy of a generous Soul; above all, you, who boaſt that you purſued nothing but Virtue all the Days of your Life. I tell you, *Socrates*, I am aſham'd upon the Account of you and your Relations, ſince the World will believe 'twas long of our Cowardlineſs that you did not get off. In the firſt Place, they'll charge you with ſtanding a Trial that you might have avoided; then they'll cenſure your Conduct in making your Defences; and at laſt, which is the moſt ſhameful of all, they'll upbraid

This was the Judgment of Men; the Steadineſs of *Socrates* paſs'd for Lazineſs and Inſenſibility.

Becauſe he did not ſtoop to the Judges, but ſpoke rather like an Accuſer than a Priſoner.

upbraid us with forſaking you thro' Fear or Cowardice, ſince we did not accompliſh your Eſcape. Pray conſider of it, my dear *Socrates*; if you do not prevent the approaching Evil, you'll bear a Part in the Shame that will cover us all. Pray adviſe with yourſelf quickly. But now I think on it, there is not Time for adviſing, there's no Choice left, all muſt be put in Execution the next Night: for if we delay longer all our Meaſures will be broke. Believe me, I intreat you, and do as I bid you.

Soc. My dear *Crito*, your Good-will is very commendable, provided it agrees with right Reaſon; but if it ſwerves from that, the ſtronger it is, the more is it blame worthy. The firſt Thing to be conſider'd, is, whether we ought to do as you ſay, or not? For you know 'tis not of yeſterday that I've accuſtomed myſelf only to follow the Reaſons that appear moſt juſt, after a mature Examination. Tho' Fortune frowns upon me, yet I'll never part with the Principles I have all along profeſſed. Theſe Principles appear always the ſame, and I eſteem them equally at all Times. So, if your Advice be not backed by the ſtrongeſt Reaſons, aſſure yourſelf I will never comply, not if all the Power of the People ſhould arm itſelf againſt me, or offer to frighten me like a Child, by laying on freſh Chains, and threatning to deprive me of the greateſt Good, and oblige me to ſuffer the cruelleſt Death. Now, how ſhall we manage this Enquiry juſtly? To be ſure, the faireſt Way is to reſume what you have been ſaying of the vulgar Opinions; that is, to enquire, whether there are ſome Reports that we ought to regard, and others that are to be ſlighted; or whether the ſaying ſo is only a groundleſs and childiſh Propoſition. I have a ſtrong Deſire, upon this Occaſion, to try in your Preſence, whether this Principle will appear to me in different Colours from what it did while I was in other Circumſtances, or whether I ſhall always find it the ſame, in Order to determine me to a Compliance or Refuſal.

Reaſon and Juſtice ought to regulate our Eſtimate of the Kindneſs of Friends.

If I miſtake not, 'tis certain, that ſeveral Perſons who thought themſelves Men of Senſe, ‖ have often maintained in this Place. That of all the Opinions of Men, ſome are to be regarded and others to be ſlighted. In the Name of the Gods, *Crito*, do not you think that was well ſaid? In all human Appearance, you are in no Danger of dying To-morrow: and therefore 'tis preſum'd that the Fear of the preſent Danger cannot work any change upon you. Wherefore, pray conſider it well: Do not you think they ſpoke juſtly, who ſaid, that all the Opinions of Men are not always to be regarded, but only ſome of them; and thoſe not of all Men, but only of ſome? What do you ſay? Do not you think 'tis very true?

What Choice we ought to make of Opinions.

Crit. Very true.

Soc. At that Rate then, ought not we to eſteem the good Opinions, and ſlight the bad ones?

Crit. Ay, doubtleſs.

Soc. Are not the good Opinions then thoſe of wiſe Men, and the bad ones thoſe of Fools?

Crit. It cannot be otherwiſe.

Soc. Let's ſee then, how you will anſwer this. A Man that makes his Exerciſes, when he comes to have his Leſſon, whether ſhall he regard the Commendation or Cenſure of whoever comes firſt, or only of him that is either † a Phyſician or a Maſter?

Crit. Of the laſt to be ſure.

Soc. Then he ought to fear the Cenſure, and value the Commendation of that Man alone; and ſlight what comes from others.

Crit. Without doubt.

‖ This probably had been maintain'd in ſome of the former Conferences in Priſon: For *Socrates*'s Friends met every Day in the Priſon to keep him Company.

† For they perform thoſe Exerciſes either for their Health, or elſe to improve their Dexterity and Strength: For the firſt they follow'd the Orders of a Phyſician; and for the other, they were directed by a Maſter.

Soc.

Soc. For that Reaſon, this young Man muſt neither eat nor drink, nor do any Thing, without the Orders of that Maſter, that Man of Senſe, and he is not at all to govern himſelf by the Caprices of others.

Crito. That's true.

Soc. Let's fix upon that then. But ſuppoſe he diſobeys this Maſter, and diſregards his Applauſe or Cenſure? and ſuffers himſelf to be blinded by the Careſſes and Applauſes of the ignorant Mob; will not he come to ſome Harm by this Means?

Crit. How is it poſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe?

Soc. But what will be the Nature of this Harm that will accrue to him thereupon? where will it terminate? and what Part of him will it affect?

Crit. His Body, without Doubt: for by that Means he'll ruin himſelf.

Soc. Very well, but is not the Caſe the ſame all over? Upon the Point of Juſtice or Injuſtice, Honeſty or Diſhoneſty, Good or Evil, which at preſent are the Subject of our Diſpute, ſhall we rather refer ourſelves to the Opinion of the People, than to that of an experienced wiſe Man, who juſtly challenges more Reſpect and Deference from us, than all the World beſides? And if we do not act conformably to the Opinion of this one Man, is it not certain that we ſhall ruin ourſelves, and entirely loſe that which only lives and gains new Strength by Juſtice, and periſhes only through Injuſtice? Or muſt we take all that for a Thing of no Account?

Crit. I am of your Opinion.

Soc. Take heed, I intreat you; if by following the Opinions of the Ignorant, we deſtroy that which is only preſerved by Health and waſted by Sickneſs, can we ſurvive the Corruption of that, whether it be our Body, or ſomewhat elſe? The Soul lives only by Juſtice.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc. Can one live then after the Corruption and Deſtruction of the Body?

Crit. No, to be ſure.

Soc. But can one ſurvive the Corruption of that which lives only by Juſtice, and dies only thro' Injuſtice? Or is this Thing (whatever it be) that has Juſtice or Injuſtice for its Object, to be leſs valued than the Body?

Crit. Not at all.

Soc. What, is it much more valuable then?

Crit. A great Deal more.

Soc. Then my dear *Crito*, we ought not to be concerned at what the People ſay, but what that ſays, who knows what's juſt and what's unjuſt: and that alone is nothing elſe but the Truth. Thus you ſee, you eſtabliſh'd falſe Principles at firſt, in ſaying that we ought to pay a Deference to the Opinions of the People, upon what is juſt, good, honeſt, and its contraries. Some perhaps will object, that the People are able to put us to Death.

In all our Actions we ought only to regard the Truth, *i. e.* God, who alone is Truth itſelf.

Crit. To be ſure, they'll ſtart that Objection.

Soc. 'Tis alſo true. But that does not alter the Nature of what we were ſaying; that's ſtill the ſame. For you muſt ſtill remember, that 'tis not Life, but a good Life that we ought to court.

To live is nothing, but to live well is all in all.

Crit. That's a certain Truth.

Soc. But is it not likewiſe certain, that this good Life conſiſts in nothing elſe but Honeſty and Juſtice?

A good Life conſiſts only in Honeſty and Juſtice.

Crit. Yes.

Soc. Now, before we go farther, let's examine upon the Principles you've agreed to, whether my Departure from hence without the Permiſſion of the *Athenians*, is juſt or unjuſt. If it be found juſt, we muſt do our utmoſt to bring it about; but if 'tis unjuſt, we muſt lay aſide the Deſign. For as to the Conſiderations you alledged juſt now, of Money, Reputation, and Family; theſe are only the Thoughts of the baſer Mob, who put innocent Perſons to Death, and would afterwards bring 'em to Life, if 'twere poſſible. But as for us who bend our

A Character of the Mob.

our Thoughts another Way, all that we are to mind, is whether we do a juſt Thing in giving Money, and lying under an Obligation to thoſe who promote our Eſcape; or whether both we and they do not commit a Piece of Injuſtice in ſo doing? If this be an unjuſt Thing, we need not reaſon much upon the Point, ſince 'tis better to abide here and die, than to undergo ſomewhat more terrible than Death.

Death is preferable to the Commiſſion of an unjuſt Thing.

Crit. You are in the right of that, *Socrates*; let's ſee then how it will fall.

Soc. We ſhall go hand in hand in the Enquiry. If you have any Thing of weight to anſwer, pray do it when I have ſpoken, that ſo I may comply; if not, pray forbear any farther to preſs me to go from hence without the Conſent of the *Athenians*. I ſhall be infinitely glad if you can perſuade me to do it; but I cannot do it without being firſt convinced. Take Notice then whether my way of purſuing this Enquiry ſatisfies you, and do your utmoſt to make anſwer to my Queſtions.

Crit. I will.

Soc. Is it true, that we ought not to do an unjuſt Thing to any Man? Or is it lawful in any Meaſure to do it to one, when we are forbid to do it to another? Or is it not abſolutely true, that all Manner of Injuſtice is neither good nor honeſt, as we were ſaying but now? Or, in fine, are all theſe Sentiments which we formerly entertained, vaniſhed in a few Days? And is it poſſible, *Crito*, that thoſe of Years, our moſt ſerious Conferences, ſhould reſemble thoſe of Children, and we at the ſame Time not be ſenſible that 'tis ſo? Ought we not rather to ſtand to what we have ſaid, as being a certain Truth, that all Injuſtice is ſcandalous and fatal to the Perſon that commits it; let Men ſay what they will, and let our Fortune be never ſo good or bad?

Difference of Times and Perſons will not juſtify the doing Injuſtice to any Man.

Injuſtice is ſcandalous and fatal to him that is guilty of it.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc.

Soc. Then we muſt avoid the leaſt Meaſure of Injuſtice?

Crit. Moſt certainly.

Soc. Since we are to avoid the leaſt Degree of it, then we ought not to do it to thoſe who are unjuſt to us, notwithſtanding that this People think it lawful?

Crit. So I think.

Soc. But what! ought we to do Evil or not?

Crit. Without Doubt we ought not.

'Tis unjuſt to do Evil for Evil.

Soc. But is it Juſtice, to repay Evil with Evil, purſuant to the Opinion of the People, or is it unjuſt?

Crit. 'Tis highly unjuſt.

Soc. Then there's no Difference between doing Evil and being unjuſt?

Crit. I own it.

Soc. Then we ought not to do the leaſt Evil or Injuſtice to any Man, let him do by us as he will. But take heed, *Crito*, that by this Conceſſion you do not ſpeak againſt your own Sentiments. For I know very well, there are few that will go this length: and 'tis impoſſible for thoſe who vary in their Sentiments upon this Point to agree well together. Nay, on the contrary, the Contempt of one another's Opinions, leads 'em to a reciprocal Contempt of one another's Perſons. Conſider well then, if you are of the ſame Opinion with me; and let us ground our Reaſonings upon this Principle, That we ought not to do Evil for Evil, or treat thoſe unjuſtly who are unjuſt to us. For my Part, I never did, nor never will entertain any other Principle. Tell me then if you have chang'd your Mind; if not, give ear to what follows.

Socrates owns that few will grant this Truth, that we ought not to ſeek Revenge, or repay Evil for Evil.

Crit. I give Ear.

Soc. Well: a Man that has made a juſt Promiſe, ought he to keep it, or to break it?

Crit. He ought to keep it.

Soc.

Soc. If I go from hence without the Conſent of the *Athenians*, ſhall not I injure ſome People, and eſpecially thoſe who do not deſerve it? Or ſhall we in this follow what we think equally juſt to every body?

It is a viſible Wrong to the Laws and the State.

Crit. I cannot anſwer you, for I do not underſtand you.

Soc. Pray take Notice: when we put ourſelves in a Way of making our Eſcape, or going from hence, or how you pleaſe to call it, ſuppoſe the Law and the Republick ſhould preſent themſelves in a Body before us, and accoſt us in this Manner: *Socrates, what are you going to do? To put in Execution what you now deſign, were wholly to ruin the Laws and the State. Do you think a City can ſubſiſt when Juſtice has not only loſt its Force, but is likewiſe perverted, overturned, and trampled under Foot by private Perſons?* What Anſwer could we make to ſuch and many other Queſtions? For what is it that an Orator cannot ſay upon the Overturning of that Law, which provides that Sentences once pronounced ſhall not be infring'd? Shall we anſwer, that the Republick has judged amiſs, and paſſed an unjuſt Sentence upon us? Shall that be our Anſwer?

Socrates introduces the Laws and the State ſpeaking to him.

The ordinary Anſwer of thoſe who trample under Foot Juſtice and the Laws.

Crit. Ay, without any Scruple, *Socrates.*

Soc. What will the Laws ſay then? Socrates, *is it not true, that you agreed with us to ſubmit yourſelf to a publick Trial?* And if we ſhould ſeem to be ſurprized at ſuch Language, they'll continue perhaps, *Be not ſurprized,* Socrates, *but make Anſwer, for you yourſelf uſed to inſiſt upon Queſtion and Anſwer. Tell then what Occaſion you have to complain of the Republick and of us, that you are ſo eager upon deſtroying it?*

A Refutation of that Plea.

Are

† *Are not we the Authors of your Birth? Is not it by our means that your Father married her who brought you forth? What Fault can you find with the Laws we eſtabliſhed as to Marriage?* Nothing at all, ſhould I anſwer. *As to the nouriſhing and bringing up of Children, and the Manner of your Education, are not the Laws juſt that we enacted upon that Head, by which we obliged your Father to bring you up to Muſick and the Exerciſes?* Very juſt, I'd ſay. Since you were born, brought up, and educated under our Influence, durſt you maintain that you are not our Nurſe-Child and Subject as well as your Father? And if you are, do you think to have equal Power with us, as if it were lawful for you to inflict upon us all we enjoin you to undergo? But ſince you cannot lay claim to any ſuch Right againſt your Father or your Maſter, ſo as to repay Evil for Evil, Injury for Injury, how can you think to obtain that Privilege againſt your Country and the Laws, inſomuch that if we endeavour to put you to Death, you'll counteract us by endeavouring to prevent us, and to ruin your Country and its Law? Can you call ſuch an Action juſt you that are an inſeparable Follower of true Virtue?

The Regard we ought to have to our Country.

Are you ignorant that your Country is more conſiderable, and more worthy of Reſpect and Veneration before God and Man than your Father, Mother, and all your Relations together? That you ought to honour your Country, yield to it, and humour it more than an angry Father? That you muſt either reclaim it by your Counſel, or obey its Injunctions, and ſuffer without grumbling all that it impoſes upon you? If it orders you to be whipp'd, or laid in Irons, if it ſends you to the Wars, there to ſpend your Blood, you ought to do it without demurring; you muſt not ſhake off the Yoke, or flinch or quit your Poſt; but in the

† This is an admirable Way of making out the Obligation of Men to obey the Laws of their Country, by Virtue of the Treaty made between 'em.

Army

Army, in Priſon, and every where elſe, ought equally to obey the Orders of your Country, or elſe aſſiſt it with wholſom Counſel. For if offering Violence to a Father or a Mother be a Piece of grand Impiety, to put a Force upon one's Country is a much greater. What ſhall we anſwer to all this, *Crito?* Shall we acknowledge the Truth of what the Laws advance?

Crit. How can we avoid it?

Soc. Do you ſee then, *Socrates*, (continue they) what Reaſon we have to brand your Enterprize againſt us as unjuſt? Of us you hold your Birth, your Maintenance, your Education; in fine, we have done you all the Good we are capable of, as well as the other Citizens. Indeed, we do not fail to make publick Proclamation, that 'tis lawful for every private Man, if he does not find his Account in the Laws and Cuſtoms of our Republick, after a mature Examination, to retire with all his Effects whither he pleaſes. And if any of you cannot comply with our Cuſtoms, and deſires to remove and live elſewhere, not one of us ſhall hinder him, he may go where he pleaſes. But on the other Hand, if any one of you continues to live here, after he has conſidered our Way of adminiſtring Juſtice, and the Policy obſerved in the State, then, we ſay, he is in Effect obliged to obey all our Commands, and we maintain that his Diſobedience is unjuſt on a three-fold Account; for not obeying thoſe to whom he owes his Birth; for trampling under Foot thoſe that educated him; and for violating his Faith after he engaged to obey us, and not taking the Pains to make Remonſtrances to us, if we happen to do an unjuſt Thing. For notwithſtanding that we only propoſe Things without uſing any Violence to procure Obedience, and give every Man his Choice either to obey us, or reclaim us by his Counſel or Remonſtrances, yet he does neither the one nor the other. And we maintain, *Socrates*, that if you execute what you are now about, you will ſtand charged with all theſe Crimes, and that in a much higher Degree than if another private Man had committed the ſame Injuſtice. If I aſked 'em the Reaſon, without doubt they'd ſtop my Mouth by telling me, that I ſubmitted myſelf

ſelf in a diſtinguiſhing Manner to all theſe Conditions. And we, (continue they) have great Evidence that you were always pleaſed with us and the Republick; for if this City had not been more agreeable to you than any other, you had never continued in it, no more than the other *Athenians*. None of the Shews could ever tempt you to go out of the City, except once, that you went to ſee the * Games at the *Iſthmus:* You never went any where elſe, excepting your Military Expeditions, and never undertook a Voyage, as others are wont to do. You never had the Curioſity to viſit other Cities, or enquire after other Laws as being contented with us and our Republick. You always made a diſtinguiſhing Choice of us, and on all Occaſions teſtified that you ſubmitted with all your Heart to live according to our Maxims. Beſides, you having had Children in this City is an infallible Evidence that you like it. In fine, in this very laſt Juncture you might have been ſentenced to Baniſhment if you would, and might then have done, with the Conſent of the Republick, what you now attempt without their Permiſſion. But you were ſo ſtately, ſo unconcerned at Death, that in your own Terms you preferr'd Death to Baniſhment. But now you have no Regard to theſe fine Words, you are not further concerned for the Laws, ſince you are going to overturn them. You do juſt what a pitiful Slave would offer to do, by endeavouring to make your Eſcape contrary to the Laws of the Treaty you have ſign'd, by which you obliged yourſelf to live according to our Rules. Pray anſwer us: Did not we ſay right in affirming that you agreed to this Treaty, and ſubmitted yourſelf to theſe Terms not only in Words, but in

i. e. So as to follow them.

For if he had ſentenced himſelf to Baniſhment, the *Athenians* had confirmed it.

All our Actions conformable to the Laws of a Country, are ſo many Ratifications of the Treaty made with it.

* Theſe Games were celebrated at the *Iſthmus* of *Corinth* to the Honour of *Neptune* every three Years, after they were received by *Theſeus*.

Deeds!

Deeds? What ſhall we ſay to all this, *Crito?* And what can we do elſe but acknowledge that 'tis ſo?

Crit. How can we avoid it, *Socrates?*

Soc. What elſe then, continue they, is this Action of yours but a Violation of that Treaty, and all its Terms? That Treaty that you were not made to ſign either by Force or Surprize, not without Time to think on it: For you had the whole Courſe of your ſeventy Years to have removed in, if you had been diſſatisfied with us, or unconvinced of the Juſtice of our Propoſals. You neither pitched upon *Lacedæmon* nor *Crete*, notwithſtanding that you always cried up their Laws; nor any of the other *Grecian* Cities, or ſtrange Countries. You have been leſs out of *Athens* than the Lame and the Blind; which is an invincible Proof that the City pleaſed you in a diſtinguiſhing Manner, and conſequently that we did, ſince a City can never be agreeable if its Laws are not ſuch. And yet at this Time you counter-act the Treaty. But, if you'll take our Advice, *Socrates*, we would have you to ſtand to your Treaty, and not expoſe yourſelf to be ridiculed by the Citizens, by ſtealing out from hence. Pray conſider what Advantage can redound either to you or your Friends, by perſiſting in that goodly Deſign; Your Friends will infallibly be either expoſed to Danger or baniſhed their Country, or have their Eſtates forfeited. And as for yourſelf, if you retire to any neighbouring City, ſuch as *Thebes* or *Megara*, which are admirably well governed, you'll there be looked upon as an Enemy. All that have any love for their Country will look upon you as a Corrupter of the Laws: Beſides, you'll fortify in them the good Opinion they have of your Judges, and move them to approve the Sentence given againſt you: For a Corrupter of the Law will at any Time paſs for a Debaucher of the Youth, and of the vulgar People. What, will you keep out of theſe well-governed Cities, and theſe Aſſemblies of juſt Men? But pray will you have enough to live upon in that Condition? Or will you have the Face to go and live with them? And pray what will you ſay to 'em, *Socrates?* Will you preach to them, as you did here, that Virtue,

Juſtice,

Juſtice, the Laws, and Ordinances ought to be reverenced by Men? Do not you think that this will ſound very ridiculous in their Ears? You ought to think ſo. But perhaps you'll quickly leave theſe well-governed Cities, and go to † *Theſſaly* to *Crito*'s Friends where there is leſs Order, and more Licentiouſneſs; and doubtleſs in that Country they'll take a ſingular Pleaſure in hearing you relate in what Equipage you made your Eſcape from this Priſon, that is, covered with ſome old Rags, or a Beaſt's Skin, or diſguiſed ſome other Way, as Fugitives are wont to be. Every body will ſay, This old Fellow, that has ſcarce any Time to live, had ſuch a ſtrong Paſſion for living, that he did not ſtand to purchaſe his Life by trampling under Foot the moſt ſacred Laws. Such Stories will be bandied about of you at a Time when you offend no Man; but upon the leaſt Occaſion of Complaint, they'll teaze you with a thouſand other Reproaches, unworthy of you. You'll ſpend your Time in ſneaking and inſinuating yourſelf into the Favour of all Men, one after another, and owning an equal Subjection to 'em all. For what can you do? Will you feaſt perpetually in *Theſſaly*, as if the good Cheer had drawn you thither? But what will become then of all your fine Diſcourſes upon Juſtice and Virtue? Beſides, if you deſign to preſerve your Life for the Sake of your Children; that cannot be in Order to bring 'em up in *Theſſaly*, as if you could do 'em no other Service but make 'em Strangers. Or if you deſign to leave 'em here, do you imagine that during your Life they'll be better brought up here, in your Abſence, under the Care of your Friends? But will not your Friends take the ſame Care of 'em after your Death that they'd do in your Abſence? You ought to be perſuaded that all thoſe who call themſelves your Friends, will at all Times do them all the Service they can. To conclude, *Socrates*, ſubmit yourſelf to our Reaſons,

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* *Theſſaly* was the Country where Licentiouſneſs and Debauchery reign'd. And accordingly *Xenophon* obſerves, that 'twas there that *Critias* was ruin'd.

follow

follow the Advice of thoſe who brought you up, and do not put your Children, your Life, or any Thing whatſoever, in the Balance with Juſtice; to the end, that when you arrive before the Tribunal of *Pluto*, you may be able to clear yourſelf before your Judges. For do not you deceive yourſelf? If you perform what you now deſign, you'll neither better your own Cauſe, nor that of your Party; you will neither enlarge its Juſtice nor Sanctity either here or in the Regions below. But if you die bravely, you owe your Death to the Injuſtice, not of the Laws, but of Men: Whereas if you make your Eſcape by repulſing ſo ſhamefully the Injuſtice of your Enemies, by violating at once both your own Faith and our Treaty, and injuring ſo many innocent Perſons as yourſelf, your Friends, and your Country, together with us; we will ſtill be your Enemies, as long as you live: And when you are dead, our Siſters, the Laws in the other World, will certainly afford you no joyful Reception, as knowing that you endeavoured to ruin us. Wherefore do not prefer *Crito*'s Counſel to ours.

The Laws are juſt, and Injuſtice comes from Men.

Methinks, my dear *Crito*, I hear what I have now ſpoke, juſt as † the Prieſts of *Cybele* fancy they hear the Cornets and Flutes; and the Sound of theſe Words makes ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion in my Ears, that it ſtops me from hearing any Thing elſe. Theſe are the Sentiments I like; and all you can ſay to take me off of

† *Socrates* means, that all theſe Truths make no ſlight Impreſſion upon him, but pierce him, and inſpire him with an Ardour, or rather a holy Fury, that ſtops his Ears from hearing any Thing to the Contrary. The Sound of the Cornets and Flutes of the Prieſts of *Cybele* inſpir'd the Audience with Fury; and why ſhould the Sound of Divine Truths fall ſhort of the ſame Virtue, and leave their Hearers in a lukewarm Indifferency? This Temper of *Socrates* juſtifies and explains what *Diogenes* ſaid of him: When ſomebody aſk'd *Diogenes* what he thought of *Socrates*? He anſwer'd, *That he was a mad Man*; for *Socrates* ſhew'd an incredible Warmth in purſuing whatever he took to be juſt.

them

them will be to no purpoſe. However, if you think to ſucceed, I do not hinder you from ſpeaking.

Crit. I have nothing to ſay, *Socrates.*

Soc. Then be eaſy, and let us bravely run this Courſe, ſince God calls and conducts us to it.

THE INTRODUCTION TO *PHEDON.*

SOCRATES in his *Apology*, and in his *Crito*, teaches us how we ought to form our Lives; and here he inſtructs us how to die, and what Thoughts to entertain at the Hour of Death. By explaining his own Views and Deſigns, which were the Springs of all his Actions, he furniſhes us with a Proof of the moſt important of all Truths, and of that which ought to regulate our Life. For the Immortality of the Soul is a Point of ſuch Importance, that it includes all the Truths of Religion, and all the Motives that ought to excite and direct us. So that our firſt Duty is to ſatisfy ourſelves in this point: Self-Love and mere human Intereſt ought to ſpur us up to underſtand it; not to ſpeak, that there is not a more fatal Condition than to be ignorant of the Nature of Death, which appears as terrible as unavoidable: for according to the Notion we have of it, we may draw Conſequences directly oppoſite, for managing the Conduct of our Lives, and the Choice of our Pleaſures.

Socrates ſpends the laſt Day of his Life in diſcourſing with his Friends upon this great Subject: he unfolds all the Reaſons that require the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, and refutes all the Objections they moved to the contrary, which are the very ſame that are made uſe of at this Day. He demonſtrates the Hope they ought to have of a happier Life; and lays before them all that this bleſſed Hope requires to make it ſolid and laſting, to prevent their being deluded by a vain Hope, and after all, meeting with the Puniſhment allotted to the Wicked, inſtead of the Rewards provided for the Good.

This Conference was occaſioned by a Truth that was caſually ſtarted, *viz.* That a true Philoſopher ought to deſire to die, and to endeavour it. This Poſition taken literally, ſeemed to inſinuate, that a Philoſopher might lay violent Hands on himſelf. But *Socrates* makes it out, that there's nothing more unjuſt; and that for ſo much as Man is God's Creature and Property, he ought not to remove out of this Life without his Orders. What ſhould it be then that made the Philoſopher have ſuch a Love for Death †? What is the Ground of this Hope? Here we are preſented with the Grounds aſſign'd by a Heathen Philoſopher, *viz.* Man is born to know the Truth, but he can never attain to a perfect Knowledge of it in this Life, by reaſon that his Body is an Obſtacle: perfect Knowledge is reſerved for the Life to come. Then the Soul muſt be immortal, ſince after Death it operates and knows. As for Man's being born for the Knowledge of Truth, that cannot be called in Queſtion, ſince he was born to know God.

From thence it follows, that a true Philoſopher hates and contemns this Body, which ſtands in the Way of his Union to God; that he wiſhes to be rid of it, and looks upon Death as a Paſſage to a better Life. This ſolid Hope gives Being to that true Temperance and Valour which is the Lot of true Philoſophers; for other

† It could be nothing but the Hope of the good Things he expected in another Life.

Men

Men are only valiant thro' Fear, and temperate thro' Intemperance: their Virtue is only a Slave to Vice.

They object to *Socrates*, that the Soul is nothing but a Vapour that vaniſhes and diſperſes itſelf at Death. *Socrates* combats that Opinion with an Argument that has a great deal of Strength in his Mouth, but becomes much ſtronger when ſupported by the true Religion, which alone can ſet it in its full Light. The Argument is this: In Nature, Contraries produce their Contraries. So that Death being an Operation of Nature, ought to produce Life, that being its Contrary; and by Conſequence the Dead muſt be born again: the Soul then is not dead, ſince it muſt revive the Body.

Before we proceed farther, 'tis fit to take Notice of an Error that is couched under this Principle, which only the Chriſtian Religion can at once diſcover and refute. 'Tis, that *Socrates*, and all other Philoſophers, are infinitely miſtaken in making Death a natural Thing. There's nothing more falſe. Death is ſo far from being natural, that Nature abhors it; and it was far from the Deſign of God in the State in which Man was firſt created. For he created him holy, innocent, and by Conſequence immortal; 'twas only Sin that brought Death into the World. But this fatal League betwixt Sin and Death could not triumph over the Deſigns of God, who had created Man for Immortality. He knew how to ſnatch the Victory out of their Hands, by bringing Man to Life again, even in the Shades and Horrors of Death itſelf. Thus ſhall the Dead revive at the Reſurrection, purſuant to the Doctrine of the Chriſtians, which teaches that Death muſt give up thoſe whom it has ſwallowed down. So that the Principle that *Socrates* did not fully comprehend, is an unſhaken Truth, which bears the Marks of the ancient Tradition that the Heathens had alter'd and corrupted.

The third Argument alledg'd by *Socrates* as a Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, is that of Remembrance; which likewiſe bears the Marks of that antient Tradition corrupted by the Heathens. To find out the Truth

couched under this Argument, I advance the following Conjectures.

It ſeems the Philoſophers grounded this Opinion of Remembrance upon ſome Texts of the Prophets, that they did not well underſtand; ſuch as that of *Jeremiah*, *Before I formed thee in the Belly, I knew thee.* And perhaps their Opinion was fortified by the Ideas and Inſtinct we have of ſeveral Things that were never learnt in this World. In ſhort, we meet with unqueſtionable Marks of certain Reſentments that revive ſome Lights within our Minds, or the Remains of a paſt Grandeur that we loſt by Sin. And from whence do thoſe proceed? That inexplicable Cypher has no other Key but the Knowledge of Original Sin. Our Soul was created ſo as to be adorned with all Manner of Knowledge ſuitable to its Nature; and now is ſenſible of its being depriv'd of the ſame. The Philoſophers felt this Miſery, and were not admitted to know the true Cauſe; in order to unriddle the Myſtery, they invented this Creation of Souls before the Body, and a Remembrance that is the Conſequence thereof. But we who are guided by a ſurer Light, know, that if Man were not degenerate he would ſtill enjoy the full Knowledge of the Truths he formerly knew; and if he had never been any other than corrupted, he would have had no Ideas of theſe Truths. This unties the Knot. Man had Knowledge before he was corrupted, and after his Corruption forgot it. He can recover nothing but confuſed Ideas, and ſtands in Need of a new Light to illuminate them. No human Reaſon could have fathomed this. It faintly unravelled Part of the Myſtery as well as it could, and the Explication it gave diſcovers ſome Footſteps of the ancient Truth: for it points both to the firſt State of Happineſs and Knowledge, and to the ſecond of Miſery and Obſcurity. Thus may we make an uſeful Application of the Doctrine of Remembrance, and the Errors of Philoſophers may oftentimes ſerve to eſtabliſh the moſt incomprehenſible Truths of the Chriſtian Religion, and ſhew that the Heathens did not want Traditions relating to them.

The fourth Argument is taken from the Nature of the Soul. Deſtruction reaches only compounded Bodies: But we may clearly perceive, that the Soul is ſimple and immaterial, and bears a Reſemblance of ſomething divine, immortal, and intelligent: for it embraces the pure Eſſence of Things; it meaſures all by Ideas which are eternal Patterns, and unites itſelf to them when the Body does not hinder it: ſo that 'tis ſpiritual, indiſſoluble, and conſequently immortal, as being not capable of Diſſolution by any other Means than the Will of him who created it.

Notwithſtanding the Force of theſe Proofs, and their Tendency to keep up this Hope in the Soul, *Socrates* and his Friends own, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to ward off Doubts and Uncertainties: for our Reaſon is too weak and degenerate to arrive at the full Knowledge of Truth in this World. So that 'tis a wiſe Man's Buſineſs to chuſe from amongſt thoſe Arguments of the Philoſophers, for the Immortality of the Soul, that which to him ſeems beſt, and moſt forcible, and capable to conduct him ſafely thro' the dangerous Shelves of this Life, till he obtain a full Aſſurance either of ſome Promiſe, or by ſome Divine Revelation; for that is the only Veſſel that is ſecure from Danger. By this the moſt refined Paganiſm pays Homage to the Chriſtian Religion, and all Colour or Excuſe for Incredulity is took off: For the Chriſtian Religion affords Promiſes, Revelations, and, which is yet more conſiderable, the Accompliſhment of them.

They moved two Objections to *Socrates:* One, that the Soul is only the Harmony reſulting from the juſt Proportion of the Qualities of the Body: The other, that tho' the Soul be more durable than the Body, yet it dies at laſt, after having made uſe of ſeveral Bodies; juſt as a Man dies after he has worn ſeveral Suits of Clothes.

Socrates, before he makes any Anſwer, ſtops a little, and deplores the Misfortune of Men, who by hearing the Diſputes of the Ignorant, that contradict every Thing, perſuade themſelves that there's no ſuch Thing as clear,

ſolid, and ſenſible Reaſons, but that every Thing is uncertain. Like as thoſe who being cheated by Men, become Men-haters; ſo they being impoſed upon by Arguments, become haters of Reaſon; that is, they take up an abſolute Hatred againſt all Reaſon in general, and will not hear any Argument. *Socrates* makes out the Injuſtice of this Procedure. He ſhews, that when two Things are equally uncertain, Wiſdom directs us to chuſe that which is moſt advantageous with the leaſt Danger. Now, beyond all Diſpute, ſuch is the Immortality of the Soul; and therefore it ought to be embraced. For if this Opinion prove true after our Death, are not we conſiderable Gainers? And if it prove falſe, what do we loſe?

Then he attacks that Objection which repreſents the Soul as a Harmony, and refutes it by ſolid and convincing Arguments, which at the ſame Time prove the Immortality of the Soul.

His Arguments are theſe: Harmony always depends upon the Parts that conſpire together, and is never oppoſite to them; but the Soul has no Dependance upon the Body, and always ſtands on the oppoſite Side. Harmony admits of leſs and more, but the Soul does not: from whence it would follow, that all Souls ſhould be equal, that none of 'em are vicious, and that the Souls of Beaſts are equally good, and of the ſame Nature with thoſe of Men: which is contrary to all Reaſon.

In Muſick, the Body commands the Harmony: But in Nature, the Soul commands the Body. In Muſick, the Harmony can never give a Sound contrary to the particular Sounds of the Parts that bend or unbend, or move: but in Nature the Soul has a contrary Sound to that of the Body; it attacks all its Paſſions and Deſires; it checks, curbs, and puniſhes the Body. So that it muſt needs be of a very different and oppoſite Nature: which proves its Spirituality and Divinity. For nothing but what is ſpiritual and divine can be wholly oppoſite to what is material and earthly.

The

The ſecond Objection was, That tho' the Soul might outlive the Body, yet that does not conclude its Immortality; ſince we know nothing to the contrary, but that it dies at laſt, after having animated the Body ſeveral Times.

In anſwer to this Objection, *Socrates* ſays he muſt trace the firſt Original of the Being and Corruption of Entities. If that be once agreed upon, we ſhall find no Difficulty in determining what Things are corruptible and what not. But what Path ſhall we follow in this Enquiry? Muſt it be that of Phyſicks? Theſe Phyſicks are ſo uncertain, that inſtead of being inſtructive, they only blind and miſlead us. This he makes out from his own Experience. So that there's a Neceſſity of going beyond this Science, and having Recourſe to Metaphyſicks, which alone can afford us the certain Knowledge of the Reaſons and Cauſes of Beings, and of that which conſtitutes their Eſſences. For Effects may be diſcovered by their Cauſes; but the Cauſes can never be known by their Effects. And upon this Account we muſt have Recourſe to the divine Knowledge, which *Anaxagoras* was ſo ſenſible of, that he uſher'd in his Treatiſe of Phyſicks by this great Principle, that Knowledge is the Cauſe of Being. But inſtead of keeping up to that Principle, he fell in again with that of ſecond Cauſes, and by that Means deceived the Expectation of his Hearers.

In Order to make out the Immortality of the Soul, we muſt correct this Order of *Anaxogoras*, and ſound to the Bottom of the abovementioned Principle: which if we do, we ſhall be ſatisfied that God placed every thing in the moſt convenient State. Now this beſt and moſt ſuitable State muſt be the Object of our Enquiry. To which Purpoſe we muſt know wherein the particular Good of every particular Thing conſiſts, and what the general Good of all Things is. This Diſcovery will make out the Immortality of the Soul.

In this View *Socrates* raiſes his Thoughts to immaterial Qualities, and eternal Ideas: that is, he affirms that there's ſomething that is in itſelf good, fine, juſt, and

great, which is the firſt Cauſe; and that all Things in this World that are good, fine, juſt or great, are only ſuch by the Communication of that firſt Cauſe; ſince there is no other Cauſe of the Exiſtence of Things, but the Participation of the Eſſence proper to each Subject.

This Participation is ſo contrived, that Contraries are never found in the ſame Subject. From which Principle it follows by a neceſſary Conſequence, that the Soul, which gives Life to the Body, not as an accidental Form that adheres to it, but as a ſubſtantial Form, ſubſiſting in itſelf, and living formally by itſelf, as the corporeal Idea, and effectually enlivening the Body, can never be ſubject to Death, that being the Oppoſite of Life: and that the Soul being uncapable of dying, cannot be worſted by any Attack of this Enemy; and is in Effect imperiſhable, like the immaterial Qulities, Juſtice, Fortitude, and Temperance: but with this Difference, that theſe immaterial Qualities ſubſiſt independently and of themſelves, as being the ſame Thing with God himſelf; whereas the Soul is a created Being, that may be diſſolv'd by the Will of its Creator. In a Word, the Soul ſtands in the ſame Relation to the Life of the Body, that the Idea of God does to the Soul.

The only Objection they could invent upon this Head, was, that the Greatneſs of the Subject, and Man's natural Infirmity, are the two Sources of Man's Diſtruſt and Incredulity upon this Head. Whereupon *Socrates* endeavours to dry up thoſe two Sources.

He attacks their Diſtruſt, by ſhewing, that the Opinion of the Soul's Mortality, ſuits all the Ideas of God. For, by this Mortality, Vertue would be prejudicial to Men of Probity, and Vice beneficial to the Wicked; which cannot be imagined. So that there's a Neceſſity of another Life for rewarding the Good, and puniſhing the Bad. And the Soul being immortal, carries along with it into the other World its good and bad Actions, its Vertues and Vices, which are the Occaſion of its eternal Happineſs or Miſery. From whence by a neceſſary Conſequence, we may gather what Care we ought to have of it in this Life.

To

To put a Stop to the Torrent of Incredulity, he has recourſe to two Things, which naturally demand a great Deference from Man, and cannot be denied without a viſible Authority. The firſt is, the Ceremonies and Sacrifices of Religion itſelf, which are only Repreſentations of what would be put in Execution in Hell. The other is, the Authority of Antiquity, which maintain'd the Immortality of the Soul: in purſuit of which, he mentions ſome ancient Traditions, that point to the Truth publiſhed by *Moſes* and the Prophets, notwithſtanding the Fables that overwhelm them. Thus we ſee, a Pagan ſupplies the want of Proof, which is too natural to Man, and ſilences the moſt obſtinate Prejudices, by having recourſe to the Oracles of God, which they were in ſome Meaſure acquainted with; and by ſo doing, makes anſwer to *Simmias*, who had objected, that the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul ſtood in Need of ſome Promiſe or divine Revelation to procure its Reception. Tho' ſome blinded Chriſtians reject the Authority of our Holy Writ, and refuſe to ſubmit to it; yet we ſee a Pagan had ſo much Light as to make Uſe of it to ſupport his Faith, if I may ſo ſpeak, and to ſtrengthen his ſweet Hope of a bleſſed Eternity. He ſhews that he knew how to diſtinguiſh the fabulous Part of a Tradition from the Truth, and affirms nothing but what is conformable to the Scriptures, particularly the laſt Judgment of the Good and the Bad; the neceſſary Purgation of thoſe who depart this Life under a Load of Sin; the eternal Torments of thoſe who committed mortal Sins in this Life, the Pardon of Venial Sins after Satisfaction and Repentance; the Happineſs of thoſe who during the whole Courſe of their Lives renounced the Pleaſures of the Body, and only courted the Pleaſure of true Knowledge, that is, the Knowledge of God; and beautified their Souls with proper Ornaments, ſuch as Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. He does not joke upon the groundleſs *Metempſychoſis*, or return of Souls to animate Bodies in this Life; but ſpeaks ſeriouſly, and ſhews that after Death all's over, the Wicked are thrown for ever into the bottomleſs Abyſs,

and the Righteous conveyed to the Manſions of Bliſs. Thoſe who are neither righteous nor wicked, but committed Sins in this Life, which they always repented of, are committed to Places of Torment, till they be ſufficiently purified.

When *Socrates* made an End of his Diſcourſe, his Friends aſked what Orders he would give concerning his Affairs. *The only Orders I give,* replied he, *is to take Care of yourſelves, and to make yourſelves as like to God as poſſible.* Then they aſked him, how he would be interred? This Queſtion offended him. He would not have himſelf confounded with his Corps, which was only to be interred. And tho' the Expreſſion ſeems to import little, he ſhew'd that ſuch falſe Expreſſions gave very dangerous Wounds to the Souls of Men.

He goes and bathes. His Wife and Children are brought to him. He talks to 'em a Minute, and then diſmiſſes them. Upon his coming out of the Bath, the Cup is preſented to him. He takes it, recollects his Thoughts within himſelf, prays, and drinks it off with an admirable Tranquillity of Mind. Finding that he approached his End, he gave 'em to know that he reſigned his Soul into the Hands of him who gave it, and of the true Phyſician who was coming to heal it. This was the Exit of *Socrates*. Paganiſm never afforded ſuch an admirable Example. And yet a certain modern Author is ſo ignorant of its Beauty, that he places it infinitely below that of *Petronius*, the famous Diſciple of *Epicurus*. *He did not employ the laſt Hours of his Life,* ſays that Author, *in diſcourſing of the Immortality of the Soul,* &c. *but having choſe a more pleaſurable and natural Sort of Death, imitated the Sweetneſs of the Swans, and cauſed ſome agreeable and touching Verſes to be recited to him.* This was a fine Imitation. It ſeems *Petronius* ſung what they read to him. But this was not all. *Nevertheleſs,* continues he, *he reſerved ſome Minutes for thinking of his Affairs, and diſtributed Rewards to ſome of his Slaves, and puniſhed others.*

Let

Let them talk of Socrates, ſays he, *and boaſt of his Conſtancy and Bravery in drinking up the Poiſon!* Petronius *is not behind him; nay, he is juſtly entitled to a Preference upon the Score of his forſaking a Life infinitely more delightful than that of the ſage* Grecian, *and that too with the ſame Tranquillity of Mind, and Evenneſs of Temper.*

We have no need of long Comments to make out the vaſt Difference between the Death of *Socrates*, and that of this *Epicurean*, whom *Tacitus* himſelf, notwithſtanding his Paganiſm, did not dare to applaud. On one ſide, we are preſented with the View of a Man that ſpent his laſt Minutes in making his Friends better, recommending to them the Hope of a bleſſed Eternity, and ſhewing what that Hope requires of them; a Man that died with his Eyes intent upon God, praying to him and bleſſing him, without any Reflections upon his Enemies who condemn'd him ſo unjuſtly. On the other Side, we meet with a voluptuous Perſon, in whom all Sentiments of Virtue are quite extinguiſh'd; who to be rid of his own Fears, occaſioned his own Death; and in his Exit would admit of no other Entertainment but agreeable Poems and pleaſant Verſes; who ſpent the laſt Minutes of his Time in rewarding thoſe of his Slaves, who doubtleſs had been the Miniſters and Accomplices of his Senſualities, and ſeeing thoſe puniſhed, who perhaps had ſhewn an Averſion to his Vices, and diſſerved him in the Way of his Pleaſures. A good Death ought to be uſhered in by good Life. Now, a Life ſpent in Vice, Effeminacy, and Debauchery, is much ſhort of one entirely taken up in the Exerciſe of Virtue, and the ſolid Pleaſures of true Knowledge, and adorned with the venerable Ornaments of Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. One of *Socrates*'s dying Words was, That thoſe who entertained bad Diſcourſes upon Death, wounded the Soul very dangerouſly. And what would not he have ſaid of thoſe who ſcruple not to write them?

But 'tis probable this Author did not foreſee the Conſequence of this unjuſt Preference. He wrote like a Man of this World, that never knew *Socrates*. Had he

known him, he had certainly formed a juſter Judgment. And in like Manner, if he had known *Seneca* or *Plutarch*, he had never equalled or preferred *Petronius* to them. Had he made the beſt Uſe of his Underſtanding, he would have ſeen Reaſons to doubt, that the *Petronius* now read, is not the *Petronius* of *Tacitus*, whoſe Death he ſo much admires; and would have met with ſome ſuch Objections, which at leaſt give Occaſion to ſuſpect its being ſuppoſititious. But to return to *Socrates*.

His Doctrine of Death's being no Affliction, but, on the contrary, a Paſſage to a happier Life, made a conſiderable Progreſs. Some Philoſophers gave ſuch lively and forcible Demonſtrations of it in their Lectures, that the greateſt Part of their Diſciples laid violent Hands on themſelves, in order to overtake that happier Life. *Ptolemæus Philadelphus* prohibited *Hegeſias* of *Cyrene* to teach it in his School, for fear of diſpeopling his Countries. And the Poets of that Prince's Court ſiding with their Prince, as they commonly do, us'd all means to decry that Doctrine, and thoſe who were prevailed upon to embrace it. 'Twas their pernicious Complaiſance that occaſioned what we now read in *Callimachus* againſt the Immortality of the Soul; and above all that famous Epigram, *Cicero* alledged to have been writ againſt *Cleombrotus* of Ambracia, but 'was certainly deſigned likewiſe againſt *Plato*. 'Tis to this purpoſe: Cleombrotus of Ambracia *having paid his laſt Compliment to the Sun, threw himſelf headlong from the Top of a Tower into Hell; not that he had done any Thing worthy of Death, but only had read* Plato's *Treatiſe of the Immortality of the Soul.*

But after all, it redounds to the Glory of *Socrates* and *Plato*, and the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, that none but ſuch Enemies as theſe oppoſe it.

PHEDON:

OR,

A Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul.

Echecrates and *Phedon.*

Echec. PHEDON, were you by when *Socrates* drank the Poiſon? Or did and Body give you an Account how he behaved in that Juncture?

Phed. I was preſent.

Echec. What were his laſt Words then, and how died he? You'll oblige me much with the Relation: For the *Phliaſians* have but little Correſpondence with the *Athenians*, and 'tis a great while ſince we had any Stranger from *Athens* to acquaint us how Things went. We only heard that he died after drinking the Poiſon, but could not underſtand any Particulars relating to his Death.

The Inhabitants of *Phlius*, a City in the *Peloponneſus*.

Phed. What! Did not you hear how he was arraign'd?

Echec. Yes, truly, ſome Body told us that; and we thought it ſtrange that his Sentence was ſo long in being put in Execution after his Trial.

Phed. † That happened only by Chance: for the Day before his Trial, the Stern of the ſacred Ship which the *Athenians* ſent every Year to *Delos*, was crown'd for the Voyage.

Echec. What is that ſacred Ship?

Phed. If you believe the *Athenians*, it is the ſame Ship in which *Theſeus* tranſported the fourteen Young Children to *Crete*, and brought them ſafe back again; and 'tis ſaid the *Athenians* at that Time vow'd to *Apollo*, that if the Children were preſerved from the Impending Danger, they would ſend every Year to *Delos* Preſents and Victims aboard the ſame Veſſel: And this they do ever ſince. As ſoon as the Ship is cleared, and ready to put to Sea, they purify the City, and obſerve an inviolable Law for putting none to Death before the Return of the Ship. Now ſometimes it ſtays long out, eſpecially if the Winds be contrary. This Feſtival, which is properly called *Theoria*, commences when the Prieſt of *Apollo* has crown'd the Stern of the Ship. Now, as I told you, this happened on the Day preceding *Socrates*'s Trial. And 'twas upon that Account that he was kept ſo long in Priſon, after his Commitment.

Echec. And during his Impriſonment, what did he do? What ſaid he? Who was with him? Did the Judges order him to be kept from Viſits? And did he die without the Aſſiſtance of his Friends?

Phed. Not at all: ſeveral of his Friends ſtaid with him to the laſt Minute.

Echec. If you're at Leiſure, pray relate the whole Story.

Phed. At preſent I have nothing to do, and ſo ſhall

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† *Phedon*'s Diſcourſe implies that the Time of the Ship's Departure was uncertain: 'twas either anticipated or retarded; as the Condition of the Ship and other Occurrences required. This Uncertainty occaſions the Difficulty of finding the true Date of *Socrates*'s Death.

endea-

endeavoour to ſatisfy your Demands. * Beſides I take the greateſt Pleaſure in the World in ſpeaking or hearing others ſpeak of *Socrates*.

Echec. Aſſure yourſelf, *Phedon*, you ſhall not take more Pleaſure in ſpeaking, than I in hearing. Begin pray, and above all take Care to omit nothing.

Phed. You'll be ſurprized when you hear what a Condition I was then in. I was ſo far from being ſenſibly touch'd with the Misfortune of a Friend whom I loved very tenderly, and who died before my Eyes, that I envied his Circumſtances, and could not forbear to admire the Goodneſs, Sweetneſs, and Tranquillity, that appeared in all his Diſcourſes, and the Bravery he ſhewed upon the Approach of Death. Every Thing that I ſaw, furniſhes me with a Proof that he did not paſs to the Shades below without the Aſſiſtance of ſome Deity, that took Care to conduct him, and put him in Poſſeſſion of that tranſcendent Felicity of the Bleſſed. But as, on one hand, theſe Thoughts ſtifled all the Sentiments of Compaſſion that might ſeem due at ſuch a mortifying Sight; ſo, on the other hand, they leſſened the Pleaſure I was wont to have in hearing all his other Diſcourſes, and affected me with that ſorrowful Reflection, that in the Space of a Minute this divine Man would leave us for ever. Thus was my Heart toſs'd with contrary Motions, that I could not define. 'Twas not properly either Pleaſure or Grief, but a confuſed Mixture of theſe two Paſſions, which produc'd almoſt the ſame Effect in all the By-ſtanders. One while we melted into Tears, and another while gave ſurprizing Signs of real Joy and ſenſible Pleaſure. Above all, ‖ *Apollodorus* diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon this Occaſion; you know his Humour.

Echec. Nobody knows it better.

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* *Phedon* had been infinitely obliged to *Socrates*; for being taken Priſoner in War, and ſold to a Merchant that bought Slaves, *Socrates*, who was mighty fond of his Genius, obliged *Alcibiades* or *Crito* to ranſom him, and received him into the Number of his Friends and Diſciples.

‖ The ſame *Apollodorus* is ſpoken of in the Apology.

Phed.

Phed. In him was the Difference of theſe Motions moſt obſervable. As for me, and all the reſt, our Behaviour was not ſo diſtinguiſhing, as being mixed with the Trouble and Confuſion I ſpoke of juſt now.

Echec. Who was there then beſides yourſelf?

Phed. There were no other *Athenians*, but *Apollodorus*, *Critobulus*, and his Father *Crito*, *Hermogenes*, *Epigenes*, *Æſchines*, *Antiſthenes*, *Cteſippus*, *Menexemus*, and a few more. *Plato* was ſick.

Echec. Were there no Strangers?

Phed. Yes; *Simmias* the *Theban*, with * *Cebes*, and *Phedondes*; and from *Megara*, *Euclides* and *Terpſion*.

Echec. What! Were not *Ariſtippus*, and *Cleombrotus* there?

Phed. No, ſure; † for 'tis ſaid, they were at *Ægina*.

Echec. Who was there beſides?

Phed. I believe I have named moſt of thoſe that were there.

Echec. Let's hear then what his laſt Diſcourſes were.

Phed.

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* The ſame *Cebes*, who made the Table that we now have; which is an Explication of an Allegorical Table that he ſuppoſes to have been in the Temple of *Saturn* at *Thebes*; and contains a very ingenious Scheme of a Man's whole Life. It hints at all the Doctrine of *Socrates*, and the Stile reſembles that of *Plato*.

† The Delicacy and Salt of this Satire is thus explained by *Demetrius Phalereus*. *Plato*, ſays he, had a Mind to ſuppreſs the Scandal that *Ariſtippus* and *Cleombrotus* drew upon themſelves, by feaſting at *Ægina*, when *Socrates*, their Friend and Maſter, was in Priſon, without deigning to go to ſee him, or even to aſſiſt on the Day of his Death, though they were then at the Entry of the *Athenian* Harbour. Had he told the whole Story, the Invective had been too particular. But with an admirable Decency and Artfulneſs he introduces *Phedon*, giving a Liſt of thoſe who aſſiſted at his Death, and making Anſwer to the Queſtion, (Whether they were there or not) That they were at *Ægina*; pointing at once to their Debauchery and Ingratitude. This Stroke is the more biting, that the Thing itſelf paints out the Horror of the Action, not he that ſpeaks. *Plato* might ſecurely have attack'd *Ariſtippus* and *Cleombrotus*; but he choſe rather to make uſe of this Figure, which in Effect gives the greater Blow. This is a notable Piece of delicate Satire. *Athenæus* by

Phed. I ſhall endeavour to give you a full Account: For we never miſſed one Day in viſiting *Socrates*. To this end, we met every Morning in the Place where he was try'd, which join'd to the Priſon; and there we waited till the Priſon Doors were open; at which Time we went ſtraight to him, and commonly paſſed the whole Day with him. On the Day of his Execution, we came thither ſooner than ordinary, having heard as we came out of the City, that the Ship was return'd from *Delos*. When we arriv'd, the Gaoler that us'd to let us in, came to us, and deſir'd we ſhould ſtay a little, and not go in till he came to conduct us. For, ſays he, the eleven Magiſtrates are now untying *Socrates*, and acquainting him that he muſt die, as this Day. When we came in, we found *Socrates* * untied, and his Wife *Xantippe* (you know her) ſitting by him with one of his Children in her Arms; and as ſoon as ſhe ſpied us, ſhe fell a crying and making a Noiſe, as you know Women commonly do on ſuch Occaſions. *Socrates*, ſaid ſhe, *This is the laſt Time your Friends ſhall ſee you.* Upon which, *Socrates*, turning to *Crito*, ſays, *Crito, pray ſend this Woman home.* Accordingly 'twas done. *Crito*'s Folks carried *Xantippe* off, who beat her Face and cried bitterly. In the mean Time, *Socrates*, ſitting upon the Bed, ſoftly ſtrokes the Place of his Leg where the Chain had been tied, and ſays, *to my Mind what Men call Pleaſure, is a pretty odd Sort of a Thing, which agrees admirably well with Pain; tho' People believe 'tis quite contrary, becauſe they cannot meet in one and the ſame Subject. For,*

These Magiſtrates were the Overſeers of the Priſon and Priſoners, and executed the Sentences of the Judges.

How Pleaſure agrees with Pain.

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by charging *Plato* with Slander upon this Score, prejudiced himſelf more than *Plato*, who will always be cried up for having this Zeal for his Maſter.

* At *Athens*, after the Sentence was pronounced to the Criminal, they untied him, as being a Victim to Death, which it was not lawful to keep in Chains.

whoever enjoys the one, muſt unavoidably be poſſeſſed of the other, as if they were naturally joined.

Had *Æſop* been aware of this Truth, perhaps he had made a Fable of it; and had told us, that God deſigning to reconcile theſe two Enemies, and not being able to compaſs his End, contented himſelf with tying them to one Chain; ſo that ever ſince the one follows the other, according to my Experience at this Minute. For the Pain occaſioned by my Chain, is now followed with a great deal of Pleaſure.

Socrates feigning that the Gods tied Pleaſure and Pain to one Chain, makes that the Subject of a Fable.

I am infinitely glad, replies *Cebes*, interrupting him, that you have mentioned *Æſop*. For by ſo doing, you have put it in my Head to aſk you a Queſtion that many have aſked me of late, eſpecially * *Evenus*. The Queſtion relates to your Poems in turning the Fables of *Æſop* into Verſe, and making a Hymn to *Apollo*. They want to know what moved you, that never made Verſes before, to turn Poet ſince you came into the Priſon? If *Evenus* aſks the ſame Queſtion of me again, as I know he will, what would you have me to ſay?

You have nothing to do, ſays *Socrates*, but to tell him the plain Matter of Fact as it ſtands, *viz.* That I did not at all mean to rival him in Poetry, for I knew ſuch an Attempt was above my reach; but only to trace the meaning of ſome Dreams, and put myſelf in a Capacity of obeying, in caſe Poetry happened to be the Muſick that they allotted for my Exerciſe. For you muſt know, that all my Life-time I have had Dreams, which always recommended the ſame Thing to me, ſometimes in one Form, and ſometimes in another. *Socrates*, ſaid they, *apply yourſelf to Muſick*. This I always took for a ſim-

What moved *Socrates* to make Verſes after his Condemnation.

His Dreams ordering him to apply himſelf to Muſick.

* *Evenus* of *Paros*, an Elegiack Poet, the firſt that ſaid Habit was a ſecond Nature.

ple Exhortation, like that commonly given to thoſe who run Races, ordering me to purſue my wonted Courſe of Life, and carry on the Study of Wiſdom, that I made my whole Buſineſs, which is the moſt perfect Muſick. But ſince my Trial, the Feſtival of *Apollo* having retarded the Execution of my Sentence, I fancied theſe Dreams might have ordered me to apply myſelf to that vulgar and common Sort of Muſick: And ſince I was departing this World, I thought it ſafer to ſanctify myſelf by obeying the Gods, and eſſaying to make Verſes, than to diſobey them. Purſuant to this Thought, my firſt Eſſay was a Hymn to the God, whoſe Feſtival was then celebrated. After that, I conſidered, that a true Poet ought not only to make Diſcourſes in Verſe, but likewiſe Fables. Now finding myſelf not diſpoſed to invent new Fables, I apply'd myſelf to thoſe of *Æſop*, and turned thoſe into Verſe, that came firſt into my Mind.

Wiſdom is the perfecteſt Muſick.

How to ſanctify one's ſelf before one dies.

'Tis not Verſe, but Fable, that makes a Poet; which is purſued at length in *Ariſtotle*'s *Poeticon*.

This, my dear *Cebes*, is the Anſwer you're to give *Evenus:* Aſſuring him, that I wiſh him all Happineſs; and tell him, that if he be wiſe he'll follow me. For in all Appearance I am to make my Exit this Day, ſince the *Athenians* have given Orders to that Effect.

What Sort of Counſel is that you give to *Evenus?* replies *Simmias*; I have ſeen that Man often: And by what I know of him, I can promiſe you, he'll never follow you with his Will.

What, ſays *Socrates*, is not *Evenus* a Philoſopher?

I think ſo, ſays *Simmias*.

Then, replies *Socrates*, he, and all others that are worthy of that Profeſſion, will be willing to follow me. I know he will not kill himſelf, for that, they ſay, is not lawful. Having ſpoke theſe Words, he drew his Legs off the Bed, and ſat down

For a Poet ought to be a Philoſopher; or elſe he's a ſorry Poet.

Self-Murder is unlawful.

down upon the Ground: in which Posture he entertain'd us the whole remaining Part of the Day.

Cebes put the first Question to him, which was this: How do you reconcile this, *Socrates*, that 'tis not Lawful to kill one's self, and at the same Time that a Philosopher ought to follow you?

What, replies *Socrates*, did neither you, nor *Simmias*, ever hear your Friend * *Philolaus* discourse that Point?

No, replied they, he never explain'd himself clearly upon that Point.

As for me, replies *Socrates*, I know nothing but what I have heard, and shall not grudge to communicate all that I have learned. Besides, there's no Exercise so suitable for a Man upon the Point of Death, as that of examining and endeavouring thoroughly to know what Voyage this is that we must all make, and making known his own Opinion upon it.

What is the Ground of that Assertion, says *Cebes*, that 'tis not lawful for a Man to kill himself? I have often heard *Philolaus*, and others say, that it was an ill Action, but I never heard them say more.

Have Patience, says *Socrates*, you shall know more presently, and perhaps you'll be surpriz'd to find it an eternal Truth that never changes; whereas most other Things in this World alter according to their Circumstances: This is still the same, even in the Case of those to whom Death would be more agreeable than Life. Is it not a surprising Thing, that such Men are not allow'd to possess themselves of the Good they want, but are oblig'd to wait for another Deliverer?

Man cannot deliver himself, but must wait till God deliver him.

Jupiter only knows that, replies *Cebes* smiling.

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* *Philolaus* was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who could not fail to assert his Master's Doctrine, of the Unlawfulness of Self-Murder. He wrote only one Volume, which *Plato* purchas'd at four hundred Crowns.

This may ſeem unreaſonable to you, ſays *Socrates*, but after all, it is not ſo. The Diſcourſes we are entertained with every Day in our Ceremonies and Myſteries, *viz. That God has put us in this Life, as in a Poſt which we cannot quit without his Leave*, &c. Theſe, I ſay, and ſuch like Expreſſions, may ſeem hard, and ſurpaſs our Underſtanding. But nothing is eaſier to be underſtood, or better ſaid, than this, *That the Gods take Care of Men, and that Men are one of the Poſſeſſions that belong to the Gods.* Is not this true?

The Diſcourſes to the People in the Ceremonies and Myſteries of the *Pagan* Religion.

Man being God's Property, is a Proof that he has no right to kill himſelf.

Very true, replies *Cebes*.

Would not you yourſelf, continues *Socrates*, be angry if one of your Slaves killed himſelf without your Order, and would not you puniſh him ſeverely if you could?

Yes, doubtleſs, replies *Cebes*.

By the ſame Reaſon, ſays *Socrates*, a Man ſhould not kill himſelf, but ſhould wait for an expreſs Order from God for making his Exit, like this ſent me now.

That ſtands to Reaſon, ſays *Cebes*; but your ſaying, that a Philoſopher ought nevertheleſs to deſire to die, is what I think ſtrange, and I cannot reconcile theſe two Opinions; eſpecially, if it be true, what you ſaid but now, that the Gods take Care of Men, as being their Property: for that a Philoſopher ſhould not be troubled to be without the Gods for his Guardians, and to quit a Life where ſuch perfect Beings, the better Governours of the World, take Care of him, ſeems very unreaſonable to me. Do they imagine they'll be more capable to govern themſelves, when left to themſelves? I can eaſily conceive, that a Fool may think it his Duty to flee from a good Maſter at any Rate; and will not be convinced, that he ought to ſtick to what is good and never loſe Sight of it: But I affirm, that a wiſe Man will deſire never to quit the Dependance upon a perfecter Being than

Cebes objects that Men ſhould be unwilling to leave this Life, ſince the Gods are their Guardians here.

The wiſe will ever deſire to depend upon God.

than himſelf, From whence I infer the contrary of what you advanced, and conclude, that the Wiſe are ſorry to die, and Fools are fond of Death.

Cebes's Objection is only a Quibble without any Solidity.

Socrates ſeem'd to be pleas'd with *Cebes*'s Wit; and turning to us, told us, that *Cebes* has always ſomething to object, and takes Care not to aſſent at firſt to what is told him.

Indeed, replies *Simmias*, I muſt ſay, I find a great deal of Reaſon in what *Cebes* advances. What can the Sages pretend to gain, by quitting better Maſters than themſelves, and willingly depriving themſelves of their Aid? Do you mind that? 'tis you alone that he addreſſes himſelf to, meaning to reprove you for your Inſenſibility, in being ſo willing to part with us, and quit the Gods, who, according to your own Words, are ſuch good and wiſe Governours.

You are in the right of it, ſays *Socrates:* I ſee you mean to oblige me to make formal Defences, ſuch as I gave in at my Trial.

That's the very Thing, replies *Simmias*.

Then, ſays *Socrates*, you muſt ſatisfy yourſelves, ſo that this my laſt Apology may have more Influence upon you, than my former had upon my Judges. For my Part *(continues he)* if I thought I ſhould not find in the other World Gods as good and as wiſe, and Men infinitely better than we, 'twould be a Piece of Injuſtice in me not to be troubled at Death. But, be it known to you, *Simmias*, and to you, *Cebes*, that I hope to arrive at the Aſſembly of the ‖ Juſt. Indeed in this Point, I may flatter myſelf; but as for my finding in the World Maſters infinitely good and wiſe, that I can aſſure you of, as much as Things of that Nature will bear; and therefore it is, that Death is no Trouble to me, hoping that there's ſomething reſerv'd for the Dead, after this Life; and that the Good

Socrates refutes *Cebes*'s Objection, and proves, that the Wiſe ſhould deſire Death.

The Gods take care of Men in the other World.

‖ He means, that perhaps he has not Goodneſs enough to make good his hopes of being receiv'd into the Aſſembly of the Juſt.

meet

meet with better Treatment in the World to come, than the Bad.

The Good are better treated in the other World, than the Bad.

How, replies *Simmias*, would you have quitted this Life, without communicating thoſe Sentiments to us? This, methinks, will be a common Good; and if you convince us of all that you believe with reference to this Point, you have made a ſufficient Apology.

The Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul ſhould be communicated to others.

That's what I deſign to try, ſays *Socrates*; but I would firſt hear what *Crito* has to ſay: I thought he had a Mind to offer ſomething a pretty while ago.

I have Nothing to ſay, replies *Crito*, but what your Executioner has been puſhing me on to tell you this great while, that you ought to ſpeak as little as you can, for fear of over-heating yourſelf, ſince nothing is more contrary to the Operation of Poiſon; inſomuch, that if you continue to ſpeak ſo, *(a)* you'll be oblig'd to take two or three Doſes.

Let him do his Office, ſays *Socrates*; let him make ready two Doſes of Poiſon, or three if he will.

I knew you would give me that Anſwer, replies *Crito*; but ſtill he importunes me to ſpeak to you.

Pray let that alone, ſays *Socrates*, and ſuffer me to explain before you, who are my Judges, for what Reaſons, a Man enlightened by Philoſophy, ought to die with Courage and a firm Hope, that in the other World he ſhall enjoy a Felicity beyond any Thing in this. Pray do you, *Simmias* and *Cebes*, liſten to my Arguments.

True Philoſophers make it the whole Buſineſs of their Life-time to learn to die. Now 'tis extremely ridiculous for them, after they run out a whole Courſe inceſſantly, in order to compaſs that one End, to flinch

True Philoſophers learn to die all their Life-time.

(a) Probably the Executioner meaned by this Advice to keep fair with *Socrates*, and ſave his Money; for he was to furniſh the Hemlock, of which a Pound (the common Doſe) coſt 12 Drachms, *i. e.* 3 Livres and 12 d. See *Plutarch* upon the Death of *Phocion*, who was obliged to pay his Executioner for a Doſe of Poiſon.

and be afraid when it comes up to them, when they are juſt in a Capacity of obtaining it after a long and painful Search.

Whereupon *Simmias* laugh'd, and told him, In earneſt, *Socrates*, you make me laugh, notwithſtanding the ſmall Occaſion I have to laugh in this Juncture. For I am certain the greateſt Part of thoſe who hear you talk ſo, will ſay you talk much better of the Philoſophers than you believe. Above all, the *Athenians* would be glad that all the Philoſophers would learn that Leſſon ſo well as to die in effect; and they'll be ready to tell you, Death is the only Thing they are worthy of.

A Satyrical Rub upon the *Athenians*, who could not abide Philoſophers.

Simmias, replies *Socrates*, our *Athenians* would ſpeak the Truth, but without knowing it to be ſuch. For they are ignorant in what Manner Philoſophers deſire to die, or how they are worthy of it. But let us leave the *Athenians* to themſelves; and talk of Things within our own Company. Does Death appear to be any Thing to you?

Yes, without Doubt; replies *Simmias*.

Is it not, continues *Socrates*, the Separation of Soul and Body; ſo that the Body has one ſeparate Being, and the Soul another?

What is Death.

Juſt ſo, ſays *Simmias*.

Let's try then, my dear *Simmias*, if your Thoughts and mine agree. By that means we ſhall ſet the Object of our preſent Enquiry in a clearer Light. Do you think a Philoſopher courts what the World calls Pleaſure, as that of Eating, Drinking, *&c.*

Philoſophers do not court Pleaſure.

Not at all, *Socrates*.

Nor that of Love?

By no means.

Do you think they purſue or mind the other Pleaſures relating to the Body, ſuch as good Clothes, handſome Shoes, and the other Ornaments of the Body? Whether do you think they value or ſlight thoſe Things, when Neceſſity does not enforce their Uſe?

In my Mind, replies *Simmias*, a true Philoſopher muſt needs contemn them.

Then you believe, continues *Socrates*, that the Body is not at all the Object of the Care and Buſineſs of a Philoſopher: But on the contrary, that his whole Buſineſs is to ſeparate himſelf from it, and mind only the Concerns of his Soul.

Moſt certainly.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, 'tis plain upon the whole, that a Philoſopher labours in a more diſtinguiſhing Manner than other Men, to purchaſe the Freedom of his Soul, and cut off all Commerce between it and the Body. I am likewiſe of the Opinion, *Simmias*, that moſt Men will grant, that whoever avoids thoſe Corporeal Things, and takes no Pleaſure in them, *(a)* is not worthy to live; and that he who does not uſe the Pleaſures of the Body, is near to Death.

All the Philoſophers Buſineſs is to cut off all Commerce between Soul and Body.

You ſpeak Truth, *Socrates*.

But what ſhall we ſay of the acquiring of Prudence? Is the Body an Obſtacle or not, when employ'd in that Work? I'll explain my Meaning by an Example: Have Seeing and Hearing any Thing of Truth in them, and is their Teſtimony faithful? Or, are the Poets in the Right in ſinging, that we neither ſee nor hear Things truly? For, if theſe two Senſes of Seeing and Hearing are not true and truſty, the other, which are much weaker, will be far leſs ſuch. Do not you think ſo?

The Body's being an Obſtacle in the Acqueſt of Prudence, is a Proof of this Truth.

The Uncertainty of the Senſes.

Yes, without doubt, replies *Simmias*.

(a) 'Tis a Truth acknowledg'd by almoſt all the World, that he who does not enjoy the Pleaſures of the Body, is not worthy to live. So that 'tis a true Saying, That a Philoſopher is worthy of nothing but Death.

When

When does the Soul then, continues *Socrates*, find out the Truth? We ſee, that while the Body is join'd in the Enquiry, this Body plainly cheats and ſeduces it.

The Body deceives the Soul.

That's true, ſays *Simmias*.

Is it not by reaſoning that the Soul embraces Truths? And does it not reaſon better than before, when 'tis not encumber'd by Seeing or Hearing Pain or Pleaſure? When ſhut up within itſelf, it bids adieu to the Body, and entertains as little Correſpondence with it as poſſible; and purſues the Knowledge of Things without touching them.

The Soul reaſons beſt, when undiſturb'd by the Body, and ſeparated from it.

That's incomparably well ſpoken.

Is it not, eſpecially upon this Occaſion, that the Soul of a Philoſopher deſpiſes and avoids the Body, and wants to be by itſelf!

I think ſo.

What ſhall we ſay then, my dear *Simmias*, of all the Objects of the Soul? For Inſtance, ſhall we call Juſtice ſomething or nothing?

We muſt certainly give it the Title of *Something*.

Shall we not likewiſe call it *Good* and *Fine?*

Ay, doubtleſs.

But did you ever ſee theſe Objects with the Eyes of your Body?

No, to be ſure.

Or with any other Senſe? Did you ever touch any of thoſe Things I now ſpeak of, ſuch as Magnitude, Health, Fortitude, and in a Word, the Eſſence of all other Things? Is the Truth of them diſcover'd by the Body? Or is it not certain, that whoever puts himſelf in a Condition to examine them more narrowly, and trace them to the Bottom, will better compaſs the End, and know more of them?

The Eſſence of Things is known not by the Senſes, but by the Operation of the Soul alone.

That's very true.

Now

Now the ſimpleſt and pureſt Way of examining Things, is to purſue every Particular by Thought alone, without offering to ſupport our Meditation by ſeeing, or backing our Reaſonings by any other corporeal Senſe; by employing the naked Thought without any Mixture, and ſo endeavouring to trace the pure and genuine Eſſence of Things without the Miniſtry of the Eyes or Ears: The Soul being, if I may ſo ſpeak, entirely diſengaged from the whole Maſs of Body, which only cumbers the Soul, and cramps it in the Queſt of Wiſdom and Truth, as often as it is admitted to the leaſt Correſpondence with it. If the Eſſence of Things be ever known, muſt it not be in the Manner above-mentioned?

The more the Soul is diſengaged from the Body, the more piercing are its Thoughts.

Right, *Socrates*; you have ſpoke incomparably well.

Is it not a neceſſary Conſequence from this Principle, continues *Socrates*, that true Philoſophers ſhould have ſuch Language among themſelves? This Life is a Road that's apt to miſlead us and our Reaſon in all our Enquiries; becauſe while we have a Body, and while our Soul is drowned in ſo much Corruption, we ſhall never attain the Object of our Wiſhes, *i. e.* Truth. The Body throws a thouſand Obſtacles and Croſſes in our Way, by demanding neceſſary Food; and then the Diſeaſes that enſue, do quite diſorder our Enquiry: beſides, it fills us with Love, Deſires, Fears, and a thouſand fooliſh Imaginations, inſomuch that there's nothing truer than the common ſaying, That *the Body will never conduct us to Wiſdom.* What is it that gives Riſe to Wars, and occaſions Sedition and Duelling? Is it not the Body and its Deſires? In Effect, all Wars take Riſe from the Deſire of Riches, which we are forced to heap up for the Sake of our Body, in

The Language of the Philoſophers among themſelves.

The Obſtacles rais'd by the Body in the Search of Truth.

It not only diſturbs us with Diſeaſes, but often ſinks our Judgments and Senſes.

order to ſupply its Wants, and ſerve it like Slaves. 'Tis this that cramps our Application to Philoſophy. And the greateſt of all our Evils is, that when it has given us ſome reſpite, and we are ſet upon Meditation, it ſteals in and interrupts our Meditation all of a ſudden. It cumbers, troubles, and ſurprizes us in ſuch a Manner, that it hinders us from deſcrying the Truth. Now we have made it out, that in order to trace the Purity and Truth of any Thing, we ſhould lay aſide the Body, and only employ the Soul to examine the Objects we purſue. So that we can never arrive at the Wiſdom we court, till after Death. Reaſon is on our Side. For if it is impoſſible to know any Thing purely while we are in the Body, one of theſe two Things muſt be true: Either the Truth is never known, or it is known after Death; becauſe at that Time the Soul will be left to itſelf, and freed of its Burden, and not before. And while we are in this Life, we can only approach to the Truth in Proportion to our removing from the Body, and renouncing all Correſpondence with it that is not of mere Neceſſity, and keeping ourſelves clear from the Contagion of its natural Corruption, and all its Filth, till God himſelf comes to deliver us. Then indeed being freed from all bodily Folly, we ſhall converſe in all Probability with Men that enjoy the ſame Liberty, and ſhall know within ourſelves the pure Eſſence of Things, which perhaps is nothing elſe but the Truth. But he who is not pure, is not allow'd to approach to Purity itſelf. This, my dear *Simmias*, as I take it, ſhould be the Thought and Language of true Philoſophers. Are not you of the ſame Mind?

The Body cannot conduct us to Wiſdom.

The Body is the Cauſe of all the Diſorders in the World.

An Argument proving, that after this Life the Soul will know the Truth better than in this Life.

Truth is the Knowledge of the pure Eſſence of Things.

Moſt certainly, *Socrates*.

Then, my dear *Simmias*, whoever ſhall arrive where I am now going, has great Reaſon to hope, that he will there be poſſeſſed of what we look for here with ſo much Care and Anxiety; ſo that the Voyage I am now ſent upon, fills me with a ſweet and agreeable Hope. And it will have the ſame Effect upon all who are perſuaded that the Soul muſt be purged before it knows the Truth. Now the Purgation of the Soul, as we were ſaying but juſt now, is only its Separation from the Body, its accuſtoming itſelf to retire and lock itſelf up, renouncing all Commerce with it as much as poſſible, and living by itſelf, whether in this or * the other World, without being chained to the Body.

The Purgation of the Soul is the removing it from the Correſpondence with the Body.

All that's true, *Socrates*.

Well! what we call *Death*, is not that the Diſengagement and Separation of the Body from the Soul?

Moſt certainly.

Are not the true Philoſophers the only Men that ſeek after this Diſengagement? and is not that Separation and Deliverance their whole Buſineſs?

So I think, *Socrates*.

Is it not a ridiculous Fancy, that a Man that has lived in the Expectation of Death, and during his whole Lifetime has been preparing to die, upon his Arrival at the Point of deſired Death, ſhould think to retire, and be afraid of it? Would not that be a very ſcandalous Apoſtacy?

This is what *Socrates* meant to prove.

How ſhould it be otherwiſe?

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* The Obſtacles rais'd in the Purſuit of Wiſdom, inſpir'd the true Philoſophers with ſuch an Averſion to the Body, that they pleas'd themſelves with the Fancy, that after Death they ſhould be rid of it for ever. They knew no better; and though they had ſome Idea of the Reſurrection, yet they were abſolutely ignorant that the Body will be likewiſe purg'd and glorified, that this corruptible Body would put on Incorruptibility, and the mortal Part be inveſted with Immortality.

'Tis certain then, *Simmias*, that Death is ſo far from being terrible to true Philoſophers, that 'tis their whole Buſineſs to die; which may be eaſily inferred thus: If they ſlight and contemn their Body, and paſſionately deſire to enjoy their Soul by itſelf, is it not a ridiculous Way of belying themſelves, to be afraid and troubled when that Minute comes? And is it not a Piece of Extravagance to decline going to that Place, where thoſe who get to it, hope to obtain the good Things they have wiſhed for all their Life-time? For they deſired Wiſdom, and a Deliverance from the Body, as being their Burden, and the Object of their Hatred and Contempt. Do not many upon the loſs of * their Miſtreſſes, Wives, or Children, willingly cut the Thread of Life, and convey themſelves into the other World, merely upon the Hope of meeting there, and cohabiting with the Perſons they love? And ſhall a true Lover of Wiſdom, and one that firmly Hopes to attain the Perfection of it in the other World, ſhall he be ſtartled by Death, and be unwilling to go to the Place that will furniſh him with what his Soul loves? Doubtleſs, my dear *Simmias*, if he be a true Philoſopher, he'll go with a great Deal of Pleaſure; as being perſuaded, that there's no Place in the Regions below that can furniſh him with that pure Wiſdom that he's in Queſt of. Now, if Things ſtand thus, would it not be a Piece of Extravagance in ſuch a Man to fear Death?

To be ſure, ſays *Simmias*, it would be ſo with a Witneſs.

And conſequently, continues *Socrates*, when a Man ſhrinks and retires at the Point of Death, 'tis a certain

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* The greateſt Part, though ſcarce convinced of the Immortality of the Soul, uſed to kill themſelves upon the Loſs of what they loved, hoping to retrieve it in the other World: And is it not reaſonable that the true Philoſophers, who are fully convinced of that Truth, and fully perſuaded that true Wiſdom is to be enjoy'd in the infernal World; ſhould give Death a welcome Reception?

Evidence

Evidence that he loves not Wiſdom, but his own Body, or Honour, or Riches, or perhaps all three together.

The three common Cauſes of our Averſion to Death.

'Tis ſo, *Socrates.*

Then, *Simmias*, does not that we call *Fortitude* belong in a peculiar manner to Philoſophers? And does not *Temperance*, or that Sort of Wiſdom that conſiſts in controuling our Deſires, and living ſoberly, and modeſtly, ſuit admirably well with thoſe who contemn their Bodies and live philoſophically?

Fortitude and Temperance are peculiar to Philoſophers.

That's certain, *Socrates.*

Were you to inſpect the Fortitude and Temperance of other Men, you'll find 'em very ridiculous.

How ſo, *Socrates?*

You know, ſays he, all other Men look upon Death as the greateſt Affliction.

That's true, replies *Simmias.*

When thoſe you call *Stout* ſuffer Death with ſome Courage, they do it only for fear of ſome greater Evil.

The Courage and Valour of thoſe who deſpiſe Death is often the Effect of Fear.

That I muſt grant.

And by Conſequence, all Men, hating the Philoſophers, are only ſtout and valiant thro' Fear. And is it not ridiculous to believe a Man to be brave and valiant, that is only influenced by Fear and Timorouſneſs?

You are in the right of it, *Socrates.*

Is not the Caſe the ſame with your temperate Perſons? 'Tis only Intemperance makes them ſuch. Tho' at firſt view this may ſeem impoſſible, yet it is no more than what daily Experience ſhews to be the Reſult of that fooliſh and ridiculous Temperance. For ſuch Perſons diſclaim one Pleaſure only for Fear of being robbed of other Pleaſures that they covet, and which have an Aſcendant over them. They'll cry out to you as long as you will, that Intemperance conſiſts in being ruled and over-awed by our Paſſions; but

Men are temperate thro' Intemperance.

at the ſame Time that they give you this fine Definition, 'tis only their Subjection to ſome predominant Pleaſures, that makes them diſcard others. Now this is much what I have juſt ſaid, that they are only temperate through Intemperance.

That's very clear, *Socrates*.

The Exchange of Paſſions is not the true Road to Vertue.

Let us not be impos'd upon, my dear *Simmias*: The ſtrait Road to Vertue does not lie in ſhifting Pleaſures for Pleaſures, Fears for Fears, or one melancholy Thought for another, and imitating thoſe who change a large Piece of Money for many ſmall ones. But Wiſdom is the only true and unalloy'd Coin, for which all others muſt be given in Exchange. With that Piece of Money we purchaſe all Fortitude, Temperance, Juſtice. In a Word, that Vertue is always true that accompanies Wiſdom, without any Dependance upon Pleaſures, Grief, Fears, or any other Paſſions. Whereas all other Virtues ſtript of Wiſdom, which run upon a perpetual Exchange, are only Shadows of Virtue. True Virtue is really and in Effect a Purgation from all theſe Sort of paſſions. Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, and Prudence or Wiſdom itſelf, are not exchanged for Paſſions, but cleanſe us of them. And it is pretty evident, that thoſe who inſtituted the Purifications, called by us *Teletes*, i. e. *Perfect Expiations*, were (*a*) Perſons of no contemptible Rank, Men of great Genius's, who in the firſt Ages meant by ſuch Riddles to give us to know, (*b*) that whoever enters the other

Wiſdom is the the only true Coin; it fetches all Things: A rich Pearl that ought to be purchas'd at the Expence of our whole Eſtate.

Vertue without Wiſdom, is but a Shadow of Vertue.

True Vertues are Cleanſers and Privations, not Exchangers.

(*a*) Such as *Orpheus*, *Muſæus*, &c.

(*b*) There's a pleaſant Paſſage to this Purpoſe in the ſecond Book of his Republick: They ſay, that by Virtue of theſe Purifications and Sacrifices, we are deliver'd from the Torments of Hell; but if we neglect them, we ſhall be liable to all the Horrors of the ſame,

World

World without being initiated and purified, ſhall be hurled headlong into the vaſt Abyſs; and that whoever arrives there after due Purgation and Expiation, ſhall be lodged in the Apartment of the Gods. For, as the Diſpenſers of thoſe Expiations ſay, *There are many who bear the* (c) Thyrſus, *but few that are poſſeſſed by the Spirit of God.* Now thoſe who are thus poſſeſſed, as I take it, are the true Philoſophers. I have tried all Means to be liſted in that Number, and have made it the Buſineſs of my whole Life to compaſs my End. If it pleaſe God, I hope to know in a Minute that my Efforts have not been ineffectual, and that Succeſs has crowned my Endeavours. This, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*, is the Apology with which I offer to juſtify my not being troubled or afflicted for parting with you, and quitting my Governors in this Life; hoping to find good Friends and Rulers there, as well as here. This the Vulgar cannot digeſt. However, I ſhall be ſatisfied if my Defences take better with you than they did with my Judges.

The ancient Purifications are only *Ænigma's*. As if he had ſaid, many are devout, but few truly pious.

Socrates having thus ſpoke, *Cebes* took up the Diſcourſe to this Purpoſe. *Socrates*, I ſubſcribe to the Truth of all you have ſaid. There's only one Thing that Men look upon as incredible, *viz.* what you advanced of the Soul. For *(d)* almoſt every Body fancies, that when the

(c) The *Thyrſus* was a Spear wrapt in Vines, or Ivy, carried by the Followers of *Bacchus*.

(d) This was the Imagination of thoſe who denied the Immortality of the Soul. The Author of the Book of Wiſdom has ſet them in their true Colours. *Our Life* (ſays he) *is but a Breath; after Death it vaniſhes like a Vapour, and paſſes like a Cloud, or a Miſt diſpers'd by the Rays of the Sun.* Then he tells us, that thoſe who entertain themſelves with ſuch Language, *were not acquainted with the Secrets of God, for God created Man incorruptible, after his own Image, and the Hope of the Righteous is full of Immortality.* Now this is juſt *Socrates*'s Doctrine.

Soul parts from the Body, it is no more, it dies along with it; in the very Minute of parting, it vaniſhes like a Vapour or Smoke, which flies off, and diſperſes, and has no Exiſtence. For if it ſubſiſted by itſelf, were gathered and retired into itſelf, and freed from all the abovementioned Evils; there were a fair and promiſing Proſpect, aſcertaining the Truth of what you have ſaid. But, that the Soul lives after the Death of a Man, that it is ſenſible, that it acts and thinks; that, I ſay, needs both Inſinuation and ſolid Proofs to make it go down.

You ſay right, *Cebes*, replies *Socrates:* but how ſhall we manage this Affair? Shall we in this Interview examine whether that is probable or not?

I ſhall be mighty glad, ſays *Cebes*, to hear your Thoughts upon the Matter.

At leaſt, ſays *Socrates*, *(a)* I cannot think that any Man hearing us, tho' he were a Comedian, would upbraid me with Raillery, and charge me with not ſpeaking of ſuch Things as concern us very much. If you have a Mind that we ſhould trace this Affair to the Bottom; my Opinion is, that we ſhould proceed in the following Method in order to know whether the Souls of the Dead have a Being in the other World, or not.

(b) 'Tis a very ancient Opinion, that Souls quitting this World repair to the infernal Regions, and return after that to live in this World. If it be ſo, that Men return to Life after Death, it follows neceſſarily, that during that Interval, their Souls are lodged in the lower Regions: for if they had not a Being, they could not return to this World. And this will be a ſufficient Proof of

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(*a*) A Satirical Touch upon *Ariſtophanes*, who in his Comedy of the Clouds had charg'd *Socrates* with amuſing himſelf only with Trifles.

(*b*) The firſt Argument grounded on the Opinion of the *Metempſychoſis*; which *Socrates* only makes Uſe of to ſhew that it ſuppos'd the future Exiſtence of Souls for a certain Truth.

what

what we affirm *, if we be convinced that the Living ſpring from the Dead: if otherwiſe, then we muſt look out for other Proofs.

That's certain, ſays *Cebes*.

But to aſſure ourſelves of this Truth, replies *Socrates*; 'tis not ſufficient to examine the Point upon the Compariſon with Men; but likewiſe upon that with other Animals, Plants, and whatever has a vegetable Principle. By that Means we ſhall be convinced that all Things are born after the ſame Manner; that is, whatever has a Contrary, owes its firſt Riſe to its Contrary. For Inſtance, *handſome* is the Contrary to *ugly*, and *juſt* to *unjuſt*. And the ſame is the Caſe of an infinite Number of other Things. Now, let's ſee if it be abſolutely neceſſary that whatever has a Contrary, ſhould ſpring from that Contrary. As when a Thing becomes bigger, of Neceſſity it muſt formerly have been leſſer, before it acquired that Magnitude. And when it dwindles into a leſſer Form, it muſt needs have been greater before its Diminution. In like Manner, the *ſtrongeſt* ariſes from the *weakeſt*, and the *ſwifteſt* from the *ſloweſt*.

That's a plain Truth, ſays *Cebes*.

And pray, continues *Socrates*, when a Thing becomes worſe, was it not formerly better? and when it grows juſt, is it not becauſe it was formerly more unjuſt?

Yes ſurely, *Socrates*.

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* Since all Things take Riſe from their Contraries, Life cannot ſwerve from the common Rule. Now, if Life comes from Death, then the Soul has a Being. This is a certain Truth, but can only be made out by the Reſurrection. Wherefore, St. *Paul* tells the Oppoſers of that Truth, *Thou Fool, that which thou ſoweſt is not quicken'd except it die*, 1 Cor. xv. 36. *Socrates* goes upon the ſame Principle, but 'tis only the Chriſtian Religion that can explain it. *Plato* and *Socrates* had ſome Idea of the Reſurrection; but they ſpoil'd it by mingling it with the groſs Doctrine of *Pythagoras*; they drew falſe Conſequences from a Principle that's very true in itſelf. Beſides, this Principle has a very dangerous Error couch'd under it, which we refuted in the Preface.

Then 'tis ſufficiently proved, that every Thing is generated by its contrary.

Sufficiently, *Socrates*.

Between two Contraries there is always a *Medium*, which we may call the Point of their Generation.

But, is not there always a certain *Medium* between theſe two Contraries? There are two Births, or two Proceſſions, one of *this* from *that*, and another of *that* from *this*. The *Medium* between a greater and a leſſer Thing, is Increaſe and Diminution. The ſame is the Caſe of what we call mixing, ſeparating, heating, cooling, and all other Things *in infinitum*. For tho' it ſometimes falls ſo out, that we have not Terms to expreſs thoſe Changes and *Mediums*, yet Experience ſhews, that by an abſolute Neceſſity, Things take Riſe from one another, and paſs reciprocally from one to another thro' a *Medium*.

There's no Doubt of that.

And what, continues *Socrates*, has not Life likewiſe its Contrary, as Awaking has Sleeping?

Without Doubt, ſays *Cebes*.

What is the Contrary?

Death.

The Proceſſion of Life from Death, and that of Death from Life.

Since theſe two Things are contrary, do not they take Riſe one from the other? And between theſe two, are there not two Generations, or two Proceſſions?

Why not?

But, ſays *Socrates*, I am about to tell you how the now-mentioned Combination ſtands, and to ſhew you the Original and Progreſs of each of theſe two Things which make up the Compound. Pray tell me how awaking and ſleeping are related? Does not Sleep beget Watchfulneſs, and Watching Sleep? And is not the Generation of Sleep, the falling aſleep? and that of watching, the awaking?

Of watching and ſleeping.

All very clear.

Now,

Now, pray view the Combination of Life and Death. Is not Death the contrary of Life?

Yes.

And does not one breed the other?

Yes.

What is it that Life breeds?

Death.

What is it that Death breeds?

It muſt certainly be Life.

Then, ſays *Socrates*, all living Things and Men, are bred from Death.

A full Proof of the Reſurrection.

So I think, ſays *Cebes*.

And by Conſequence, continues *Socrates*, our Souls are lodged in the infernal World after our Death.

The Conſequence ſeems juſt.

But of theſe two Generations, one, *viz.* Death, is very palpable; it diſcovers itſelf to the Eye, and is touched by the Hand.

Moſt certainly.

Shall we not then attribute to Death the Virtue of producing its contrary, as well as to Life? Or, ſhall we ſay, that Nature is lame and maimed on that Score?

If Death did not produce its Contrary, Nature would be defective.

There's an abſolute Neceſſity, replies *Cebes*, of aſcribing to Death the Generation of its contrary.

What is that Contrary?

Reviving, or returning to Life.

If there is ſuch a Thing as returning to Life, 'tis nothing elſe but the Birth of the Dead returning to Life. And thus we agree, that the Living are as much the Product of the Dead, as the Dead are of the Living. Which is an inconteſtable Proof, that the Souls of the Dead muſt remain in ſome Place or other, from whence they return to Life.

That, as I take it, *Cebes*, is a neceſſary Conſequence from the Principles we have agreed on.

And as I take it, *Cebes*, theſe Principles are well grounded: conſider them yourſelf. ‖ If all theſe Contraries had not their Productions and Generations in their Turns, which make a Circle; and if there were nothing but one Birth, and one direct Production from one to the other Contrary, without the Return of the laſt Contrary to the firſt that produced it; were it not ſo, all Things would terminate in the ſame Figure, and be affected in the ſame Manner, and at laſt ceaſe to be born.

How do you ſay, *Socrates?*

A Proof of the laſt Propoſition.

There's no Difficulty in conceiving what I now ſay. If there was nothing but Sleep, and if Sleep did not produce Watching, † 'tis plain that every Thing would be an Emblem of the Fable of *Endymion*, and nothing would be ſeen any where, becauſe the ſame Thing muſt happen to them which happened to *Endymion viz.* they muſt always ſleep. If every Thing were mingled without any ſubſequent Separation, we ſhould quickly ſee *Anaxagoras*'s Doctrine fulfilled, and all Things jumbled together. At the ſame Rate, my dear *Cebes*, * if all living Things died, and being dead, continued ſuch without reviving, would not all Things unavoidably come to an End at laſt, inſomuch that there would not be a living Thing left in Being? For if living Things did (*a*) not ariſe from dead one's, when the living one's die, of Neceſſity all Things muſt at laſt be ſwallowed up by Death, and entirely annihilated.

‖ If Death did not give Riſe to Life, as Life does to Death, all Things would quickly be at an End, and tumble into their primitive Chaos.

† If Life did not ſpring from Death, all Things would at laſt ſleep like *Endymion*, whom the Moon lull'd eternally aſleep, according to the Fable.

* That is to ſay, all Things would quickly tumble into their primitive Chaos.

(*a*) I've corrected this Paſſage by reading μὴ γίνοιτο, for without μὴ 'twas not Senſe.

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It is neceſſarily ſo, replies *Cebes*; all that you have ſaid ſeems to be unconteſtable.

'Tis certain that Death muſt deliver up thoſe it has ſwallowed.

As I take it, *Cebes*, there is no Objection made againſt thoſe Truths, neither are we miſtaken in receiving them; for 'tis certain there is a Return to Life; 'tis certain that the Living riſe out of the Dead; that the Souls departed *(a)* have a Being, and upon their Return to this Life, the good Souls are in a better, and the bad one's in a worſe Condition.

What you now advance, ſays *Cebes*; interrupting *Socrates*, is only a neceſſary Conſequence of another Principle that I have often heard you lay down, *viz.* That *(b)* all our acquired Knowledge is only Remembrance. For, if that Principle be true, we muſt neceſſarily have learnt at another Time what we call to mind in this. Now that's impoſſible, unleſs our Soul had a Being before its being inveſted with this human Form. So that this ſame Principle concludes the Immortality of the Soul.

But *Cebes*, ſays *Simmias*, interrupting him, what Demonſtration have we of that Principle? Pray refreſh my Memory with it, for at preſent it is out of my Head.

There's a very pretty Demonſtration for it, replies *Cebes*. All Men being duly interrogated, find out all Things of themſelves; which they could never do without Knowledge and right Reaſon. Put them at unawares upon the Figures of Geometry, and other Things of that Nature, they'll preſently perceive that 'tis as 'tis ſaid.

Simmias, ſays *Socrates*, if you will not rely upon this Experience, pray try whether the ſame Method will not bring you over to our Sentiments. Do you find

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(*a*) *Socrates* in this Place ſeems only to own one Return to this Life, which is that of the Reſurrection.

(*b*) *Socrates* made Uſe of that Principle, as being eſtabliſh'd to his Hands, and a neceſſary Conſequence of the Creation of Souls before the Body. But he did not teach it for a Certainty, as we ſhall ſee in *Menon*.

great

great Difficulty in believing that Learning is only Remembring?

I do not find very much, replies *Simmias*; but I would gladly learn that Remembrance you ſpeak of. By what *Cebes* has ſaid, I almoſt remember it, and I begin to believe it; but that ſhall not hinder me from hearing with Pleaſure the Arguments you can offer for it.

I argue thus, replies *Socrates:* We all agree, that in Order to remember, a Man muſt have known before what he then calls to Mind.

Moſt certainly.

† And let us likewiſe agree upon this, that Knowledge coming in a certain Manner is Remembrance. I ſay, in a certain Manner: for Inſtance, when a Man by ſeeing, hearing, or perceiving a Thing by any of the Senſes, knows what it is that thus ſtrikes the Senſes; and at the ſame Time imagines to himſelf another Thing, independent of that Knowledge, by Virtue of a quite different Knowledge; do not we juſtly ſay, that the Man remembers the Thing that comes thus into his Mind?

How do you ſay, replies *Simmias?*

I ſay, replies *Socrates*, for Example, that we know a Man by one Sort of Knowledge, and a Harp by another.

That's certain, quoth *Simmias.*

Well then, continues *Socrates*, do not you know what happens to Lovers, when they ſee the Harp, Habit, or any other Thing that their Friends or Miſtreſſes uſed to make Uſe of? It is juſt as I ſaid but now. Upon ſeeing and knowing the Harp, they form in their Thoughts the Image of the Perſon to whom the Harp

† *Socrates*'s Proofs only conclude a Remembrance of Things once known, and afterwards forgot in this Life; not of Things learnt in the other World: for the Soul is not created before the Body. This Doctrine of Remembrance is of admirable Uſe for making out Original Sin; as I have ſhewed in the Introduction.

belongs.

belongs. This is Remembrance. Thus it often falls out that one ſeeing *(b) Simmias*, thinks of *Cebes*. I could cite a Thouſand Inſtances. This then is Remembrance, eſpecially when the Things called to Mind are ſuch as had been forgot thro' Length of Time, or being out of Sight.

That's very certain, quoth *Simmias*.

But, continues *Socrates*, upon ſeeing the Picture of a Horſe or Harp, may not one call to mind the Man? and upon ſeeing the Picture of *Simmias*, may not one think of *Cebes*?

Sure enough, ſays *Simmias*.

Much more, continues *Socrates*, upon ſeeing the Picture of *Simmias*, will he call to Mind *Simmias* himſelf.

Ay, with Eaſe.

From all theſe Inſtances we infer, that Remembrance is occaſioned ſometimes by Things that are like the Thing remembered, and ſometimes by Things that are unlike. But when one remembers a Thing by Virtue of a Likeneſs, does it not neceſſarily come to paſs, that the Mind at firſt View diſcovers whether the Picture does reſemble the Thing deſigned, lamely, or perfectly?

It muſt needs be ſo, replies *Simmias*.

Then pray mind whether your Thoughts of what I am about to ſay, agree with mine. *(c)* Is not there ſomething that we call Equality? I do not ſpeak of the Equality between one Tree and another, one Stone and another, and ſeveral other Things that are alike: I ſpeak of the abſtracted Equality of Things. Shall we call that ſomething or nothing?

Surely, we ſhould call it ſomething; but that will only come to paſs when we mean to ſpeak philoſophically and of marvellous Things.

(*b*) By Reaſon of their Intimacy, which occaſioned their being always together.

(*c*) He ſpeaks of an intelligible, not a ſenſible Equality.

But then do we know this Equality?

Without Doubt.

(a) From whence do we derive that Knowledge? Is it not from the Things we mentioned but now? 'Tis upon seeing equal Trees, equal Stones, and several other Things of that Nature, that we form the Idea of that Equality, which is not either the Trees or the Stones, but something abstracted from all Subjects. Do not you find it such? Pray take Notice. The Stones and the Trees are always the same, and yet do not they sometimes appear unequal?

He means to prove, that the Knowledge of this intelligible Equality cannot be acquired in this World, and therefore must be referred to the other.

Sure enough.

What! Do equal Things appear unequal? Or, does Equality take up the Form of Inequality?

By no Means, *Socrates*.

Then Equality, and the Thing which is equal, are two different Things.

Otherwise Equality and Inequality would meet in the same Subject; which is a Contradiction.

Most certainly.

But after all, these equal Things, which are different from Equality, furnish us with the Idea and Knowledge of that abstracted Equality.

That's true, replies *Simmias*.

The case is the same, whether this Equality bears a Resemblance to the Things that occasioned its Idea, or not.

Most certainly.

When, upon seeing one Thing, you call to Mind another, 'tis no Matter if it be like it or not? still it is Remembrance.

(a) Socrates is out in thinking to prove that the Knowledge of intelligible Qualities was acquir'd in the other World. That Knowledge is the Effect of Light with which God illuminates the Soul, or the Tracks of Impression that are not quite defaced by Sin: 'Tis the Remainder of the Knowledge we have lost, and of the Perfection we have forfeited. So that, if *the other Life* be taken in *Socrates*'s Sense, the Proposition is false; if in ours, for the State of the Soul before Sin, 'tis true.

Without Doubt.

But what ſhall we ſay to this, continues *Socrates*; when we behold Trees or other Things that are equal, are they equal according to the Equality of which we have the Idea, or not?

For the ſenſible Equality is never ſo perfect as the intellectual.

Very far from it.

Then we agree upon this. When a Man ſees a Thing before him, and thinks it would be equal to another Thing, but at the ſame Time is far from being ſo perfectly equal, as the Equality of which he has the Idea: then I ſay, *(b)* he who thinks thus, muſt neceſſarily have known beforehand this intellectual Being which the Thing reſembles, but imperfectly.

There's an abſolute Neceſſity for that.

And is not the Caſe the ſame, when we compare Things equal with the Equality?

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

Then of neceſſity we muſt have known that Equality before the Time, in which we ſaw the equal Things, and thereupon thought, that they all tended to be equal as Equality itſelf, but could not reach it.

That's certain.

This Principle is true, but the Conſequence he draws from it is falſe.

But we likewiſe agree upon this, That this Thought can be derived from nothing elſe but one of our Senſes, from ſeeing, touching, or feeling one way or other: And the ſame Concluſion will hold of all Beings, whether intellectual or ſenſible.

All Things will equally conclude for what you deſign.

Then, 'tis from the Senſes themſelves that we derive this Thought; that all the Objects of our Senſes have a Tendency towards this intellectual Equality, but come ſhort of it; Is it not?

Yes, without Doubt, *Socrates*.

(*b*) Though he muſt have known it, it does not follow that he knew it in the other Life, unleſs it be thereby meant the very Inſtant of the Creation of the Soul.

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In Effect, *Simmias*, *(a)* before we began to ſee, feel, or uſe our Senſes, we muſt have had the Knowledge of this intellectual Equality; elſe we could not be capable to compare it with the ſenſible Things, and perceive that they have all a Tendency towards it, but fall ſhort of its Perfection.

That's a neceſſary Conſequence from the Premiſes.

But is it not certain, That immediately after our Birth, we ſaw, we heard, and made Uſe of our other Senſes?

Very true.

Then it follows, that before that Time we had the Knowledge of that Equality?

Without Doubt.

This Conſequence is only true in our Senſe.

(b) And by Conſequence we were poſſeſſed of it before we were born.

So I think.

If we poſſeſſed it before we were born, then we knew Things before we were born, and immediately after our Birth; knew not only what is equal, what great, what ſmall, but all other Things of that Nature. For what we now advance of Equality, is equally applicable to Goodneſs, Juſtice, Sanctity; and, in a Word, to all other Things that have a real *(c)* Exiſtence. So that of Neceſſity we muſt have known all theſe Things before we came into this World.

That's certain.

(a) One might have anſwered, That we had not that Knowledge before we were born, but receiv'd it afterwards by the gradual Communication of Light from God into the Soul. But as 'tis certain that the Soul was created full of Light and Perfection, ſo this Truth was known to the *Pagans*, and upon that Account, *Socrates*'s Friends were oblig'd to aſſent to what he ſaid. And after all, if, by the firſt Life of the Soul, we underſtand the very inſtant of Creation, or the State of the Soul before the Fall, the Propoſition is true.

(b) We knew before we ſinn'd: we loſt our Knowledge by ſinning; and recall it again by Virtue of the Light imparted by God to the Soul.

(c) The *Greek* Expoſition is very remarkable; it turns thus, *Things upon which we have put this Stamp, That 'tis ſo.* That is, to diſtinguiſh Things that have a true Exiſtence, from ſenſible Things that have no true Exiſtence.

And

And being poſſeſſed of that Knowledge, if we did not forget apace every Day, we ſhould not only be born with it, but retain it all our Life-time. For to know, is only to preſerve the Knowledge we have received, and not to loſe it. And to forget, is to loſe the Knowledge we enjoy'd before.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Now if, after having poſſeſſed that Knowledge before we were born, and having loſt it ſince, we come to retrieve it by the Miniſtry of our Senſes, which we call Learning, ſhall we not juſtly entitle it *Remembrance?*

With a great deal of Reaſon, *Socrates*.

(d) For we have agreed upon this; that 'tis very poſſible, that a Man ſeeing, hearing, or perceiving one Thing by any of his Senſes, ſhould frame to himſelf the Imagination of another Thing that he had forgot; to which the Thing perceived by the Senſes has ſome Relation, whether it reſembles the other, or not. So that one of two Things muſt neceſſarily follow; Either we were born with that Knowledge, and preſerved it all along; or elſe retrieved it afterwards by Way of Remembrance. Which of theſe two do you pitch upon, *Simmias?* are we born with that Knowledge; or do we call it to Mind after having had it, and forgot it?

Indeed, *Socrates*, I do not know which to chuſe at preſent.

But mind what I'm about to ſay to you, and then let's ſee which you'll chuſe. A Man that knows any Thing, can he give a Reaſon of his Knowledge or not?

Doubtleſs he can, *Socrates*.

A great Panegyrick upon *Socrates*. What Modeſty was this in *Plato?*

And you think all Men can give a Reaſon for what we have been ſpeaking of?

I wiſh they could, replies *Simmias*; but I'm afraid to-morrow we ſhall have none here that's capable to do it.

Then you think all Men have not this Knowledge?

No ſure.

(d) 'Twas agreed before, that upon ſeeing one Thing. we call to mind another unſeen; as upon ſeeing a Lute we think of a Miſtreſs; upon ſeeing equal Trees we call to mind Equality.

Do

(*a*) Do they call to mind then, the Things they have known?

That may be.

At what Time did our Souls learn that Knowledge? It cannot be ſince we were Men.

No ſure.

Then it muſt be ſome Time before that?

Yes, without doubt.

But this is a falſe Principle.

And by Conſequence, *Simmias*, our Souls had a Being before that Time; that is to ſay, before they were inveſted with a human Form, while they were without the Body, they thought, they knew, and underſtood.

Unleſs you'll allow, *Socrates*, that we learned it in the Minute of our Birth: There's no other Time left.

Be it ſo, my dear *Simmias*, (*b*) but at what other Time did we loſe it? For we did not bring it into the World with us, as we concluded but now. Did we loſe it in the ſame Minute that we obtain'd it? Or can you aſſign any other Time?

No, *Socrates*; I did not perceive that what I ſaid was to no purpoſe.

* Then, *Simmias*, this muſt be a ſtanding Truth: That if the Objects of our daily Converſation, have a real Exiſtence; I mean, if Juſtice, Goodneſs, and all

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(*a*) If they are not born with that Knowledge, then they muſt have forgot it, and recover'd it again by Way of Remembrance. A falſe Conſequence.

(*b*) All the Heathen Philoſophers are at a Loſs to find out the Time of thus forgetting. They were ſenſible that God created the Soul full of Light and Underſtanding, but did not permit that the firſt Man loſt that Light and Knowledge by his Rebellion; and that if he had continued innocent, he had tranſmitted to us thoſe valuable Qualities together with his Innocence; as well as now he is fallen, he tranſmitted to us Obſcurity and Sin.

* *Socrates* means to prove, that as Goodneſs, Juſtice, and all thoſe intelligible Beings, which are the Patterns of the ſenſible and real Beings, ſubſiſt intelligibly in God from all Eternity; ſo our Soul exiſts by itſelf, and has an eternal Being in the Idea of God; and from this Idea it derives all its Knowledge.

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that Eſſence with which we compare the Objects of our Senſes, and which having an Exiſtence before us, proves to be of the ſame Nature with our own Eſſence, and is the Standard by which we meaſure all Things; I ſay, if all theſe Things have a real Exiſtence, our Soul is likewiſe entitled to Exiſtence, and that before we were born; and if theſe Things have no Being, then all our Diſcourſes are uſeleſs. Is it not a ſtanding Truth, and withal a juſt and neceſſary Conſequence, that the Exiſtence of our Souls before our Birth, ſtands and falls with that of thoſe Things?

The Parallel is not juſt. All theſe intelligible Beings are nothing elſe but God himſelf; but the Soul is not God, 'tis the Work of God.

That Conſequence, replies *Simmias*, ſeems to me to be equally juſt and wonderful; and the Reſult of the whole Diſcourſe affords ſomething very glorious and deſirable on our Behalf, ſince it concludes, that before we were born, our Souls had an Exiſtence, as well as that intelligible Eſſence you mentioned but now. For my Part, I think there's nothing more evident, and more ſenſible, than the Exiſtence of all theſe Things, Goodneſs, Juſtice, *&c.* and you have ſufficiently made it out.

Now for *Cebes*, ſays *Socrates*; for *Cebes* muſt likewiſe be convinced.

I believe, replies *Simmias*, tho' he is the ſtiffeſt Man upon Earth, and very much Proof againſt Arguments, yet he'll own your Proof to be very convincing. In the mean Time, tho' I am ſufficiently convinced that our Souls had a Being before we were born, I have not yet heard ſufficient Proof for its continuing after our Death. For that popular Opinion, which *Cebes* mentioned but now, remains in all its Force, *viz.* That after the Death of Man, the Soul diſperſes and ceaſes to be. And indeed, I cannot ſee why the Soul ſhould not be born, or proceed from ſome Part or other, and have a Being before it animates the Body in this Life; and when it removes from the Body, ceaſes to be, and makes its Exit as well as the Body.

You

You ſpeak well, *Simmias*, ſays *Cebes*; to my Mind *Socrates* has only proved the Half of what he propoſed. 'Tis true, he has demonſtrated that the Soul has a Being before the Body; but to compleat his Demonſtration, he ſhould have proved that our Soul has an Exiſtence after Death, as well as before this Life.

But I have demonſtrated it to you both, replies *Socrates*; and you'll be ſenſible of it, if you join this last Proof with what you acknowledged before, *viz.* That the Living riſe from the Dead. * For if 'tis true, that our Soul was in Being before we were born; then of neceſſity, when it comes to Life, it proceeds, ſo to ſpeak, from the Boſom of Death; and why ſhould it not be under the ſame Neceſſity of being after Death, ſince it muſt return to Life? Thus what you ſpeak of is made out. But I perceive both of you deſire to ſound the Matter to the Bottom; and are apprehenſive, like Children, that when the Soul departs the Body, the Winds run away with it, and diſperſe it, eſpecially when a Man dies in an open Country in a Place expoſed to the Winds.

Whereupon *Cebes*, ſmiling, replied, pray then, *Socrates*, try to diſcuſs our Fears, or rather convince us as if we feared nothing. Tho' indeed there be ſome among us, who lie under thoſe childiſh Apprehenſions. Perſuade us then not to fear Death, as a vain Phantom.

As for that, ſays *Socrates*, you muſt employ Spells and Exorciſms every Day till you be cured.

These Spells and Exorciſms muſt be looked for in the Word of God.

But pray, *Socrates*, where ſhall we meet with an excellent Conjurer, ſince you are going to leave us?

* Tho' our Soul has no Being before our coming into the World, yet it continues after Death, ſince it muſt return to Life by the Reſurrection, and the Living take Riſe from the Dead. The Death of Death is the Triumph of Life. This Proof of the neceſſary Riſe of the Living from the Dead, is an admirable Support for the Chriſtian Hope.

Greece is large enough, replies *Socrates*, and well ſtor'd with learned Men. Beſides, there are a great many barbarous Nations, which you muſt ſcour in Order to find out the Conjurer, without ſparing either Labour or Charges: For you cannot imploy your Money in a better Cauſe. You muſt likewiſe look for one among yourſelves; for 'tis poſſible there may be none found more capable to perform thoſe Enchantments, than yourſelves.

'Twas from thoſe Nations whom he calls barbarous, that he deriv'd the Rays of that Truth, that the Soul is immortal.

We ſhall obey your Order, *Socrates*, in looking out for one: But in the mean while, if you pleaſe, let's reſume our former Diſcourſe.

With all my Heart, *Cebes*.

Well ſaid, *Socrates*.

* The firſt Queſtion, we ought to aſk ourſelves, ſays *Socrates*, is, What ſorts of Things they are that are apt to be diſſipated; what Things are liable to that Accident, and what Part of thoſe Things? Then we muſt enquire into the Nature of Soul, and form our Fears or our Hopes accordingly.

That's very true.

Is it not certain, that only compounded Things, or ſuch as are of a compoundable Nature, admit of being diſſipated at the ſame Rate that they were compounded? If there are any uncompounded Beings, they alone are free from this Accident, and naturally uncapable of Diſſipation.

Only compounded Things can naturally be diſſipated.

He adds *naturally*, becauſe the Will of God may controul Nature.

That I think is very clear, replies *Cebes*.

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* Hitherto *Socrates* endeavour'd to make good the Exiſtence of Souls before their Bodies, as being a Point of the receiv'd Theology. And foraſmuch as the Principle is falſe, 'twas impoſſible for him to give better Proof, ſince a Lye does not admit of Demonſtration. But now he is about to make good the future Exiſtence and Immortality of the Soul, by ſolid unſhaken Arguments,

Is

Is it not very likely, that Things which are always the ſame, and in the ſame Condition, are not at all compounded; and that thoſe which are liable to perpetual Changes, and are never the ſame, are certainly compounded?

Change a Sign of Compoſition.

I am of your Mind, *Socrates*.

Intellectual Beings, *&c.*

Let us betake ourſelves to the Things we were ſpeaking of but now, the Exiſtence whereof is never conteſted either in Queſtion or Anſwer; are theſe always the ſame or do they ſometimes change? Equality, Beauty, Goodneſs, and every ſingular Thing, *i. e.* the Eſſence itſelf do theſe receive the leaſt Alteration, or are they ſo pure and ſimple, that they continue always the ſame, without undergoing the leaſt Change?

Of neceſſity, replies *Cebes*, they muſt continue ſtill the ſame without Alteration.

And all theſe fine Things, ſays *Socrates*, ſuch as Men, Horſes, Habits, Movables, and a great many other Things of the ſame Nature, are they intirely oppoſite to the former, that they never continue in the ſame Condition either with Reference to themſelves, or to others: but are ſubject to perpetual Alterations?

They never continue in the ſame Condition, replies *Cebes*.

Now theſe are the Things that are viſible, touchable, perceptible by ſome other Senſe; whereas the former which continue ſtill the ſame, can only be reached by Thought, as being immaterial and inviſible.

That's true, *Socrates*.

If you pleaſe, continues *Socrates*, I'll inſtance in two Things, one viſible, the other inviſible; one ſtill the ſame, and the other betraying continual Alterations.

With all my Heart, ſays *Cebes*.

Let's ſee then; Are not we compounded of a Body and a Soul? or is there any other Ingredient in our Compoſition?

No, ſure.

Which of the two Kinds of Things does our Body moſt reſemble?

All Men own that it is moſt conformable to the viſible Sort.

And pray, my dear *Cebes*, is our Soul viſible or inviſible?

At leaſt 'tis inviſible to Men.

He adds *to Men*, implying that 'tis viſible to God.

But when we ſpeak of viſible or inviſible Things, we mean with Reference to Men, without minding any other Nature. Once more then; is the Soul viſible, or not?

'Tis not viſible.

Then 'tis immaterial and inviſible?

Yes.

And by Conſequence the Soul is more conformable than the Body to the inviſible Kind of Things; and the Body ſuits better with the viſible?

There's an abſolute Neceſſity for that.

The Condition of the Soul when engaged in Matter.

Its Condition when diſengaged.

Wiſdom is that State of the Soul when 'tis divorced from the Paſſions of the Body, and united conſtantly to God.

When the Soul makes uſe of the Body in conſidering any Thing, by ſeeing, hearing, or any other Senſe, (that being the ſole Function of the Body, to conſider Things by the Senſes) ſhould not we then ſay that the Body draws the Soul upon mutable Things? In this Condition it ſtrays, frets, ſtaggers, and is giddy like a Man in Drink, by reaſon of its being engaged in Matter. Whereas when it purſues Things by itſelf, without calling in the Body, it betakes itſelf to what is Pure, Immortal, Immutable; and, as being of the ſame Nature, dwells conſtantly upon it while it is Maſter of itſelf. Then its Errors are at an End, and it is always the ſame, as being united to what never changes: And this Paſſion of the Soul is what we call Wiſdom or Prudence.

That's admirably well ſpoke, *Socrates*, and a very great Truth.

After all then, which Sort of Things does the Soul ſeem to reſemble moſt?

To my Mind, *Socrates*, there's no Man ſo ſtupid and ſtiff, as not to be obliged by your Method of arguing, to acknowledge that the Soul bears a greater Reſemblance and Conformity to the immutable Being, than to that which is always upon the Change.

And as for the Body?

It bears a greater Reſemblance to the other.

Let's try yet another Way. During the Conjunction of Body and Soul, Nature orders the one to obey and be a Slave, and the other to command and hold the Empire. Which of theſe two Characters is moſt ſuitable to the Divine Being; and which to that that is Mortal? Are not you ſenſible, that the Divine is only capable of commanding and ruling; and what is Mortal is only worthy of Obedience and Slavery?

The Soul being the Image of God, ought to command, and the Body to obey.

Sure enough.

Which of theſe two then agrees beſt with the Soul?

'Tis evident, *Socrates*, that our Soul reſembles what is Divine, and our Body what is Mortal.

You ſee then, my dear *Cebes*, the neceſſary Reſult of all is, that our Soul bears a ſtrict Reſemblance to what is Divine, Immortal, Intellectual, Simple, Indiſſolvable; and is always the ſame, and always like it: and that our Body does perfectly reſemble what is human, mortal, ſenſible, compounded, diſſolvable, always changing, and never like itſelf. Can any Thing be alledg'd to deſtroy that Conſequence, or to make out the contrary?

The Nature of the Soul.

The Nature of the Body.

No, ſure, *Socrates*.

Does not it then ſuit with the Body to be quickly diſſolved, and with the Soul to be always indiſſolvable, or ſomething very near it?

That's a ſtanding Truth.

(*a*) Accordingly

(*a*) Accordingly you ſee every Day, when a Man dies, his viſible Body, that continues expos'd to our View, and which we call the Corps, that alone admits of Diſſolution, Alteration, and Diſſipation: this, I ſay, does not immediately undergo any of theſe Accidents, but continues a pretty while in its entire Form, or in its Flower, if I may ſo ſpeak, (*b*) eſpecially in this Seaſon. Bodies embalmed after the Manner of thoſe in *Egypt*, (*c*) remain entire for an infinity of Years: and even in thoſe that corrupt, there are always ſome Parts, ſuch as the Bones, Nerves, and the like, that continue in a Manner immortal. Is not this true?

Very true.

Now as for the Soul, which is an inviſible Being, that goes to a Place like itſelf, marvellous, pure, and inviſible, in the infernal World; and returns to a God full of Goodneſs and Wiſdom; which I hope will be the Fate of my Soul in a Minute, if it pleaſe God. Shall a Soul of this Nature, and created with all theſe Advantages, be diſſipated and annihilated, as ſoon as it

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(*a*) *Socrates* is about to ſhew the Ridiculouſneſs of the Opinion of the Soul's Diſſipation after Death. What, ſhall the Body, a compounded Being, ſubſiſt a pretty while after Death; and the Soul, a ſimple Being, be immediately diſſipated? After what has been ſaid, the Ridiculouſneſs is very plain.

(*b*) This Paſſage is enough to ſtun the Criticks, who make a great Buſtle to find out the preciſe Time of *Socrates*'s Death; and after ſtraining hard in demonſtrating the *Attick* Calendar, and computing its Months, aſſure us he died in the Month of *July*. Here, to their great Misfortune, *Socrates* himſelf ſays, he died in the Seaſon in which Corpſe keep beſt. The Month of *July* is not entitled to that Character, eſpecially in *Greece*. So that they muſt make a new Computation. But how came this Paſſage to eſcape their View? The Reaſon is plain: Moſt of them do not read the Originals. When they look for any thing, they content themſelves with running over a Tranſlation. Now the Tranſlation of this Paſſage is very faulty. Neither *Marſilius Ficinus* nor *De Serres* underſtood it. They took ὥρα for the good Condition and Entireneſs of the Parts; whereas it ſignifies the Seaſon. Upon which Miſtake, the one renders ἐν τοιαύτῃ ὥρᾳ, *cum quadam moderatione*; and the other, *corpore perbelle affecto*.

(*b*) That is to ſay, without Corruption or Wounds.

parts from the Body, as moſt Men believe? No ſuch thing, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*. I'll tell you what will rather come to paſs, and what we ought to believe ſteadily. If the Soul retain its Purity without any Mixture of Filth from the Body, as having entertained no voluntary Correſpondence with it; but on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itſelf within itſelf in continual Meditations; that is, in ſtudying the true Philoſophy, and effectually learning to die; for Philoſophy is a Preparation to Death: I ſay,

The State of the departed Souls of thoſe who ſerved God in Sincerity all their Lifetime.

if the Soul departs in this Condition, it repairs to a Being like itſelf, a Being that's divine, immortal, and full of Wiſdom; in which it enjoys an inexpreſſible Felicity, as being freed from its Errors, its Ignorance, its Fears, its Amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other Evils pertaining to human Nature: and as 'tis ſaid of thoſe who have been initiated in holy Myſteries, it truly paſſes a whole Courſe of Eternity with the Gods. Ought not this to be the Matter of our Belief?

The Initiation into Myſteries was only a Shadow of what was to be compleated in the other World.

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

The future State of impure Souls.

But if the Soul depart full of Uncleanneſs and Impurity, as having been all along mingled with the Body, always employed in its Service, always poſſeſſed by the Love of it, wheedled and charmed by its Pleaſures and Luſts; inſomuch that its believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal; what may be ſeen, touched, drank, or eaten, or what is the Object of carnal Pleaſure; that it hated, dreaded, and avoided what the Eyes of the Body could not deſcry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by Philoſophy: Do you think, I ſay, that a Soul in this Condition can depart pure and ſimple from the Body?

Impure Souls believe there's no Reality in any Thing but what is corporeal.

All intelligible Things are only Obſcurity to the Eyes of the Body.

No

No ſure, *Socrates*, that's impoſſible.

A Soul polluted and beſpattered with Filth.

On the contrary, it departs ſtained with corporeal Pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual Commerce and too intimate Union with the Body, at a Time when it was its conſtant Companion, and was ſtill employed in ſerving and gratifying it.

Moſt certainly.

This Pollution, my dear *Cebes*, is a groſs, heavy, earthy, and viſible Maſs; and the Soul loaded with ſuch a Weight, is dragged into that viſible Place, not only by the Weight, but by its own dreading the Light and the inviſible Place; and, as we commonly ſay, it wanders in the † Church-yards,

Impure Spirits frequenting Sepulchres.

round the Tombs, where dark Phantoms and Apparitions are often ſeen; ſuch as theſe Souls that did not depart the Body in Purity or Simplicity, but polluted with that earthy and viſible Matter that makes them degenerate into a viſible Form.

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

Yes without doubt, *Cebes*; and 'tis alſo likely that 'tis not the good but the bad Souls that are forced to wander in thoſe Places of Impurity; where they ſuffer for their former ill Life, and continue to wander, till, thro' the Love they have to this corporeal Maſs, which always follows them, they engage again in a new Body, and in all Probability plunge themſelves into the ſame Manners and Paſſions, as were the Occupation of their firſt Life.

An Error taken from *Pythagoras*'s *Metempſychoſis*, taken in a groſs Senſe.

† *Socrates* ſpeaks here of the impure Spirits that dwelt among the Tombs in Churchyards, ſuch as are mentioned in the Goſpel, *Matth.* viii. 28. *Mark.* v. 2. *Luke* viii. 26. which wandered Night and Day round the Tombs and upon the Mountains. He alledges they were corrupt and polluted Souls, which bore the Pollution they had contracted by Sin, in plunging themſelves too deep in Matter.

How do you ſay, *Socrates?*

I ſay, *Cebes*, that for Inſtance, thoſe who made their Belly their God, and loved nothing but Indolence and Impurity, without any Shame, and without any Reſerve; thoſe * enter into the Bodies of Aſſes or ſuch like Creatures: Do not you think this very probable?

Yes ſure, *Socrates.*

And thoſe Souls which loved only Injuſtice, Tyranny, and Rapine, are employ'd to animate the Bodies of Wolves, Hawks, and Faulcons. Where elſe ſhould Souls of that Stamp go?

No where elſe, *Socrates.*

The Caſe of all the reſt is much the ſame. They go to animate the Bodies of Beaſts of different Species according as they reſemble their firſt Courſes.

According to theſe Principles, it cannot be otherwiſe.

The Fate of thoſe who are temperate and juſt by Habit, without the Aſſiſtance of Philoſophy.

The happieſt of all theſe Men, whoſe Souls are ſent to the moſt agreeable Place, are thoſe who have always made a Profeſſion of popular and civil Vertues, which are call'd *Temperance* and *Juſtice*; to which they have brought themſelves only by Habit and Exerciſe, without any Aſſiſtance from Philoſophy and the Mind.

How can they be ſo happy then?

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* In the Life of *Plato*, we took Notice of this Opinion of Souls paſſing into other Bodies, whether Men or Beaſts; and endeavoured to diſcover its Source. I ſhall only add, that by *Socrates*'s Way of expreſſing himſelf, one would believe that this imaginary Tranſmigration of Souls was grounded upon thoſe impure Spirits that enter'd into Men and Beaſts. We are not to doubt, but that in thoſe Times of Obſcurity, under the real Empire of the Devil, there were a great many People poſſeſs'd in that Manner; and that was a ſufficient Ground for forming the Idea of the Tranſmigration of Souls, that being moſt apt to frighten them. They fancied that theſe impure Spirits took to themſelves Bodies in the Sepulchres where they dwelt.

'Tis

'Tis probable that after their Death, their Souls are join'd to the Bodies of politick and meek Animals, such as Bees, Wasps, and Ants; or else return to human Bodies, and become temperate and wise Men. But as for approaching to the Nature of God, that is not at all allowed to those who did not live philosophically, and whose Souls did not depart with all their Purity. That great Privilege is reserv'd for the Lovers of true Wisdom. And 'tis upon the Consideration of this, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*, that the † true Philosophers renounce the Desires of the Body, and keep themselves up from its Lusts; they are not apprehensive of the Ruin of their Families, or of Poverty, as the Vulgar are, and those who are wedded to their Riches: they fear neither Ignominy nor Reproach, as those do who court only Dignities and Honours. In a Word, they renounce all Things and even themselves.

It would not be suitable for them to do otherwise, replies *Cebes*.

No sure, continues *Socrates*. In like Manner, all those who value their Souls, and do not live for the Body, depart from all such Lusts, and follow a different Course from those insensible Creatures that do not know where they go. They are persuaded that they ought not to do any Thing contrary to Philosophy, or harbour any Thing that destroys its Purifications, and retards their Liberty; and accordingly resign themselves to its Conduct, and follow it whithersoever it leads them.

They are insensible that know not where they go.

The Purifications of Philosophy.

How do you say, *Socrates?*

I'll explain it to you. The Philosophers finding their Soul tied and chained to the Body, and by that Means obliged to employ the Body in the Pursuit of Objects

† A fine Character of true Philosophers. They fear neither Poverty, Ignominy, nor Death: they renounce themselves, and all Things besides.

which it cannot follow alone, ſo that it ſtill floats in an Abyſs of Ignorance, are very ſenſible that the Force of this Bond lies in its own Deſires, inſomuch that the Priſoner itſelf helps to lock up the Chains. They are ſenſible that Philoſophy coming to ſeize upon the Soul in this Condition, gently inſtructs and comforts it, and endeavours to diſengage it, by giving it to know, that the Eye of the Body is full of Illuſion and Deceit, as well as all its other Senſes, by advertiſing it not to uſe the Body farther than Neceſſity requires; and adviſing it to recollect and ſhut up itſelf within itſelf; to receive no Diſpoſition but its own, after it has examined within itſelf the intrinſick Nature of every Thing, and ſtript it of the Covering that conceals it from our Eyes, and to continue fully perſuaded, that whatever is tried by all its other Senſes, being different from the former Diſcovery, is certainly falſe. Now whatever is tried by the corporeal Senſes, is viſible and ſenſible. And what it views by itſelf without the Miniſtry of the Body, is inviſible and unintelligible. So that the Soul of a true Philoſopher being convinced that it ſhould not oppoſe its own Liberty, diſclaims, as far as is poſſible, the Pleaſures, Luſts, Fears, and Sorrows of the Body: for it knows that when one has enjoyed many Pleaſures, or given Way to extreme Grief or Timorouſneſs, or given himſelf to his Deſires; he not only is afflicted by the ſenſible Evils known to all the World, ſuch as the Loſs of Health or Eſtate, but is doomed to the laſt and greateſt of Evils; an Evil that is ſo much the more dangerous and terrible, that it is not obvious to our Senſes.

The Force of the Bond that impriſons the Soul, conſiſts in its own Deſires.

The Soul is always headed by the Body.

Whatever the Soul examines by the bodily Senſes, is falſe.

Why the Soul diſclaims all the Paſſions of the Body.

What Evil is that, *Socrates?*

'Tis this; That the Soul being forced to rejoice or be afflicted upon any Occaſion, is perſuaded that what cauſes its Pleaſure or Grief, is a real and true Thing, tho' at the ſame Time it is not; and ſuch is the Nature of all ſenſible and viſible Things that are capable to occaſion Joy or Grief.

The greateſt and moſt terrible Affliction of a Soul, given over to the Paſſions of the Body.

That's certain, *Socrates.*

Are not theſe Paſſions then the chief Inſtruments particularly, that impriſon and mew up the Soul within the Body?

How's that, *Socrates?*

Every Pleaſure, every melancholy Thought, being arm'd with a ſtrong and keen Nail, nails the Soul to the Body with ſuch Force, that it becomes material and corporeal, and fancies there are no real and true Objects, but ſuch as the Body accounts ſo: for as it entertains the ſame Opinions, and purſues the ſame Pleaſures with the Body, ſo it is obliged to the ſame Actions and Habits. For which Reaſon it cannot deſcend in Purity to the lower World, but is daubed all over with the Pollution of the Body itſelf, and quickly re-enters another Body, where it takes Root as if it had been ſown, and puts a Period to all Commerce with the pure, ſimple, and divine Eſſence.

Every Paſſion has a Nail that faſtens the Soul to the Body.

That's very certain, *Socrates.*

Theſe are the Motives that oblige the true Philoſophers to make it their Buſineſs to acquire Temperance and Fortitude, and not ſuch Motives as the Vulgar think of. Are not you of my Opinion, *Cebes?*

Yes, ſure,

All true Philoſophers will ſtill be of that Mind. Their Soul will never entertain ſuch a Thought, as if Philoſophy ſhould diſengage it, to the end that when 'tis freed, it ſhould follow its Pleaſures, and give Way to its Fears, and Sorrows; that it ſhould put on its Chains again, and always want to begin again, like *Penelope*'s Web.

The Buſineſs of a true Philoſopher during his whole Life-time.

On the contrary it continues in a perfect Tranquillity and Freedom from Paſſion, and always follows Reaſon for its Guide, without departing from its Meaſures; it inceſſantly contemplates what is true, divine, immutable, and above Opinion, being nouriſhed by this pure Truth: it is convinced that it ought to follow the ſame Courſe of Life while it is united to the Body; and hopes that after Death, being ſurrendered to that immortal Being as its Source, 'twill be freed from all the Afflictions of the human Nature. After ſuch a Life, and upon ſuch Principles, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, what ſhould the Soul be afraid of? Shall it fear, that upon its Departure from the Body, the Winds will diſſipate it and run away with it, and that Annihilation will be its Fate?

Socrates having thus ſpoke, he ſtopt for a pretty while, ſeeming to be altogether intent upon what he had ſaid. Moſt of us were in the ſame Condition; and *Cebes* and *Simmias* had a ſhort Conference together. At laſt, *Socrates* perceiving their Conference, * aſked them what they were ſpeaking of? Do you think, ſays he, that my Arguments are lame? I think indeed there is Room left for a great many Doubts and Objections, if any will take the Pains to retail them out. If you are ſpeaking of any Thing elſe, I have nothing to ſay. But tho' you have no Doubts, pray, whether, tell me freely, you think of any better Demonſtration, and make me a Companion in your Enquiry, if you think I can aſſiſt you to compaſs your End.

I'll tell you, ſays *Simmias*, the naked Truth. It is a pretty while ſince *Cebes* and I thought of ſome Doubts; and being deſirous to have them reſolved, puſhed on one another to propoſe them to you. But we were both afraid to importune you, and propoſe diſagreeable Queſ-

* *Socrates* deſires them to make Objections, that his Arguments might be confirmed.

tions

tions in the unſeaſonable Hour of your preſent Misfortune.

O! my dear *Simmias*, ‖ replies *Socrates* ſmiling, certainly I ſhould find great Difficulty in perſuading other Men that I find no Misfortune in my preſent Circumſtances, ſince I cannot get you to believe it. † You think that upon the Score of Fore-knowledge and Divining, I am infinitely inferior to the Swans. When they perceive approaching Death, they ſing more merrily than before, * becauſe of the Joy they have in going to the God they ſerve. But Men, thro' the Fear of Death, reproach the Swans, in ſaying that they lament their Death, and tune their Grief in ſorrowful Notes. They forget to make this Reflection, that no Fowl ſings when 'tis hungry, or cold, or ſad; nay, not the Nightingale, the Swallow, or the Lapwing, whoſe Muſick they ſay is a true Lamentation, and the Effect of Grief. But, after all, theſe Fowls do not all ſing out of Grief; and far leſs the Swans, which by Reaſon of their belonging to *Apollo*, are Diviners, and ſing more joyfully on the Day of their Death than before, as foreſeeing the Good that awaits them in the other World. And as for me, I think I ſerve *Apollo* as well as they: I am conſecrated to that God as well as they; I have received from our common Maſter the Art of Divining as well as they, and I am as little concerned for making my Exit as they are. So that you may freely propoſe what Doubts you pleaſe, and put Queſtions to me as long as the eleven Magiſtrates ſuffer me to be here.

No Fowl ſings out of Grief.

‖ *Socrates* is angry with his Friends for reckoning his preſent Condition an unfortunate one.

† He could not take a better Method to ſhew that he reckoned no Misfortune in Death, than this of rallying upon the Vulgar and *Pythagorean* Religion.

* As if their Fowls were admitted to the Manſions of the Bleſſed. *Socrates* ridicules that Opinion. We ſhall ſee afterwards, that they admitted Beaſts to the Land of the Juſt; of which they had a very confuſed Idea. But that is to another Purpoſe.

You ſay well, *Socrates*, replies *Simmias*; ſince 'tis ſo, I'll propoſe my Doubts firſt, and then *Cebes* ſhall give in his. I agree with you, that 'tis impoſſible, or at leaſt very difficult, to know the Truth in this Life; and that it is the Property of a lazy and a dull Head, not to weigh exactly what he ſays, or to ſupercede the Examination before he has made all his Efforts, and be obliged to give over by unſurmountable Difficulties. For one of theſe two Things muſt be done, we muſt either learn the Truth from others, or find it out ourſelves. If both Ways fail us, amidſt all human Reaſons, we muſt pitch upon the ſtrongeſt and moſt forcible, and truſt to that as to a Ship, while we paſs through this ſtormy Sea, and endeavour to avoid its Tempeſts and Shelves; till we find out one more firm and ſure, ſuch as *(a)* a Promiſe or Revelation, upon which we may happily accompliſh the Voyage of this Life as in a Veſſel that fears no Danger. I ſhall therefore not be aſhamed to put Queſtions to you, now that you allow me; and ſhall avoid the Reproach I might one Day caſt upon myſelf, of not having told you my Thoughts upon this Occaſion. When I ſurvey what you ſpoke to me and to *Cebes*, I muſt own I do not think your Proofs ſufficient.

Of all human Reaſons, a wiſe Man ſhould pick out the beſt, and moſt capable to conduct him ſafe in this ſtormy Sea.

The Promiſe of God, is a Veſſel that fears no Danger.

(a) This is a very remarkable Paſſage. Here the Philoſophers acknowledge that we ſhould endeavour to make out the Immortality of the Soul by our own Reaſon; and that as this Reaſon is very weak and narrow, ſo it will always be aſſaulted by Doubts and Uncertainty: and that nothing but a Divine Promiſe or Revelation can diſperſe the Clouds of Ignorance and Infidelity. Now the Chriſtian Religion is the only Thing that furniſhes us, not only with Divine Promiſes and Revelations, but likewiſe with the Accompliſhment of them by the Reſurrection of Chriſt, *who became the Firſt-fruits of them that ſlept*, 1 Cor. xv. 20. And thus according to the Philoſophers themſelves, the Church is the only Veſſel that fears no Dangers, in which we may happily accompliſh the Voyage of this Life.

Perhaps you have Reaſon, my dear *Simmias*; but where does their Inſufficiency appear?

Simmias's firſt Objection, That the Soul is a Sort of Harmony of the ſame Date and ſtanding with the Body.

In this; That the ſame Things might be aſſerted of the Harmony of a Harp. For one may reaſonably ſay, that the Harmony of a Harp well ſtringed and well tuned, is inviſible, immaterial, excellent and divine; and that the Inſtrument and its Strings are the Body, the compounded earthy and mortal Matter. And if the Inſtrument were cut in Pieces, or its Strings broken, might not one with equal Reaſon affirm, that this Harmony remains after the breaking of the Harp, and has no End? For, ſince it is evident that the Harp remains after the Strings are broken, or that the Strings, which are likewiſe mortal, continue after the Harp is broken or diſmounted; it muſt needs be impoſſible, might one ſay, that this immortal and divine Harmony ſhould periſh before that which is mortal and earthy; nay, it is neceſſary that this Harmony ſhould continue to be without the leaſt Damage, when the Body of the Harp and its Strings are gone to nothing. For, without Doubt, *Socrates*, you are ſenſible that we hold the Soul to be ſomething that reſembles a Harmony; and that as our Body is a Being compoſed of hot and cold, dry and moiſt, ſo our Soul is nothing elſe but the Harmony reſulting from the juſt Proportion of theſe mixed Qualities.

That the Soul is only a Harmony reſulting from the juſt Proportion of the four Qualities.

Now, if our Soul is only a Sort of Harmony, 'tis evident, that when our Body is over-ſtretched, or unbended by Diſeaſes, or any other Diſorder, of neceſſity our Soul with all its Divinity muſt come to an End, as well as the other Harmonies which conſiſt in Sounds, or are the Effect of Inſtruments; and that the Remains of every Body continue for a conſiderable Time, till they be burnt or mouldered away. This, you ſee, *Socrates*, might be alledged in Oppoſition to your Arguments, that if the Soul be only a Mixture of the Qualities of our Body, it periſhes firſt in what we call *Death*.

Then

Then *Socrates* looked upon us all, one after another, as he did often, and began to ſmile: *Simmias* ſpeaks with Reaſon, ſays he, his Queſtion is well put; and if any one of you has a greater Dexterity in anſwering his Objections than I have, why do you not do it? For he ſeems thoroughly to underſtand both my Arguments, and the Exceptions they are liable to. But before we anſwer him, 'tis proper to hear what *Cebes* has to object, that while he ſpeaks, we may have Time to think upon what we are to ſay; and after we have heard them both, that we may yield if their Reaſons are uniform and valid; and if otherwiſe, may ſtand by our Principles to the utmoſt. Tell us then, *Cebes*, what is it that hinders you from agreeing with what I have laid down.

Cebes objects, that tho' the Soul may be more laſting than the Body, and may animate ſeveral Bodies, yet that does not hinder it to be mortal.

I'll tell you, ſays *Cebes:* Your Demonſtration ſeems to be lame and imperfect; it is faulty upon the ſame Head that we took Notice of before. That the Soul has a Being before its Entrance into the Body, is admirably well ſaid; and I think, ſufficiently made out: but I can never be perſuaded that it has likewiſe an Exiſtence after Death. At the ſame Time I cannot ſubſcribe to *Simmias*'s Allegation, that the Soul is neither ſtronger nor more durable than the Body: For to me it appears to be infinitely more excellent. But why then, (ſays the Objection) do you refuſe to believe it? Since you ſee with your Eyes, that when a Man is dead, his weakeſt Part remains ſtill, is it not therefore abſolutely neceſſary that the more durable Part ſhould laſt yet longer? Pray take Notice, if I anſwer this Objection right. For to let you into my Meaning, I muſt uſe Reſemblance or Compariſon, as well as *Simmias*. Your Allegation, to my Mind, is juſt the ſame as if upon the Death of an old Taylor, one ſhould ſay, this Taylor is not dead; he has a Being ſtill ſomewhere or other: and for Proof of that, here's the Suit of Clothes he wore, which he made for himſelf; ſo that he's ſtill in Being. If any one ſhould not be convinced by this Proof, he would not fail to aſk him, whe-

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ther the Man or the Clothes he wears is moſt durable? To which, of neceſſity, he muſt anſwer, that the Man is: And upon this Foot, your Philoſopher would pretend to demonſtrate, that ſince the leſs durable Poſſeſſion of the Taylor is ſtill in Being, by a ſtronger Conſequence, he himſelf is ſo too. Now, my dear *Simmias*, the Parallel is not juſt; pray hear what I have to anſwer to it.

'Tis evident at firſt View, that the Objection is ridiculous. For the Taylor, having uſed ſeveral Suits of Clothes, died after them, and only before the laſt Suit, which he had not Time to wear; and tho' this Suit ſurvived the Man, if I may ſo ſpeak, yet we cannot ſay the Man is weaker, or leſs durable than the Suit of Clothes. This Simile is near enough, for as the Man is to his Suit of Clothes, ſo is the Soul to the Body; and whoever applies to the Soul and Body what is ſaid of the Man and his Suit of Clothes, will ſpeak to the Purpoſe. For he'll make the Soul more durable, and the Body a weaker Being, and leſs capable to hold out for a long Time. He'll add, that every Soul wears ſeveral Bodies, eſpecially if it lives ſeveral Years. For the Body waſtes while the Man is yet alive, and the Soul ſtill forms to itſelf a new Habit of Body out of the former that decays; but when the laſt comes to die, it has then its laſt Habit on, and dies before its Conſumption: and when the Soul is dead, the Body quickly betrays the Weakneſs of its Nature, ſince it corrupts and moulders away very ſpeedily. So that we cannot put ſuch Confidence in your Demonſtration, as to hold it for a ſtanding Truth, that our Souls continue in Being after Death. For ſuppoſing it were granted, that our Soul has not only a Being antecedent to our Birth, but that, for any Thing we know, the Souls of ſome continue in Being after Death; and that 'tis very poſſible they may return again to the World, and be born again, ſo to ſpeak, ſeveral Times, and die at laſt; for the Strength and Advantage of the Soul beyond the Body, conſiſts in this, that it can undergo ſeveral Births, and wear ſeveral Bodies one after another, as a Man does Suits of Clothes: Suppoſing, I ſay, that

The Soul re-animates a dead and corrupt Body.

all this were granted, ſtill it cannot be denied, but that in all thoſe repeated Births, it decays and waſtes, and at laſt comes to an End in one of the Deaths. However, 'tis impoſſible for any Man to diſcern in which of the Death's tis totally ſunk. Since Things ſtand thus, whoever does not fear Death, muſt be ſenſeleſs; unleſs he can demonſtrate that the Soul is altogether Immortal and Incorruptible. For otherwiſe every dying Man muſt of neceſſity be afraid for his Soul, for Fear the Body it is quitting be its laſt Body, and it periſhes without any Hopes of Return.

Thoſe who hold the Soul to be mortal ſtill fear its Annihilation.

Having heard them propoſe theſe Objections, we were very much troubled, as we afterwards told them, that at a Time when we were juſt convinced by *Socrates*'s Arguments, they ſhould come to amuſe us with their Objections, and throw us into a Fit of Unbelief and Jealouſy, not only of all that had been ſaid to us by *Socrates*, but likewiſe of what he might ſay for the Future; for we would always be apt to believe, that either we were not proper Judges of the Points in Debate, or elſe that his Propoſitions were in themſelves incredible.

Phedon reſumes the Diſcourſe, and addreſſes himſelf to *Echecrates*.

Echec. Indeed *Phedon*, I can eaſily pardon your trouble upon that Account. For I myſelf, while I heard you relate the Matter, was a ſaying to myſelf, What ſhall we believe hereafter, ſince *Socrates*'s Arguments, which ſeemed ſo valid and convincing, are become doubtful and uncertain? In Effect that Objection of *Simmias*'s that the Soul is only a Harmony, moves me wonderfully, and always did ſo. It awakes in me the Memory of my being formerly of the ſame Opinion. So that my Belief is unhinged; and I want new Proofs to convince me, that the Soul does not die with the Body. Wherefore, Prithee tell me, *Phedon*, in the Name of God, how *Socrates* came off; whether he ſeemed to be as much nettled as you; or, if he maintained his Opinion with his wonted Temper; and in Fine, whether his Demonſtration gave you full Satisfaction, or ſeemed

chargeable

chargeable with Imperfections? Pray tell me the whole ſtory, without omitting the minuteſt Circumſtance.

Phed. I proteſt to you, *Echecrates*, I admired *Socrates* all my Life-time, and upon this Occaſion admired him more than ever. That ſuch a Man as he had his Answers in a Readineſs, is no great Surprizal; but my greateſt Admiration was, to ſee in the firſt Place with what Calmneſs, Patience, and Good Humour he received the Objections of theſe Youngſters; and then how dexterouſly he perceived the Impreſſion they had made upon us, and cured us of the ſame. He rallied us like Men put to Flight after a Defeat, and inſpired us with a freſh Ardor to turn our Heads and renew the Charge.

Socrates's Temper, Sweetneſs and Patience in Diſputes.

Echec. How was that?

Phed. I am about to tell you. As I ſat at his Right-hand upon a little Stool lower than his, he drew his Hand over my Head, and taking hold of my Hair that hung down upon my Shoulders, as he was wont to do for his Diverſion; *Phedon*, ſays he, will not you cut this pretty Hair to-morrow? 'Tis probable I ſhall, ſaid I. If you take my Advice, ſaid he, you will not ſtay ſo long. How do you mean? ſaid I. Both you and I, continues he, ought to cut our Hair, if our Opinion be ſo far dead that we cannot raiſe it again. Were I in your Place, and defeated, I would make a Vow, *(a)* as the Men of *Argos* did, never to wear my Hair till I conquered theſe Arguments of *Simmias* and *Cebes*. But, ſaid I, *Socrates*, you have forgot the old Proverb, that *Hercules* himſelf is not able to engage two. And why, ſays he, do not you call on me to aſſiſt

'Twas a Cuſtom among the *Greeks* to cut off their Hair at the Death of their Friends, and throw it into the Tombs.

The Belief of the Immortality of the Soul is ſo good a Friend that we ought to cut off our Hair when it dies.

As

(a) The *Argives* being routed by the *Spartans*, with whom they waged War for ſeizing the City of *Thyre*, cut their Hair, and ſwore ſolemnly never to ſuffer it to grow, till they had retaken the Town that belonged to them; which happened in the 57th Olympiad, when *Croeſus* was beſieged at *Sardis*. *Herodot. lib.* 1.

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As *Hercules* call'd *Iolas* to aſſiſt him to conquer the Hydra.

you as your *Iolas*, while 'tis yet Time? And accordingly I do call on you, ſaid I, not as *Hercules* did *Iolas*, but as *Iolas* did *Hercules*. 'Tis no Matter for that, ſays he, 'tis all one. Above all let us be cautious to avoid one great Fault. What Fault, ſaid I? That, ſaid he, of Being Reaſon-haters; for ſuch there are, as well as Men-haters. The former is the greateſt Evil in the World, and ariſes from the ſame Source with the Hatred of Man. For the latter comes from one Man's plighting his Faith for another Man, without any Precaution or Enquiry, whom he always took for a true-hearted, ſolid and truſty Man, but finds him at laſt to be a falſe faithleſs Cheat: And thus being cheated in ſeveral ſuch Inſtances by thoſe whom he looked on as his beſt Friends, and at laſt weary of being ſo often nooſed, he equally hates all Men, and is convinced there is not one that is not wicked and perfidious. Are not you ſenſible, that this Man-hating is form'd at this Rate by degrees? Yes ſure, ſaid I. Is it not a great Scandal then, continued he, and a ſuperlative Crime, to converſe with Men, without being acquainted with the Art of trying them and knowing them? For if one were acquainted with this Art, he would ſee how Things ſtand, and would find that the Good and the Wicked are very rare, but thoſe in the middle Region ſwarm in infinite Numbers.

i. e. While I am yet alive.

To hate Reaſon is the greateſt of Evils, which is often occaſion'd by Diſputes.

As Man-hating grows inſenſibly, ſo does Reaſon-hating.

He who would converſe ſafely with Men, ought to be acquainted with the Art of knowing them.

How do you ſay, *Socrates?*

I ſay, *Phedon*, the Caſe of the Good and Bad is much the ſame with that of very large or very little Men. Do not you ſee that there's nothing more uncommon than a very big or a very little Man? The Caſe is the ſame with reference to Dogs, Horſes, and all other Things; and

The Extremes of all Things are uncommon, and the *Medium* is very common.

may likewiſe be applied to Swiftneſs and Slowneſs, Handſomneſs and Deformity, Whiteneſs and Blackneſs. Are not you convinced, that in all theſe Matters the two Extremes are very uncommon, and the *Medium* is very common?

I perceive it very plainly, *Socrates*.

If a Match were propoſed for Wickedneſs, would not there be very few that could pretend to the firſt Rank?

Few Men arrive at the laſt Pitch of Wickedneſs.

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

'Tis certainly ſo, replies he. But upon this Score, the Caſe of Reaſon and Men is not exactly the ſame. I'll follow you Step by Step. The only Reſemblance of the two lies in this, that when a Man unſkilled in the Art of Examination, entertains a Reaſon as true, and afterwards finds it to be falſe, whether it be ſo in itſelf or not; and when the ſame Thing happens to him often, as indeed it does to thoſe who amuſe themſelves in diſputing with the Sophiſters that contradict every Thing; he at laſt believes himſelf to be extraordinary well ſkilled, and fancies he's the only Man that has perceived there's nothing true or certain, either in Things or Reaſons; but that all is like *Eurypus*, in a continual Flux and Reflux, and that nothing continues ſo much as one Minute in the ſame State.

The Progreſs of Reaſon-hating.

Thoſe who fancy that *Socrates* and *Plato* taught no poſitive Truths, but reckoned every Thing uncertain, may undeceive themſelves by reading this Paſſage.

That is the pure Truth, *Socrates*.

Is it not then a very deplorable Misfortune, my dear *Phedon*, that while there are true, certain, and very comprehenſible Reaſons, there ſhould be Men found, who after they have ſuffered them to paſs, call them again in Queſtion upon hearing theſe frivolous Diſputes, where ſometimes Truth and ſometimes Falſhood comes uppermoſt; and inſtead of charging themſelves with theſe Doubts,

There are ſome true, certain, and very comprehenſive Reaſons.

The Fate of those who are wont to dispute with cross and contradictory Men.

or blaming their want of Art, cast the Blame at last upon the Reasons themselves; and being of a sour Temper, pass their Life in hating and calumniating all Reason, and by that Means rob themselves both of Truth and Knowledge.

That's certainly a most deplorable Thing, said I.

We ought to be very cautious, continues he, that this Misfortune be not our Lot; and that we are not prepossessed by this Thought, that there's nothing solid or true in all Arguments whatsoever. We should rather be persuaded that 'tis ourselves who are wanting in Solidity and Truth; and use our utmost Efforts to recover that Solidity and Justness of Thought. This is a Duty incumbent upon you, who have Time yet to live; and likewise upon me who am about to die: And I am much afraid, that upon this Occasion I have been so far from acting the Part of a true Philosopher, that I have behaved myself like a Disputant overborne with Prejudice; as all those Ignorants do, who in their Disputes do not mind the Perception of the Truth, but mean only to draw their Hearers over to their Opinions. The only Difference between them and me, is, that convincing my Audience of the Truth of what I advance is not my only Aim: Indeed, I shall be infinitely glad if that come to pass; but my chief Scope is to persuade myself of the Truth of these Things; for I argue thus, my dear *Phedon*, and you'll find that this Way of arguing is highly useful. If *(a)* my Propositions prove true it is

For the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul is useful both for living and for dying well.

The Character of an ignorant and bigotted Disputant.

(*a*) If these are true, I am a great Gainer with little Trouble; if false, I lose nothing: On the contrary, I have gained a great Deal. For besides the Hope that supported me through my Afflictions, Infirmities, and Weaknesses, I have been faithful, honest, humble, thankful, charitable, sincere and true, and have only quitted false and contagious Pleasures in Exchange for real and solid ones. Mr. *Pascbal* in his *Art.* 7. has enlarged upon this Truth, and backed it with a Demonstration of infinite Force.

well,

ell done to believe them; and if after y Death they be found falſe, I ſtill ap that Advantage in this Life, that I ve been leſs affected by the Evils hich commonly accompany it. But I all not remain long under this Igno-nce. If I were, I ſhould reckon it a eat Misfortune: But by good Luck, it will quickly diſpelled. Being fortified by theſe Thoughts, my dear *mmias* and *Cebes*, I make account to anſwer your Ob-ctions; and if you take my Advice, you'll rely leſs upon e Authority of *Socrates*, than that of the Truth. If hat I am about to advance appear true, embrace it; if herwiſe, attack it with all your Force. Thus I ſhall ither deceive myſelf, nor impoſe upon you by the In-ence of Zeal and Good-will, or quit you like a Waſp at leaves its Sting in the Wound it has made.

The Advantages redounding from the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, ſuppoſing it to be falſe.

To begin then, pray ſee if I remem-r right what was objected. *Simmias*, I take it, rejects our Belief, only be-uſe he fears our Souls, notwithſtand-g their being Divine and more excellent, will die be-re our Bodies, as being only a Sort of Harmony. And *bes*, if I miſtake not, granted that the Soul is more urable than the Body, but thinks it poſſible that the ul, after having uſed ſeveral Bodies, may die at laſt hen it quits the laſt Body, and that this Death of the ul is a true Death. Are not theſe the two Points I am examine, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*?

A ſhort Recapitulation of the two Objections.

When they had all agreed that the Objections were ftly ſummed up, he continued thus: Do you abſolutely ject all that I have ſaid, or do you acknowledge Part of to be true? They anſwered, That they did not reject e whole. But what, ſays he, is your Opinion of what told you? *viz.* That *Learning* is only *Remembrance*, d that by a neceſſary Conſequence the Soul muſt have Exiſtence before its Conjunction with the Body.

As for me, replies *Cebes*, I perceived the Evidence of at firſt View; and do not know any Principles of ore Certainty and Truth. I am of the ſame Mind,

ſays

ſays *Simmias*, and ſhould think it very ſtrange, if ever I changed my Opinion.

Socrates makes out the Abſurdity of *Simmias*'s Objection by his own Thoughts.

But my dear *Theban*, continues *Socrates*, you muſt needs change it, if you retain your Opinion that Harmony is compounded, and that the Soul is only a Sort of Harmony, ariſing from the due Union of the Qualities of the Body: For 'tis preſumed you would not believe yourſelf, if you ſaid that Harmony has a Being before thoſe Things of which it is compoſed.

Harmony cannot exiſt before the Inſtrument that gives it.

Sure enough, replies *Simmias*, I would not believe myſelf if I did.

Do not you ſee then, continues *Socrates*, that you are not of a Piece with yourſelf, when you ſay the Soul had a Being before it came to animate the Body, and at the ſame Time, that it is compounded of Things that had not then an Exiſtence? Do not you compare the Soul to a Harmony? And is it not evident that the Harp, the Strings, and the very diſcordant Sounds exiſt before the Harmony, which is an Effect that reſults from all theſe Things, and periſhes ſooner than they? Does this latter Part of your Diſcourſe ſuit with the firſt?

For there's Diſcord in the Sounds, before Concord; and ſo they are antecedent to the Harmony.

Not at all, replies *Simmias*.

And yet, continues *Socrates*, if ever a Diſcourſe be all of a Piece, it ought to be ſuch when Harmony is its Subject.

That's right, ſays *Simmias*.

But yours is not ſo, continues *Socrates*. Let's hear then which of theſe two Opinions you ſide with: Whether is Learning only Remembrance, or is the Soul a Sort of Harmony?

I ſide with the firſt, replies *Simmias*.

(a) And that Opinion I have explained to you, without having any recourse to Demonſtrations full of Similes and Examples, which are rather Colours of the Truth, and therefore pleaſe the People beſt; but as for me, I am of Opinion, that all Diſcourſes proving their Point by *Similies*, are full of Vanity, and apt to ſeduce and deceive, unleſs one be very cautious, whether it relate to Geometry, or any other Science: Whereas the Diſcourſe I made for proving that Knowledge is Remembrance, is grounded upon a very creditable Hypotheſis; for I told you that the Soul exiſts as well as its Eſſence before it comes to animate the Body. By Eſſence I mean the Principle from which it derives its Being, which has no other Name, but *that which is*. And this Proof I take to be good and ſufficient.

Compariſons and Similies are commonly fallacious.

By that Reaſon, ſays *Simmias*, I muſt not liſten either to myſelf or others, who aſſert the Soul to be a Sort of Harmony.

(a) *Marſilius Ficinus* and *de Serres* have ſtrangely miſunderſtood this Paſſage, not only in making *Simmias* ſpeak all this; but what is more conſiderable, in putting a favourable Conſtruction on thoſe Words, μετὰ εἰκότος τινὸς καὶ εὐπρεπείας, which the one renders, *veriſimilis tantum venuſtique exempli indicatione*; and the other, *ex veriſimili quadam convenientia*; and in ſeparating the Words ἀποδείξεως, whereas they are joined; for *Socrates* ſays, *Made this Diſcourſe without having Recourſe to Demonſtrations, cramm'd with Similies and Colours, that take ſo much with the People.* In Effect *Socrates* did not ſo much as make uſe of one Compariſon in making out the Opinion of Remembrance; whereas *Simmias* has brought in a Compariſon of a Harp to prove that the Soul is a Harmony. Now there's nothing miſleads the Ignorant more than Similitudes, for the Imagination is ſo ſeduced by the Repreſentation, that it blindly embraces all that preſents itſelf to it. And by that means this Opinion of *Simmias* did always meet with a favourable Reception, and does to this day among the Ignorant. This is a very important Paſſage, and deſerves a larger Explication.

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Harmony depends upon the Ingredients in its Compoſition; but the Soul does not.

In earneſt, *Simmias*, replies *Socrates*, do you think that a Harmony, or any other Compoſure, can be any Thing different from the Parts of which it is compounded?

By no means, *Socrates*.

Harmony is never contrary to its Parts; but the Soul is to the Body.

Or, can it do or ſuffer what thoſe Parts do not? *Simmias* anſwered, It could not. Then, ſays *Socrates*, a Harmony does not precede, but follow the Things it is compoſed of: And it cannot have Sounds and Motions, or any Thing elſe contrary to its Parts.

No ſure, replies *Simmias*. But what, continues *Socrates*, is not all Harmony only ſuch in Proportion to the Concord of its Parts?

I do not well underſtand you, ſays *Simmias*.

I mean according as the Parts have more or leſs of Concord, the Harmony is more or leſs a Harmony; Is it not?

Yes, ſure.

Can we ſay of the Soul, at the ſame Rate, That a ſmall Difference makes a Soul to be more or leſs a Soul?

The Soul, as ſuch, is not capable of receiving leſs or more.

No, ſure, *Socrates*.

How is it then, in the Name of God! Do not we ſay, for Example, that ſuch a Soul endowed with Underſtanding and Vertue, is good; and another filled with Folly and Miſchief, is wicked? Is not this right?

Yes, ſure, quoth *Simmias*.

But thoſe who hold the Soul to be a Harmony, what will they call theſe Qualities of the Soul, that Vice, and that Vertue? Will they ſay, the one's Harmony, and the other Diſcord? That a vertuous and good Soul, being Harmony in its Nature, is entitled to another Harmony; and that a vicious wicked Soul wants that additional Harmony?

I cannot be poſitive, replies *Simmias*; but indeed 'tis very probable the Patrons of that Opinion may advance ſome ſuch Thing.

But we concluded, that one Soul is not more or leſs a Soul than another; that is, that it is not more or leſs a Harmony, than another Harmony.

I own it, ſays *Simmias*.

And ſince it is not more or leſs a Harmony, then it has not more or leſs Concord. Is it not ſo?

Yes, ſure, *Socrates*.

And ſince it has not more or leſs of Concord, can one have more Harmony than another, or muſt the Harmony of them all be equal?

Queſtionleſs it muſt be equal.

All Souls would be equal: which is an Abſurdity.

Since one Soul cannot be more or leſs a Soul than another, by the ſame Reaſon it cannot have more or leſs of Concord.

That's true.

Then it follows neceſſarily, that one Soul cannot have either more Harmony or Diſcord than another?

I agree to it.

And by Conſequence, ſince the Soul is of that Nature, it cannot have more Virtue or Vice than another; if ſo be that Vice is Diſcord, and Virtue Harmony?

That's a ſtanding Truth, *Simmias*.

If the Soul were a Harmony, there would be no ſuch Thing as a vicious Soul.

Or, would not right Reaſon rather ſay that Vice could find no Place in the Soul, if ſo be the Soul is Harmony; for Harmony, continuing in its perfect Nature, is not capable of Diſcord?

There's no Queſtion of that.

In like Manner the Soul, while perfectly a Soul, is not capable of Vice.

According to the Principles we agreed upon, I cannot ſee how it ſhould.

The Souls of Brutes would be of the ſame Nature with thoſe of Men.

From the ſame very Principles it will follow, that the Souls of all Animals are equally good, ſince they are equally Souls.

So I think, ſays *Simmias*.

But do you think that it ſtands with right Reaſon, if the Hypotheſis of the Soul's being a Harmony be true?

No ſure, *Socrates*.

In Man the Soul commands the Body, whereas in Muſick the Body commands the Harmony.

Then I aſk you, *Simmias*, if of all the Parts of a Man, the Soul is not beſt entitled to command, eſpecially when ſhe is prudent and wiſe?

There's no other Part can pretend to it.

Does it command by giving Way to the Paſſions of the Body, or by reſiſting them? As for Example, when the Body is ſeized with Thirſt in the cold Fit of a Fever, does not the Soul reſtrain it from drinking? Or when 'tis hungry, does it not reſtrain it from eating? As well as in a thouſand other Inſtances; which manifeſtly ſhew that the Soul curbs the Paſſions of the Body. Is it not ſo?

Without Queſtion.

The Soul thwarts the Paſſions of the Body; which it could not do if it were a Harmony.

But we agreed above that the Soul being a Sort of Harmony, can never ſound contrary to the Sound of thoſe Things which raiſe, or lower, or move it; nor have other Paſſions different from thoſe of its Parts; and that it is neceſſarily obliged to follow them, as being uncapable to guide them.

'Tis certain we agreed upon that, ſays *Simmias*; how could we avoid it?

But, ſays *Socrates*, is it not evident that the Conduct of the Soul is the downright Contrary? That it governs and rules thoſe very Things which are alledged for Ingredients in its Compoſition; that it thwarts and attacks them almoſt all its Life-time; that it is every Way their Miſtreſs, puniſhing and repreſſing ſome by the harder Meaſures of Pain, School-Exerciſes, and Phyſick; and treating others more gently, as contenting itſelf with threatning or inſulting over its Luſts, Paſſion, and Fear. In a Word, we ſee the Soul ſpeaks to the Body as ſomething of a different Nature from itſelf; which *Homer* was ſenſible of, when, in his *Odyſſes*, he tells, that

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes (a) beating his Breaſt, rebuked his Heart, and ſaid to it, Support thyſelf, thou haſt ſtood out againſt harder and more difficult Things than theſe.

Do you think the Poet ſpoke that under the Apprehenſions of the Soul's being a Harmony to be managed and conducted by the Body? Or, do not you rather believe that he knew 'twas the Soul's Part to command, and that it is of a more divine Nature than Harmony?

Yes, *Socrates*; I ſwear I am perſuaded *Homer* knew that Truth.

And by Conſequence, my dear *Simmias*, continues *Socrates*, there is not the leaſt Colour of Reaſon for the Soul's being a Harmony: ſhould we aſſert it to be ſuch, we ſhould contradict both *Homer*, that divine Poet, and likewiſe ourſelves. *Simmias* yielded; and *Socrates* proceeded thus.

I think we have ſufficiently tempered and moderated this *(b) Theban* Harmony, ſo that it will do us no Harm. But *(c) Cebes*, how ſhall we do to appeaſe and diſarm this *(d) Cadmus?* How ſhall we hit on a Diſcourſe duly qualified with a perſuaſive Force?

If you'll be at the Pains, *Socrates*, you can eaſily find ſuch a Diſcourſe. The laſt you had againſt the Harmony of the Soul, moved me mightily, and indeed beyond my Expectation: for when *Simmias* propoſed his

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(a) Homer knew that the Nature of the Soul is different from that of the Body, in the Beginning of the 19th Book of his *Odyſſ.*

(b) He calls *Simmias*'s Opinion a *Theban Harmony*, alluding to the Fable of *Amphion*, who by the Harmony of his Harp built the Walls of *Thebes*. In like Manner, *Simmias* with his pretended Harmony reared up the human Body.

(c) Why *Cebes* was called *Cadmus*, ſee *Rem.*

(d) He calls *Cebes* another *Cadmus*, becauſe as *Cadmus* by ſowing the Teeth of the Dragon he had killed, fetched out of the Boſom of the Earth a Race of fierce Men that lived but one Minute: ſo *Cebes*, by the Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul, a Thing more poyſonous than the Teeth of a Dragon, made all Men earthly and beaſtly, and left them but a very ſhort Life.

Doubts, I thought nothing ſhort of a Prodigy or Miracle could ſolve them: and I was mightily ſurprized when I ſaw he could not ſtand the firſt Attack. So that now it will be no Surprizal to me to ſee *Cadmus* undergo the ſame Fate.

My dear *Cebes*, replies *Socrates*, do not you ſpeak too big upon the Matter, leſt Envy ſhould overturn all I have ſaid, and render it uſeleſs and ineffectual. But that's in the Hands of God. As for us, let us approach one another, as *Homer* ſays, and try our Strength and Arms. What you want comes all to this Point: you would have the Immortality and Incorruptibility of the Soul demonſtrated, to the End that a Philoſopher who dies bravely in the Hopes of being infinitely more happy in the other World than in this, may not hope in vain. You ſay, the Soul's being a durable and divine Subſtance, exiſting before its joining with the Body, does not conclude its Immortality; and the only Inference that it will bear, is, that it laſts a great while longer, and was in Being many Ages before us, during which it knew and did ſeveral Things, but without Immortality; for on the Contrary, the firſt Minute of its Deſcent into the Body, is the Commencement of its Death, or, as it were, a Diſeaſe to it; for it paſſes this Life in Anguiſh and Trouble, and at laſt is quite ſwallowed up and annihilated by what we call Death. You add, that 'tis the ſame Thing, whether it animates a Body only once, or returns to it ſeveral Times, ſince that does not alter the Occaſion of our Fears, foraſmuch as all wiſe Men ought ſtill to fear Death, while they are uncertain of the Immortality of their Souls. This, I take it, is the Sum of what you ſaid; and I repeat it ſo often, on purpoſe, that nothing may eſcape my View, and that you may have the Opportunity of adding or impairing as you pleaſe.

Thoſe who believe the Mortality of the Soul, ought to fear Death. Its Annihilation is a ſufficient Cauſe of Fear to all wiſe Men.

At preſent, ſays *Cebes*, I have nothing to alter; that is the juſt Sum of all I have yet ſaid.

Socrates

Socrates was ſilent a pretty while, as being drowned in profound Meditation. At laſt *Cebes*, ſays he, 'tis truly not a ſmall Matter that you demand; for in Order to a juſt Satisfaction, there's a Neceſſity of making a narrow Enquiry into the Cauſe of Generation and Corruption. If you pleaſe, I'll tell you what happened to me upon this very Matter; and if what I ſay ſeem uſeful to you, you ſhall be at Liberty to make Uſe of it to ſupport your Sentiments.

With all my Heart, ſays *Simmias.*

Pray give Ear then, ſays *Socrates:* In my Youth, I had an inſatiable Deſire to learn that Science which is called *Natural Hiſtory*; for I thought it was ſomething Great and Divine to know the Cauſes of every Thing, of their Generation, Death, and Exiſtence. And I ſpared no Pains, nor omitted any Means, for trying in the firſt Place, if *(a)* a certain Corruption of Hot and Cold, will, as ſome pretend, give Being and Nouriſhment to Animals; if the Blood makes the Thought; if Air or Fire, or the Brain alone is the Cauſe of our Senſes of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, *&c.* if Memory and Opinion take their Riſe from theſe Senſes, and if Knowledge be the Reſult of Memory and Opinion. Then I wanted to know the Cauſes of their Corruption, and extended my Curioſity both to the Heavens and the Cavities of the Earth, and would fain have known the Cauſe of all the Phenomena, we meet with. At laſt, after a great deal of Trouble, I found myſelf ſtrangely unqualified for ſuch Enquiries; and of this I am about to give you a ſenſible Proof. *(b)* This fine

Socrates in his Youth was a great Lover of Phyſicks.

(a) Socrates ſaid he was ignorant of all theſe Things, becauſe he knew nothing but ſecond Cauſes. Now to know them juſtly, one ought to know God, and the Virtue he diſplays in Nature.

(*b*) Its utmoſt Reach amounts to no more than an imperfect Knowledge of ſecond Cauſes. Now theſe ſecond Cauſes do not lead us into the Knowledge of the Eſſence of Things. A Man is ſo far from improving his Knowledge by them, that he muſt needs

A ſtrange Effect of the Study of Phyſicks: It blinds, inſtead of improving the Underſtanding.

fine Study made me ſo blind in the Things I knew more evidently before, according to my own and other Perſons Thoughts, that I quite forgot all that I had known upon ſeveral Subjects, particularly that of a Man's Growth. I thought 'twas evident to the whole World, that a Man grows only by eating and drinking: for Fleſh being added to Fleſh, Bones to Bones, and all the other Parts joined to their ſimilar Parts by Nouriſhment, make a ſmall Bulk to ſwell and grow, ſo that a little Man becomes large. This was my Thought; Do not you think 'twas juſt?

Yes ſure, replies *Cebes*.

Mind what follows, ſays *Socrates*. I thought likewiſe that I knew the Reaſon why one Man is taller than another by the Head, and one Horſe higher than another: and with Reference to plainer and more ſenſible Things, I thought, for Inſtance, that ten was more than eight, becauſe two was added to it; that two Cubits were larger than one, becauſe they contained one half more.

And what are your preſent Thoughts of thoſe Things? ſays *Cebes*.

(a) I am ſo far, replies *Socrates*, from thinking that I know the Cauſes of all theſe Things, that when one is added to one, I do not believe I can tell whether it is that very *(b)* one to which the other is added that becomes two, or whether the one added, and the one to which the Addition was made, make two together? For in their ſeparate State, each of 'em was one, and not two; and after their

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own his Ignorance of the Things he pretended to know. All Philoſophers at this Day know, that Nouriſhment by the Means of Heat is the Cauſe of the Growth of any Animal. But they're all at a Loſs to know by what Virtue it grows, or ceaſes to grow, and what are the Limits of its Growth. What Misfortune is it for a Man to plod all his Life-time for the knowing of Nothing!

(*a*) He afterwards gives the Reaſon of theſe Doubts.

(*b*) Phyſicks were ſadly miſmanaged, when they could not ſhew how or why one and one made two.

being

being placed one by the other, they became two. Neither can I tell how, upon the Diviſion of any Thing, what was formerly one becomes two, from the very Minute of Diviſion; for that Cauſe is quite contrary to that which makes one and one become two. There, this one and this one became two by reaſon of their being placed near, and added the one to the other; but here, this one Thing becomes two by reaſon of its Diviſion and Separation. Far leſs do I pretend to know whence this one Thing comes, and by this Method, (*i. e.* by Phyſical Reaſons) I cannot find out how the leaſt Thing takes riſe or periſhes, or how it exiſts. But without ſo much Ceremony, (*a*) I mix another Method of my own with this, for by this I can learn nothing: having one Day heard ſomebody reading a Book of (*b*) *Anaxagoras*'s who ſaid the Divine Intellect was the Cauſe of all Beings, and drew them up in their proper Ranks and Claſſes, I was raviſhed with Joy. I perceived there was nothing more certain than this Principle, That the Intellect is the Cauſe of all Beings. For I juſtly thought that this Intellect having methodized all Things and ranked them in their Claſſes, (*c*) planting every Thing in the Place and

(*a*) He means, that he had Recourſe to the firſt Cauſe, for explaining any Point in Phyſicks. A noble Beginning for *Anaxagoras*.

(*b*) *Anaxagoras* was the firſt that ſaid the Intellect or Spirit of God ranked the Parts of Matter, and put them in Motion. And 'twas that Principle that uſhered in his Phyſicks. This fair *Exordium* gave *Socrates* occaſion to think that he would explain all the Secrets of Nature, by unfolding the divine Virtue diſplayed upon it, and aſſigning the Reaſons why every Thing was ſo and ſo. But that Philoſopher did not keep up to his firſt Principle; for he waved the firſt Cauſe, and inſiſted on ſecond Cauſes, and by ſo doing fruſtrated the Expectation of his Readers.

(*c*) Here *Socrates* recalls us to the firſt Truth, that God created all Things good, and in their beſt State; according to *Moſes*, who ſays, *God ſaw all Things that he had made, and behold they were very good.* Now in order to know why Things are thus good, we muſt enquire into the Nature of this original Goodneſs, and ſurvey the State they were created in. What a ſorry Thing is Phyſicks then, that knows nothing but ſecond Cauſes, or rather, that does not certainly know theſe ſecond Cauſes?

Condition that was beſt and moſt uſeful for it, in which it could beſt do and ſuffer whatever the Intellect had allotted to it; and I apprehended that the Reſult of this Principle was, that the only Thing a Man ought to look for, either for himſelf or others, is this better and more uſeful Thing: for having once found what is beſt and moſt uſeful, he'll neceſſarily know what is worſt, ſince there is but one Knowledge both for the one and the other.

Upon this Score I was infinitely glad that I had found ſuch a Maſter as *Anaxagoras*, who I hoped would give a ſatisfactory Account of the Cauſe of all Things; and would not only tell me, for Inſtance, that the Earth is broad, or round, but likewiſe aſſign the neceſſary Cauſe obliging it to be ſo: who would point out to me what is beſt, and at the ſame Time give me to underſtand why it was ſo. In like Manner, if he affirmed the Seat of the Earth to be in the Center of the World, I expected he would give me a Reaſon why it was ſo: and after I ſhould have received ſufficient Inſtruction from him, deſigned never to admit of any other Cauſe for a Principle.

What a true Natural Philoſopher ought to teach.

I prepared ſome Queſtions to be put to him concerning the Sun, Moon, and the Stars, in Order to know the Reaſons of their Revolutions, Motions, and other Accidents, and why what each of them does is always the beſt: for I could not imagine, that after he had told me, that the Intellect ranked them, and drew them up in Order, he could give me no other Reaſon of that Order than this, That it was beſt. And I flattered myſelf with Hopes, that after he had aſſigned both the general and particular Cauſes, he would give me to know, wherein the particular Good of every individual Thing, as well as the common Good of all Things conſiſts. I would not have parted with theſe Hopes for all the Treaſures of the World.

Indeed that Knowledge would be more precious than all Treaſures: but it is not attainable in this Life.

So

So I bought his Books with a great deal of Impatience, and made it my Buſineſs to peruſe them as ſoon as poſſibly I could, in order to a ſpeedy Knowledge of the Good and Evil of all things; but I found myſelf fruſtrated of my mighty Hopes: for as ſoon as I had made a ſmall Progreſs in the Peruſal, I found the Author made no Uſe of this Intellect, and aſſigned no Reaſon of that fine Order and Diſpoſition; but aſſigned as Cauſes the Air, Whirlwinds, the Waters, and other Things equally abſurd.

Socrates ridicules the Phyſicks that inſiſt only on ſecond Cauſes.

His whole Performance ſeemed to reach no farther, than if a Man ſhould ſay, that *Socrates* does all by the Intellect; and after that, meaning to give a Reaſon for all my Actions, ſhould ſay, for Inſtance, to-day I am ſet upon my Bed, becauſe my Body is compoſed of Bones and Nerves; the Bones being hard and ſolid, are ſeparated by the Joints; and the Nerves being capable to bend and unbend themſelves, tie the Bones to the Fleſh and the Skin, which receives and includes both the one and the other; that the Bones being diſengaged at the Joints, the Nerves which bend and unbend, enable me to fold my Legs as you ſee; and that forſooth is the Reaſon that I ſit in this Poſture. Or if a Man pretending to aſſign the Cauſe of my preſent Conference with you, ſhould inſiſt only upon the ſecond Cauſes, the Voice, the Air, Hearing, and ſuch other Things, and ſhould take no Notice of the true Cauſe, *viz.* that the *Athenians* thought it fit to condemn me, and that by the ſame Reaſon I thought it fitteſt for me to be here, and patiently wait the Execution of my Sentence; For I can ſafely ſwear, * that theſe Nerves and theſe Bones ſhould

Under the Notion of Nerves he comprehends Muſcles.

* In the *Greek* it runs, *For I ſwear by the Dog.* *Lactantius* checks him for this Oath. But St. *Auguſtin* in Lib. IV. *Of the true Religion*, juſtifies him; as if *Socrates* meant to give the *Athenians* to know, that even a Dog, being the Workmanſhip of God, deſerved

ſhould long e'er now have been tranſlated to *Megara*, or *Bœotia*, if that had been fitter for me, and if I had not been ſtill perſuaded that it was better and fitter for me to endure the Puniſhment I am doomed to by my Country, than to flee like a Slave or a baniſhed Perſon. As I take it, 'tis highly ridiculous to aſſign ſuch Cauſes upon ſuch an Occaſion, and to reſt ſatisfied in them.

The utmoſt reach of Phyſicks. Here they are at a ſtand.

If it be replied, that without Bones and Nerves, and ſuch other Things, I could not do what I mean to do; the Allegation is true. But it ſavours of the greateſt Abſurdity, to fancy that theſe Bones or Nerves ſhould be the Cauſe of my Actions, rather than the Choice of what is beſt; and that my Intellect is employed on that Score: for that were to ſink the Difference between the Cauſe and the Thing, without which the Cauſe could not be ſuch. And yet the vulgar People, who take Things by Hearſay, and ſee by other People's Eyes, as if they walked in thick Darkneſs, take the true Cauſe of Things to be of that Nature. Purſuant to this Notion, * ſome ſurround the Earth with a Vortex that turns eternally round, and ſuppoſe it to be fixed in the Center of the Univerſe; others conceive it to be a broad and large Trough, which has the Air for its Baſe and Foundation. And as for the Power of Him who ranked and diſpoſed of every Thing to its beſt Advantage, that is not in their View, and they don't believe that he's intitled to any divine Virtue. They fancy they know of a ſtronger and more Immortal ‖ Atlas, more capable to ſupport all Things. And this good and immortal Tye that is only capable to unite and comprehend all Things, they take for a Chimera.

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more Honour than all the Idols they ſwore by. It may likewiſe be alledged, that *Socrates* ſwore by a Dog, a Gooſe, &c. in order to accuſtom Men to forbear taking the Name of God ſo often in vain.

* This was the Opinion of *Anaximenes*, *Anaxagoras*, and *Democritus*.

‖ This Atlas is their own Judgment over-run with Obſcurity and Weakneſs.

I am

I am of their Mind, but would willingly liſt myſelf a Diſciple to any that could tell me this Cauſe, let it be what it will. But ſince I could not compaſs the Knowledge of it, neither by myſelf nor others, if you pleaſe I'll give you an Account of a ſecond Trial I made in order to find it.

I am very deſirous to hear it, ſays *Cebes*.

After I had wearied myſelf in examining all Things, I thought it my Duty to be cautious of avoiding what happens to thoſe who contemplate an Eclipſe of the Sun; for they loſe the Sight of it, unleſs they be careful to view its Reflection in Water, or any other *Medium*. A Thought much like to that came into my Head, and I feared I ſhould loſe the Eyes of my Soul, if I viewed Objects with the Eyes of my Body, or employed any of my Senſes in endeavouring to know them. I thought I ſhould have recourſe to Reaſon, and contemplate the Truth of all Things as reflected from it. 'Tis poſſible the Simile I uſe in explaining myſelf is not very juſt ‖: for I myſelf cannot affirm, that he who beholds Things in the Glaſs of Reaſon, ſees them more by Reflection and Similitude, than he who beholds them in their Operations. However, the Way I followed was this: From that Time forward I grounded all upon the Reaſon that ſeemed to be beſt, and took all for Truth that I found conformable to it, whether in Things or Cauſes. And what was not conformable, I rejected, as being falſe. I'll explain my Meaning more diſtinctly; for I fancy you do not yet underſtand me.

By contemplating Objects with the Eyes of the Body, we loſe the Eyes of the Mind.

They ought to be looked upon thro' a *Medium*, and that *Medium* is Reaſon.

I'll ſwear, ſays *Cebes*, I do not well underſtand you.

‖ He juſtly checks himſelf: for Reaſons are not like other *Mediums*: they give us to know the Eſſence of Things in ſome Meaſure, which the Operations do not.

But, after all, ſays *Socrates*, I advance no new Thing. This is no more than what I have ſaid a thouſand Times, and particularly in the foregoing Diſpute: for all that I aim at, is to demonſtrate what Sort of Cauſe this is that I ſought after ſo carefully. I begin with his Qualities, which are ſo much talked of, and which I take for the Foundation. I ſay then, there is ſomething that is good, fine, juſt and great, of itſelf. If you grant me this Principle, I hope by it to demonſtrate the Cauſe, and make out the Immortality of the Soul.

The immaterial and eternal Qualities have a neceſſary Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, ſuch as a Cauſe has to its Effect.

I grant it, ſays *Cebes*; you cannot be too quick in perfecting your Demonſtration.

Mind what follows, and ſee if you agree to it as I take it: If there is any Thing fine, beſides Fineneſs itſelf, it muſt be ſuch by partaking of that firſt Good: and ſo of all the other Qualities. Are you of this Opinion?

I am.

I proteſt, continues *Socrates*, I cannot well underſtand all the other learned Cauſes that are commonly given us. But if any Man aſk me what makes a Thing fine, whether the Livelineſs of its Colours, or the juſt Proportion of its Parts, and the like; I wave all theſe plauſible Reaſons, which ſerve only to confound me; and without Ceremony or Art, make Anſwer, and perhaps too ſimply, that its Fineneſs is only owing to the Preſence, or Approach, or Communication of the original fine Being, whatever be the Way of that Communication: For I am not yet certain in what Manner it is; I only know certainly, that all theſe fine Things are rendered ſuch by the Preſence of this fine Being. While I ſtand by this Principle, I reckon I cannot be deceived; and I am perſuaded, that I may ſafely make Anſwer to all Queſtions whatſoever, that all fine Things owe their Fine-

This is an Irony.

Nothing is fine but what communicates of the firſt fine Being, *i. e.* according to the Proportion of its Conformity to the Idea and Deſign of God, the firſt Cauſe of all Things.

neſs to the Preſence of the above-mentioned Being. Are not you of the ſame Mind?

Yes ſure, *Socrates.*

Are not great and ſmall Things rendered ſuch in like Manner? If one told you, that ſuch a Thing is larger than another by the Head; *(a)* would not you think the Expreſſion far from being exact? and would not you make Anſwer, that whatever is larger, is rendered ſuch by Magnitude itſelf; and what is ſmaller owes its Littleneſs to Littleneſs itſelf? For if you ſaid, that ſuch a Thing is greater or ſmaller than another by the Head, I fancy you would fear being cenſured for making both the greater and leſſer Thing to be ſuch by the ſame Cauſe; and beſides, for uſing ſuch an Expreſſion as ſeems to imply, that the Head, which is a ſmall Part, makes the Largeneſs of the greater, which in Effect is a Monſter: for what can be more abſurd than to ſay that a ſmall Matter makes a Thing large? Would not you fear ſuch Objections?

Yes ſure, replies *Cebes*, ſmiling.

By the ſame Reaſon, would not you be afraid to ſay, that ten is more than eight, and ſurpaſſes it by two? and would not you rather ſay, that ten are more than eight by Quantity? In like Manner, of two Cubits, would not you ſay, they are larger than one by Magnitude, rather than by the half? For ſtill there's the ſame Occaſion of Fear.

You ſay well.

But when one is added to one, or a Thing divided into Halves, would not you avoid ſaying, that in the former Caſe Addition makes one and one two; and in the latter, Diviſion makes one Thing become two? And would not you proteſt, that you know no other

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(a) Socrates does not condemn the received Expreſſions, but means to ſhew, that they do not reach the Nature and Eſſence of Things: and being always tied to Matter, cannot bear up to the true Eſſence that does all.

Cauſe

Of an immaterial Eſſence, depending upon the firſt Truth, *viz.* God, in which it ſubſiſts, and from whence it proceeds.

Cauſe of the Exiſtence of Things, than the Participation of the Eſſence that's peculiar to every Subject; and conſequently no other Reaſon why one and one makes two, but the Participation of *Duality*, as one is one by the Participation of *Unity*? Would not you diſcard theſe Additions, Diviſions, and all the other fine Anſwers, and leave them to thoſe who know more than you do? And, for Fear of your own Shadow, as the Proverb goes, or rather of your Ignorance, would not you confine yourſelf to this Principle? And if any one attacked it, would not you let it ſtand without deigning him an Anſwer, till you had ſurveyed all the Conſequences to ſee if they are of a Piece, or not? And if afterwards you ſhould be obliged to give a Reaſon for them, would not you do it by having Recourſe to ſome of theſe other *Hypotheſes*, that ſhould appear to be the beſt; and ſo proceed from *Hypotheſis* to *Hypotheſis*, till you lighted upon ſomebody that ſatisfied you, as being a ſure and ſtanding Truth? At the ſame Time, you would be loth to perplex and confound all Things, as thoſe Diſputants do, who call all Things in Queſtion. 'Tis true, theſe Diſputants perhaps are not much concerned for the Truth: and by thus mingling and perplexing all Things by an Effect of their profound Knowledge, they care ſure to pleaſe themſelves. But as for you, if you are true Philoſophers, you will do as I ſay.

A true Way of finding out the Truth.

For the Effects are not ſufficient to lay open the Nature and Eſſence of Cauſes.

Simmias and *Cebes* jointly replied, that he ſaid well.

Echec. Indeed, *Phedon*, I think it no Wonder; for to my Mind, *Socrates* explained his Principles with a wonderful Neatneſs, ſufficient to make an Impreſſion upon any Man of common Senſe.

Phed. All the Audience thought the ſame.

Echec.

Echec. Even we who have it only at ſecond hand, find it ſo. But what was ſaid next?

Phed. If I remember right, after they had granted, that the * *Species* of Things have a real Subſiſtence, and that the Things participating of their Nature take their Denomination from them; then, I ſay, *Socrates* interrogated *Cebes* as follows.

If your Principle be true, when you ſay *Simmias* is larger than *Socrates* and leſſer than *Phedon*; do not you imply, that both Magnitude and Littleneſs are lodged at the ſame Time in *Simmias?*

Yes, replies *Cebes.*

But do not you own, that this Propoſition, *Simmias* is bigger than *Socrates*, is not abſolutely and in itſelf true? For *Simmias* is not bigger becauſe he is *Simmias*, but becauſe he is poſſeſſed of Magnitude. Neither is he bigger than *Socrates* becauſe *Socrates* is *Socrates*, but becauſe *Socrates* has Littleneſs in Compariſon with *Simmias*'s Magnitude. Neither is *Simmias* leſſer than *Phedon*, becauſe *Phedon* is *Phedon*, but becauſe *Phedon* is big when compared to *Simmias* who is little.

'Tis only true upon the Compariſon.

That's true.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, *Simmias* is called both big and little, as being between two: by partaking of Bigneſs he is bigger than *Socrates*, and by partaking alſo of Littleneſs he is leſſer than *Phedon*. Then he ſmiled, and ſaid, methinks I have inſiſted too long on theſe Things; but I ſhould not have amuſed myſelf with theſe large Strokes, had it not been to convince you more effectually of the Truth of my Principle: for, as I take it, not only Magnitude itſelf cannot be at the ſame Time big and ſmall; but beſides, the Magnitude that is in us does not admit of Littleneſs, and has no Mind to be ſurpaſſed: for either the

He means to prove that two Contraries can never meet in the ſame Subject.

* By *Species*, he means the eternal Ideas of Things, which ſubſiſt really, *i. e.* in the Intellect of God.

Magnitude flees and yields its Place when it ſees its Enemy approaching, or elſe it vaniſhes and periſhes entirely; and, when once it has received it, it deſires to continue as it is. As I, for Inſtance, having received Littleneſs, while I am as you ſee me, cannot but be little: For that which is big does never attempt to be little: And in like Manner Littleneſs never encroaches upon Magnitude. In a Word, any of the Contraries, while it is what it is, is never to be found with its Contrary; but either diſappears or periſhes when the other comes in.

Cebes agreed to it: But one of the Company, I forgot who, addreſſed himſelf to *Socrates* thus: In the Name of all the Gods, did not you ſay contrary to what you now advance? Did not you conclude upon this, that greater Things take Riſe from the leſſer, and the leſſer from the greater; and, in a Word, that Contraries do ſtill produce their Contraries? Whereas now, as I take it, you alledge that can never be.

Whereupon *Socrates* put his Head further out of the Bed, and having heard the Objection ſaid to him, Indeed you do well to put us in Mind of what we ſaid; but you do not perceive the Difference between the former and the latter. In the former we aſſerted, that every Contrary owes its Being to its Contrary: And in the latter we teach, that a Contrary is never contrary to itſelf, neither in us, nor in the Courſe of Nature *(a)*. There we ſpoke of Things that had Contraries, meaning to call every one of them by

Contraries do in Effect ſucceed one another; but never are found together. Thus Cold, while it is Cold, can never become Heat.

(*a*) That is, there he ſpoke of ſenſible Things which have Contraries, and are capable of receiving theſe Contraries reciprocally, as a little Thing becomes big, and a big Thing little. But here he ſpeaks of the Things themſelves, the intelligible Contraries, ſuch as Cold and Heat, which give Name to the Subjects they are lodged in by their own Name, and are never capable of receiving their Contraries; for Cold can never become Heat, not Heat Cold: They are always what they are.

their

their proper Names: But here we ſpeak of ſuch Things as give a Denomination to their Subjects, which we told you, could never admit of their Contraries. Then, turning to *Cebes*, did not this Objection, ſays he, likewiſe give you ſome Trouble?

No, indeed, *Socrates*, replies *Cebes*; I can aſſure you that few Things are capable to trouble me at preſent.

Then we agreed upon this ſimple Propoſition, ſays *Socrates*, that a Contrary can never be contrary to itſelf.

That's true, ſays *Cebes*.

But what do you ſay to this? Is Cold and Heat any Thing?

Yes, ſure.

What, is it like Snow and Fire?

No, ſure, *Socrates*.

Then you own, that Heat is different from Fire, and Cold from Snow?

He ſpeaks of Heat and Cold as abſtracted from their Subjects.

Without Queſtion, *Socrates*.

I believe you'll likewiſe own, that when the Snow receives Heat it is no more what it was, but either gives Way, or diſappears for good and all, when the Heat approaches. In like Manner the Fire will either yield or be extinguiſhed when the Cold prevails upon it; for then it cannot be Fire and Cold together.

'Tis ſo, ſays *Cebes*.

There are alſo ſome Contraries, that not only give Name to their Species: but likewiſe impart it to other Things different from it, which preſerve its Figure and Form while they have a Being. For Inſtance,

As the even and odd Numbers.

Muſt not an odd Thing have always the ſame Name?

Yes, ſure.

Is that the only Thing that is ſo called? Or, is not there ſome other Thing different from it, which muſt needs be called by the ſame Name, by Reaſon that it belongs to its Nature never to be without Odds? For inſtance, Muſt not the ternary Number be called not only by its own Name, but likewiſe by the Name of an odd Number; tho' at the ſame time to be odd

For the ternary Number partakes of the odd.

an

and to be three are two different Things? Now such is the Nature of the Number three, five, and all other odd Numbers; each of 'em is always odd, and yet their Nature is not the ſame with the Nature of the odd. In like Manner, even Numbers, ſuch as two, four, eight, are all of them even, tho' at the ſame Time their Nature is not that of the even. Do not you own this?

How can I do otherwiſe, ſays *Cebes?*

Pray mind what I infer from thence. 'Tis, that not only theſe Contraries, which are uncapable of receiving their Contraries, but all other Things which are not oppoſite one to another, and yet have always their Contraries; all theſe Things, I ſay, are uncapable of receiving a Form oppoſite to their own; and either diſappear or periſh upon the Appearance of the oppoſite Form. For Inſtance: Number three will ſink a thouſand Times rather than become an even Number, while it continues to be three. Is it not ſo?

Yes, ſure, replies *Cebes.*

But after all, ſays *Socrates*, two are not contrary to three.

No, ſure.

As two cannot receive three, nor three two, tho' they are not Contraries.

Then the contrary Species are not the only Things that refuſe Admiſſion to their Contraries; ſince, as you ſee, other things that are not contrary cannot abide the Approach of that which has the leaſt Shadow of Contrariety.

That's certain.

Do you deſire then that I ſhould define them as near as poſſible?

Ay, with all my Heart, *Socrates.*

The Definition of Contraries.

Muſt not Contraries be ſuch Things as give ſuch a Form to that in which they are lodged, that it is not capable of giving Admiſſion to another Thing that's contrary to them?

How do you ſay?

I ſay as I ſaid but now: Wherever the Idea or Form of three is lodged, that Thing muſt of neceſſity continue not only to be three, but to be odd.

Who doubts that?

And by Conſequence 'tis impoſſible for the Idea or rm that's contrary to its conſtituent Form, ever to ap- ach.

That's a plain Caſe.

Well, is not the Conſtituent Form an odd?

Yes.

Is not *even* the Form that's contrary to the odd?

Yes.

Then the Form of even is never lodged in three?

No, ſure.

Then three is uncapable of being even?

Moſt certainly.

And that, becauſe three is odd?

Yes, ſure.

Now this is the Concluſion I meaned to prove, That ne Things, that are not contrary to one another, are uncapable of that other Thing, as if it were truly a Con- ry; as for Inſtance, tho' three is not Contrary to an n Number, yet it can never admit of it. For two ings always ſomething contrary to an odd Number, like re to Cold, and ſeveral other Things. Would not you ee then to this Definition, that a Contrary does not y refuſe Admiſſion to its Contrary, but likewiſe to that ich, being not contrary, brings upon it ſomething of a trary Nature, which by that Sort of Contrariety de- oys its Form?

I pray you let me hear that again, ſays *Cebes*; for 'tis orth the while to hear it often.

I ſay Number *five* will never be an even Number; t as ten, which is its double, will never be odd; no ore than three Fourths, or a third Part, or any other rt of a whole, will never admit of the Form and Idea the whole. Do you not underſtand me? do you take up? and do you agree with what I ſay?

I underſtand you; I apprehend you to a Miracle; and gree with you too.

Since you underſtand me, ſays *Socrates*, pray anſwer as I do you; that is, anſwer me, not what I aſk, t ſomething elſe, according to the Idea and Example I have

have given you; I mean, that beſides the true and certain Way of anſwering ſpoken of already, I have yet another in my View that ſprings from that, and is fully as ſure.

For Inſtance, if you aſk me what it is that being in the Body, makes it hot, I would not give you this ignorant, tho' ſure Anſwer, that 'tis Heat: But would draw a more particular Anſwer from what we have been ſpeaking of, and would tell you that it is Fire: And if you ſhould aſk what it is that makes the Body ſick, I would not ſay, 'twas the Diſeaſe but the Fever. If you aſk me what makes a Number odd, I would not tell you, that it is the Oddneſs, but Unity; and ſo of the reſt.

For theſe Anſwers ſtill make Room for new Queſtions, and ſo there's no End. We ſhould always have Recourſe to the firſt Cauſes, or the ſubſtantial Cauſe.

Do you underſtand what I mean?

I underſtand you perfectly well, replies *Cebes*.

Anſwer me, then, continues *Socrates*, what makes the Body live?

He does not ſay Life, but the Soul.

The Soul.

Is the Soul always the ſame?

How ſhould it be otherwiſe?

Does the Soul then carry Life along with it into all the Bodies it enters.

Moſt certainly.

Is there any Thing that's Contrary to Life, or is there nothing?

Yes, Death is the Contrary of Life.

Then the Soul will never receive that which is contrary to what it carries in its Boſom; That's a neceſſary Conſequence from our Principles.

For the Soul can no more receive its Contrary, than the odd can the even, or two three.

'Tis a plain Conſequence, ſays *Cebes*.

But what Name do we give to that which refuſes Admiſſion to the Idea and Form of Evenneſs?

'Tis the odd Number.

How do we call that which never receives Juſtice, and that which never receives Good?

The one is called Injuſtice, and the other Evil.

An

And how do we call that which never admits of ath?

Immortal.

Does the Soul admit of Death?

No.

(a) Then the Soul is immortal.

Moſt certainly.

Is that fully demonſtrated, or was the Demonſtration perfect?

It is fully made out, *Socrates.*

(b) If an odd Number of Neceſſity were incorrupti-, would not three be ſo too?

Who doubts it?

If whatever is without Heat were neceſſarily incor-ptible, would not Snow, when put to the Fire, with-w itſelf ſafe from the Danger? For ſince it cannot riſh, it will never receive the Heat, notwithſtanding being held to the Fire.

What you ſay is true.

In like Manner, if that which is not ſuſceptible of old, were by a natural Neceſſity exempted from periſh-g, though a whole River were thrown upon the Fire, would never go out, but, on the Contrary, would me off with its full Force.

There's an abſolute Neceſſity for that, ſays *Cebes.*

Then of Neceſſity we muſt ſay the ſame of what immortal: If that which is immortal is incorrup-le, though Death approach to the Soul, it ſhall ver fall in the Attack: For, as we ſaid but now, Soul will never receive Death, and will never die: t as three, or any odd Number will never be even; e will never be cold, nor its Heat be turned into ldneſs.

(a) His Meaning is, that the Soul is as far from dying, as d from giving Admiſſion to Evil, or Juſtice to Injuſtice, or an to Even: And that the Soul is immortal, as neceſſarily as e is odd.

(b) If the Soul be immortal, it is incorruptible, *i. e.* it reſiſts triumphs over all the Aſſaults of Death.

Perhaps

(a) Perhaps ſome may anſwer, That 'tis true, the Od can never become Even, by the Acceſſion of what even, while it continues odd; but what ſhould hind the Even to take up the Room of the Odd when it com to periſh? To this Objection *(b)* it cannot be anſwere that the Odd does not periſh, for 'tis not incorruptibl Had we eſtabliſhed its Incorruptibility, we ſhould juſt have maintained, that notwithſtanding the Attacks of t Even, the Odd of three would ſtill come off without Lo And we ſhould have aſſerted the ſame of Fire, Hea and ſuch other Things, ſhould not we?

Moſt certainly, ſays *Cebes*.

And, by Conſequence, if we agree upon this, that very immortal Thing is incorruptible, it will neceſſari follow, not only that the Soul is immortal, but that it incorruptible. And if we cannot agree upon that, w muſt look out for another Proof.

There's no Occaſion for that, *Socrates*, replies *Cebe* for what is it that ſhould avoid Corruption and Death, an immortal and eternal Being be liable to them?

All the World will agree, ſays *Socrates*, that Go and Life itſelf, and whatever 'tis that is immortal, do not periſh.

(*) At leaſt, ſays *Cebes*, all Men will profeſs ſo.

(*a*) *Socrates* prevents an Objection, *viz.* That the Soul wh it is a Soul, does not receive Death; but upon the Approach Death, it ceaſes to be what it was. To this he gives a ſatisfact Anſwer.

(*b*) He means, that a real and ſenſible Odd cannot become Even b the Arrival of an Even occaſioning the Diſappearance of the Od For a real Odd is not exempted from periſhing. But the Soul immortal, as three is odd, ſo that it cannot die, but continues for ev as well as Life, Juſtice, the Proportions of Numbers, an intelligib Odd, *&c.*

(*) *Cebes* means, that Men will be forced to ſay ſo, becau perhaps, they have not Light enough to defeat theſe Reaſons, th 'tis poſſible they are none of the beſt. *Socrates* preſently ſmells th to be the Importance of *Cebes*'s Words; and, on that View, mak this incomparable Reply, That the Gods will yet more agree it; meaning to give us to know, that Truth is more Truth in the I tellect of God, than in the Mind of Man, which is always too wea to comprehend it.

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The Conſequence is abſolutely neceſſary and certain. And, by Conſequence, continues *Socrates*, when a Man comes to die, his mortal and corruptible Part dies; but the immortal Part goes off ſafe, and triumphs over Death.

That's plain and evident.

Then, my dear *Cebes*, if there be any ſuch Thing as an immortal and incorruptible Being, ſuch is the Soul; and by Conſequence our Souls ſhall live hereafter.

I have nothing to object, ſays *Cebes*; and cannot but yield to your Arguments. But if *Simmias*, or any of the Company has any Thing to offer, they'll do well not to ſtifle it; for when will they find another Occaſion for diſcourſing and ſatisfying themſelves upon theſe important Subjects?

For my Part, ſays *Simmias*, I cannot but ſubſcribe to what *Socrates* has ſaid: But I own, that the Greatneſs of the Subject, and the natural Weakneſs of Man, occaſion within me a Sort of Diſtruſt and Incredulity.

The Greatneſs of the Subject, and the natural Weakneſs of Men, are two great Occaſions of their Uncertainty with Reference to the Immortality of the Soul.

You have not only ſpoke well, ſays *Socrates*; but beſides, notwithſtanding the apparent Certainty of our firſt *Hypotheſis*, 'tis needful you ſhould reſume them, in order to a more leiſurely View, and to convince yourſelf more clearly and effectually. If you underſtand them ſufficiently, you'll willingly ſecond my Thoughts as much as is poſſible for a Man to do: and when you are once fully convinced, you'll need no other Proof.

He exhorts his Friends to ſurvey his Arguments more maturely after his Death, being perſuaded that the more they dwell upon them, the more they'll be convinced of their Truth.

That's well ſaid, replies *Cebes*.

There's

The rewarding the Good and punishing the Wicked in the other World, being Consequents of the Immortality of the Soul, require our Care of the Soul in this Life.

(a) There's one Thing more, my Friends, that is a very just Thought, *viz.* That if the Soul is immortal, it stands in need of Cultivating and Improvement, not only in the Time, that we call the Time of Life; but for the Future, or what we call the Time of Eternity: For if you think justly upon this Point, you'll find it very dangerous to neglect the Soul. Were Death the Dissolution of the whole Man, it would be *(b)* a great Advantage to the wicked after Death, to be rid at once of their Body, their Soul, and their Vices. But forasmuch as the Soul is immortal, the only Way to avoid those Evils and obtain Salvation, is to become Good and Wise: For it carries nothing along with it, but its good or bad Actions, and its Virtues or Vices, which are the Cause of its eternal Happiness or Misery, commencing from the first Minute of its Arrival in the other World. And 'tis said, that after the Death of every individual Person, the *Demon* or *Genius*, that was Partner with it and conducted it during Life, leads it to a certain Place, where all the Dead are obliged to appear in order to be judged, and from thence are conducted by a Guide to the World below. And, after they have there received their good or bad Deserts, and continued there their appointed Time, another Conductor brings them back to this

The Soul carries nothing into the other World, but its good or bad Actions.

(a) 'Tis not enough that the Understanding be convinced of the Immortality of the Soul; the Affections must likewise be moved. To which end he represents the Consequences of that important Truth, and all that it requires.

(b) The Wicked would be happy if the Soul were mortal. This Principle has a considerable Proof of the Immortality of the Soul couched in it; for, if the Soul were mortal, Virtue would be pernicious to the Good, and Vice would be serviceable to the Wicked, which is unworthy of God, and by Consequence there must be another Life, for rewarding the Good, and punishing the Bad.

Life,

life, after ſeveral Revolutions of Ages. Now this Road is not a plain united Road, elſe there would be no Occaſion for Guides, and nobody would miſs their Way: but there are ſeveral By-Ways and Croſs-Ways, as I conjecture from the Method of our Sacrifices and religious Ceremonies. So that a temperate wiſe Soul follows its Guide, and is not ignorant of what happens to it: But the Soul that's nailed to its Body, as I ſaid juſt now, that is inflamed with the Love of it, and has been long its Slave, after much ſtruggling and ſuffering in this viſible World, is at laſt dragged along againſt its Will by the *Demon* allotted for its Guide. And when it arrives at that Rendezvous of all Souls, if it has been guilty of any Impurity, or polluted with Murder, or has committed any of thoſe atrocious Crimes, that deſperate and loſt Souls are commonly guilty of, the other Souls abhor it and avoid its Company: It finds neither Companion nor Guide, but wanders in a fearful Solitude and horrible Deſert; till after a certain Time Neceſſity drags it into the Manſions it deſerves: Whereas the temperate and pure Soul has the Gods themſelves for its Guides and Conductors, and goes to cohabit with them in the Manſions of Pleaſure prepared for it. For, my Friends, there are ſeveral marvellous Places in the Earth: and 'tis not at all ſuch as the Deſcribers of it are wont to make it, *(a)* as I was taught by one who knew it very well.

The Sacrifices and Ceremonies of the *Pagans* were only Figures.

The Lye did always imitate the Truth.

How do you ſay, *Socrates*, ſays *Simmias*, interrupting him? I have likewiſe heard ſeveral Things of the Earth, but not what you have heard. Wherefore I wiſh you would be pleaſed to tell us what you know.

(a) *Socrates* does not mention who taught him this Doctrine of the pure Earth: But it is no hard Matter to find out the Author. *Proclus* himſelf acknowledges, that *Socrates* and *Plato* owed this Idea to the ſacred Tradition of the *Egyptians*, that is, to the *Hebrews*, ὁ καὶ ἡ τῶν Αἰγυπτίων ἱερὰ φήμη παραδίδωκε. In Tim. lib. 1.

To recount that to you, my dear *Simmias*, I do not believe we have any Occaſion for *(b) Glaucus*'s Art. But to make out the Truth of it, is a more difficult Matter, and I queſtion if all *Glaucus*'s Art can reach it. Such an Attempt is not only above my Reach; but ſuppoſing it were not, the ſhort Time I have left me, will not ſuffer me to imbarque in ſo long a Diſcourſe. All that I can do, is, to give you a general Idea of this Earth, and the places it contains.

That will be enough, ſays *Simmias*.

In the firſt Place, continues *Socrates*, I am perſuaded that if the Earth is placed in the Middle of Heaven, (the Air) as they ſay it is, it ſtands in no need of Air, or any other Support to prevent its Fall: For Heaven itſelf is wrapped equally about it, and its own *Equilibrium* is in the Middle of a Thing, that preſſes equally upon it, cannot incline to either Side, and conſequently ſtands firm and unmoveable. This I am convinced of.

You have reaſon to be ſo, replies *Simmias*.

I am farther perſuaded, that the Earth is very large and ſpacious, and that we only inhabit that Part of it which reaches from the River *Phaſis* to the Straits of *Gibraltar*, upon which we are ſcattered like ſo many Ants dwelling in Holes, or like Frogs that reſide in ſome Marſh near the Sea. There are ſeveral other Nations that inhabit its other Parts that are unknown to us: For, all over the Earth there are Holes of all Sizes and Figures,

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(*b*) When they meaned to imply the Difficulty of a Thing, they were wont to ſay, by Way of Proverb, that they ſtood in need of *Glaucus*'s Art, who, from a Man, became a Sea-God. But thoſe who comment upon this Proverb, alledge it was made upon another *Glaucus*, who invented the forging of Iron. But I am induced to believe the contrary, by this, that the Fable of *Glaucus*, the Sea-God, was founded upon his being an excellent Diver; to which it is probable, *Socrates* alluded: In earneſt, if one would viſit the Earth he ſpeaks of, of which ours is only a Sediment, he muſt be a better Diver than *Glaucus*, in order to paſs the Currents and Seas that divide them. He muſt raiſe his Thoughts above all Earth or material Things.

ways filled with groſs Air, and covered with thick louds, and overflown by the Waters that ruſh in on all ides.

There is another *(a)* pure Earth above the pure leaven where the Stars are, which is commonly called *Ether*. The Earth we inhabit is properly nothing elſe ut the Sediment of the other, and its groſſer Part which ows continually into thoſe Holes. We are immured in hoſe Cells, tho' we are not ſenſible of it, and fancy we nhabit the upper Part of the pure Earth: much after he ſame Rate, as if one living in the Deeps of the Sea, hould fancy his Habitation to be above the Waters: nd when he ſees the Sun and other Stars through the Wa- ers, ſhould fancy the Sea to be the Heavens; and by Reaſon of his Heavineſs and Weakneſs, having never put orth his Head or raiſed himſelf above the Waters, ſhould ever know that the Place we inhabit is purer and neater han his, and ſhould never meet with any Perſon to in- form him. This is juſt our Condition; we are mewed p within ſome Hole of the Earth, and fancy we live at he Top of all: we take the Air for the true Heavens, in which the Stars run their Rounds. And the Cauſe of our Miſtake, is our Heavineſs and Weakneſs, that keep us rom ſurmounting this thick and muddy Air. If any could mount up with Wings to the upper Surface, he would no ſooner put his Head out of this groſs Air, but he would behold what's tranſacted in thoſe bleſſed Man- ions; juſt as the Fiſhes ſkipping above the Surface of the Waters, ſee what's done in the Air in which we breathe. And if he were a Man fit for long Contempla- tion, he would find it to be the *(b)* true Heaven and the rue Light; in a Word, to be the true Earth. For this Earth that we inhabit, theſe Stones, and all theſe Places are entirely corrupted and gnawed, juſt as whatever is in

(a) The Idea of this pure Earth is taken from the Writings of the Prophets, from whence the *Egyptians* derived it.

(b) For the true Heavens and the true Light cannot be known without long and continual Meditation.

the Sea is corroded by the Sharpneſs of the Salts. And the Sea produces nothing that's perfect or valuable (*c*). It contains nothing but Caves and Mud; and where-ever any Ground is found, there's nothing but deep Sloughs, nothing comparable to what we have here. Now the Things in the other Manſions are more above what we have here, than what we have here is above what we meet with in the Sea. And in order to make you conceive the Beauty of this pure Earth ſituated in the Heavens, if you pleaſe, I'll tell you a pretty Story that's worth your hearing.

We ſhall hear it, ſays *Simmias*, with a great deal of Pleaſure.

(*d*) Firſt of all, my dear *Simmias*, continues *Socrates*, if one looks upon this Earth from a high Place, they ſay, it looks like one of our Packs covered with twelve Welts of different Colours. For it is varied with a greater Number of different Colours, of which thoſe made Uſe of by our Painters are but ſorry Patterns. For the Colours of this Earth are infinitely more clean and lively. One is an admirable Purple; another a Colour of Gold, more ſparkling than Gold itſelf; a third a White more lively than the Snow; and ſo on of all the reſt, the Beauty whereof leaves all our Colours here far behind it. The Chinks of this Earth are filled with Water and Air, which make up an infinity of admirable Shadows, ſo wonderfully diverſified by that infinite Variety of Colours.

In this ſo perfect an Earth, every Thing has a Perfection anſwerable to its Qualities. The Trees, Flowers, Fruits, and Mountains are charmingly beautiful; they produce all Sorts of precious Stones of an incomparable Perfection, Clearneſs, and Splendor, thoſe we eſteem ſo much here, ſuch as Emeralds, Jaſper, and Saphir, are

(*c*) *Socrates* undervalued all the Productions of the Sea, which we now eſteem ſo much.

(*d*) This Deſcription of the Beauty of this pure Earth, the Manſion of the Bleſſed, is grounded on the 54th Chapter of *Iſaiah*, and the 28th of *Ezekiel*.

t ſmall Parcels of them. There is not one in that eſſed Earth that is not infinitely more pretty than any of urs. The Cauſe of all which is, that all theſe precious ones are pure, neither gnawed nor ſpoiled by the Sharpſs of the Salts, or the Corruption of the Sediment or regs that fall from thence into our lower Earth, where ey aſſemble, and infect not only the Stones and the rth, but the Plants and Animals, with all Sorts of Polion and Diſeaſes.

Beſides all theſe Beauties now mentioned, this bleſſed rth is enriched with Gold and Silver, which being ttered all over in great Abundance, caſts forth a charmg Splendor on all Sides: ſo that a Sight of this Earth is View of the Bleſſed. It is inhabited by all Sorts of *(a)* Animals, and by Men, ſome of whom are caſt into e Centre of the Earth, and others are ſcattered about the ir, as we are about the Sea. There are ſome alſo that habit the Iſles, formed by the Air near the Continent. r there *(b)* the Air is the ſame Thing that Water and e Sea are here; and the *Æther* does them the ſame rvice that the Air does to us. Their Seaſons are ſo mirably well tempered, that their Life is much longer an ours, and always free from Diſtempers: and as for eir Sight, Hearing, and all their other Senſes, and en their Intellect itſelf, they ſurpaſs us as far as the *ther* they breathe in exceeds our groſs Air for Simplicity d Purity. They have ſacred Groves, and Temples tually inhabited by the Gods, who give Evidence of eir Preſence by Oracles, Divinations, Inſpirations, and other ſenſible Signs; and who converſe with them. ey ſee the Sun and Moon, without an intervening

(a) The Notion of theſe Animals ſeems to be taken from the Viſions of *Ezekiel*.

(b) In this Deſcription we may perceive moſt of the Strokes of that given by *Moſes* of the terreſtrial Paradiſe, which was a Type of the Land of the Juſt, the true Paradiſe. And, what I take to be very remarkable, we may plainly ſee that theſe Philoſophers held this pure Earth to be actually in Being at the ſame Time with this our impure and groſſer Earth.

Medium, and view the Stars as they are in themſelves. And all the other Branches of their Felicity are proportional to theſe.

This is the Situation of that Earth, and this is the Matter of all that ſurrounds it. All about it there are ſeveral Abyſſes in its Cavities, ſome of which are deeper and more open than the Country we inhabit; others are deeper, but not ſo open; and ſome again have a more extenſive Breadth, but a leſſer Depth. All theſe Abyſſes are bored thro' in ſeveral Parts, and have Pipes communicating one with another, thro' which there runs juſt as in the Caves of Mount *Ætna*, a vaſt Quantity of Water, very large and deep Rivers, Springs of cold and hot Waters, Fountains, and Rivers * of Fire, and other Rivers of Mud, ſome thinner and ſome thicker and more muddy, like thoſe Torrents of Mud and of Fire that are caſt out from Mount *Ætna*.

Theſe Abyſſes are filled with theſe Waters in Proportion to their falling out of one into another. All theſe Sources move both downwards and upwards, like a Veſſel hung above the Earth; which Veſſel is naturally one, and indeed the greateſt of theſe Abyſſes. It goes acroſs the whole Earth, and is open on two Sides. † *Homer* ſpeaks of it, when he ſays, I'll throw it into the obſcure ‖ *Tartarus*, that's a great Way from hence; the deepeſt Abyſs under the Earth. *Homer* is not the only Author that called this Place by the Name of *Tartarus*; moſt of the other Poets did the ſame.

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* *Plato* borrowed from the Writings of the Prophets the Rivers of Fire prepared for the Puniſhment of the Wicked after the Judgment; and particularly had read the 8th Chapter of *Daniel*. *Theodoret*.

† In the beginning of the 8th Book of his *Iliads*.

‖ The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls this *Tartarus the nether Part of the Earth*. He ſpeaks of the Rivers and Waters in the Pit, ch. 31. 14, 15. & 32. 18. But long before *Ezekiel*, *Homer* had the ſame Idea from the Tradition of the *Egyptians*.

All the Rivers rendezvous in this Abyſs, and run out from thence again. Each of theſe Rivers is tinctured with the Nature of the Earth thro' which it runs. And the Reaſon of their not ſtagnating in theſe Abyſſes, is this, that they find no Ground, but roll and throw their Waters upſide down. The Air and Wind that girds them about does the ſame, for it follows them both when they riſe above the Earth, and when they deſcend towards us. And juſt as in the Reſpiration of Animals there is an inceſſant Ingreſs and Egreſs of Air, ſo the Air that mingles with the Waters, accompanies them in their Ingreſs and Egreſs, and raiſes raging Winds.

When theſe Waters fall into this lower Abyſs, they diffuſe themſelves into all the Channels of the Springs and Rivers, and fill them up; juſt as if one were drawing up Water with two Pails, one of which fills as the other empties. For theſe Waters flowing from thence, fill up all our Channels; from whence diffuſing themſelves all about, they fill our Seas, Rivers, Lakes, and Fountains. After that they diſappear, and diving into the Earth, ſome with a large Compaſs, and others by ſmall Turnings, repair to *Tartarus*, where they enter by other Paſſages than thoſe they came out by, and withal much lower. Some re-enter on the ſame Side, and others on the oppoſite Side to that of their Egreſs; and ſome again enter on all Sides, after they have made one or ſeveral Turns round the Earth; like Serpents folding their Bodies into ſeveral Rolls; and having gained Entrance, riſe up to the middle of the Abyſs, but cannot reach farther, by Reaſon that the other half is higher than their Level. They form ſeveral very great and large Currents; but there are four *(a)* principal ones,

(*a*) Theſe four Rivers, which have their Courſe in the Places appointed for the Puniſhment of the Wicked, might have been imagined from the four Rivers of the terreſtrial Paradiſe. As the Apartment of the Juſt was watered by four Rivers, which enlarged its Delightfulneſs, 'twas proper that the Apartment of the Wicked ſhould likewiſe be watered by four Rivers of a contrary Nature, which might add to the Horror of that Place of Darkneſs and Sorrow.

the greateſt of which is the outermoſt of all, and is called the Ocean.

Oppoſite to that is *Acheron*, which runs thro' the deſert Places, and diving thro' the Earth, falls into the Marſh, which from it is called the *Acheruſian Lake*, whither all Souls repair upon their Departure from this Body; and having ſtaid there all the Time appointed, ſome a ſhorter, ſome a longer Time, are ſent back to this World to animate Beaſts.

Between *Acheron* and the *Ocean*, there runs a third River, which retires again not far from its Source, and falls into a vaſt Space full of Fire: there it forms a Lake greater than our Sea, in which the Water mixed with Mud boils, and ſetting out from thence all black and muddy, runs along the Earth to the End of the *Acheruſian Lake*, without mixing with its Waters; and after having made ſeveral Turnings under the Earth, throws itſelf underneath *Tartarus*: and this is the flaming River called *Phlegeton*, the Streams whereof are ſeen to fly up upon the Earth in ſeveral Places.

Oppoſite to this is the fourth River, which falls firſt into a horrible wild Place, of a bluiſh Colour, called by the Name of *Stygian*, where it forms the formidable Lake of *Styx*: And after it has tinctured itſelf with horrible Qualities from the Waters of that Lake, dives into the Earth, where it makes ſeveral Turns, and directing its Courſe over-againſt *Phlegeton*, at laſt meets it in the Lake of *Acheron*, where it does not mingle its Waters with thoſe of the other Rivers; but after it has run its Round on the Earth, throws itſelf into the *Tartarus* by a Paſſage oppoſite to that of *Phlegeton*. This fourth River is called by the Poets *Cocytus*. Nature having thus diſpoſed of all theſe Things, when the Dead arrive at the Place whither their *Demon* leads them, they are all tried and judged, both thoſe that lived a holy and juſt Life, and thoſe who wallowed in Injuſtice and Impiety.

The Judgment of the Good and Bad.

Thoſe

Thoſe who are found to have lived neither entirely a criminal, nor abſolutely an innocent Life, are ſent to the *Acheron*. There they embark in Boats, and are tranſported to the *Acheruſian* Lake, where they dwell, and ſuffer Puniſhment proportionable to their Crimes; till at laſt being purged and cleanſed from their Sins; and ſet at Liberty, they receive the Recompence of their good Actions.

The Judgment of thoſe, who are neither abſolutely criminal nor innocent.

Thoſe whoſe Sins are incurable, and have been guilty of Sacrilege and Murder, or ſuch other Crimes, are by a juſt and fatal Deſtiny thrown headlong into *Tartarus*, where they are kept Priſoners for ever.

The Judgment of thoſe who are guilty of mortal Sins.

But thoſe who are found guilty of curable (venial) Sins, tho' very great ones, ſuch as offering Violence to their Father or Mother in a Paſſion, or killing a Man, and repenting for it all their Life-time, muſt of neceſſity be likewiſe caſt into *Tartarus:* but after a Year's Abode there, the Tide throws the Homicides back into *Cocytus*, and the † Parricides into *Phlegeton*, which draws them into the *Acheruſian* Lake. There they cry out bitterly, and invoke thoſe whom they have killed or offered Violence to, to aid them; and conjure them to forgive them, and to ſuffer them to paſs the Lake, and give them Admittance. If they are prevailed with, they paſs the Lake, and are delivered from their Miſery; if not, they are caſt again into *Tartarus*, which throws them back into theſe Rivers; and this continues to be repeated, till they have ſatisfied the injured * Perſons. For ſuch is the Sentence pronounced againſt them.

The Sentence upon thoſe who are guilty of great Sins curable by Repentance.

† By Parricides he means thoſe who offer Violence to their Parents, for killing a Parent is an irremiſſible Sin.

* *Socrates* teaches, that Satisfaction muſt precede the Pardon of Sin.

But thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by a holy Life, are releaſed from theſe earthly Places, theſe horrible Priſons; and are received above into that pure Earth, where they dwell; and thoſe of them who are ſufficiently purged by Philoſophy, live for ever * without their Body, and are received into yet more admirable and delicious Manſions, which I cannot eaſily deſcribe, neither do the narrow Limits of my Time allow me to launch into that Subject.

A bleſſed Immortality is a great Price ſet before us.

What I told you but now, is ſufficient, my dear *Simmias*, to ſhew that we ought to labour all our Life-time to purchaſe Virtue and Wiſdom, ſince we have ſo great a Hope, and ſo great a Reward propoſed to us.

No Man of Senſe can pretend to aſſure you, that all theſe Things are juſt as you have ſaid: † but all thinking Men will be poſitive that the State of the Soul, and the Place of its Abode after Death, is abſolutely ſuch as I repreſent it to be, or at leaſt very near it, provided the Soul to be immortal; and will certainly find it worth his while to run the Riſk; for what Danger is more inviting? One muſt needs be charmed with that bleſſed Hope. And for this Reaſon I have dilated a little upon this Subject.

What Danger more inviting than to venture a finite Loſs for an infinite Gain?

Every one that during his Life-time renounced the Pleaſures of the Body, that looked upon the Appurtenances of the Body as foreign Ornaments, and ſiding with the contrary Party, purſued only the Pleaſures of true Knowledge, and beautified his Soul, not with foreign Ornaments, but with Ornaments ſuitable

The Pleaſures of true Knowledge.

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* This was a great Error among the Heathens: They did not believe that the Body could be glorified.

† *Socrates* aſſures us, that the Matter is ſo, but is not poſitive of the Manner.

to

to its Nature, ſuch as Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth: ſuch a one, being firmly confident of the Happineſs of his Soul, ought to wait peaceably for the Hour of his Removal, as being always ready for the Voyage, whenever his Fate calls him.

The ſuitable Ornaments of the Soul.

As for you, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, and all you of this Company, you ſhall all follow me when your Hour comes. Mine is now, and as a tragical Poet would ſay, the ſurly Pilot calls me aboard; wherefore 'tis Time I ſhould go to the Bath: for I think 'tis better to drink the Poiſon after I am waſhed, in order to ſave the Women the trouble of waſhing me after I am dead.

Socrates having thus ſpoke, *Crito* addreſſed himſelf to *Socrates*, thus: Alas then! in God's Name be it. But what Orders do you give me and the reſt here preſent, with Reference to your Children, or your Affairs, that by putting them in Execution, we may at leaſt have the Comfort of obliging you?

What I now recommend to you, *Crito*, replies *Socrates*, is what I always recommended, *viz.* To take Care of yourſelves. You cannot do yourſelves a more conſiderable Piece of Service, nor oblige me and my Family more (*a*), than to promiſe me at this Time ſo to do. Whereas if you neglect yourſelves, and

To aſk nothing of our Friends but that they take Care of themſelves: All is comprehended in that Prayer.

(*a*) There's a great deal of Senſe in what *Socrates* here tells his Friends: he deſires them only to take Care of themſelves, becauſe if they take Care of themſelves, they'll prove good Men; and being ſuch, will do all good Offices to his Family, tho' they did not promiſe it: for good Men are honeſt, and take Pleaſure in doing Good, and love their Neighbours. Whereas, if they neglect themſelves, notwithſtanding all their fair Promiſes, they would not be capable to do any Thing either for him or themſelves. None but good Men can do Services. How great is this Truth!

refuſe to form your Lives according to the * Model I always propoſed to you, and follow it as it were by the Footſteps, all your Proteſtations and Offers of Service will be altogether uſeleſs to me.

We ſhall do our utmoſt, *Socrates*, replies *Crito*, to obey you. But how will you be buried?

Juſt as you pleaſe, ſays *Socrates*; if you can but catch me, and if I do not give you the Slip. At the ſame Time, looking upon us with a gentle Smile, I cannot, ſays he, compaſs my End, in perſuading *Crito* that this is *Socrates* who diſcourſes with you, and methodizes all the Parts of this Diſcourſe; and ſtill he fancies that *Socrates* is the Thing that ſhall ſee Death by and by. He confounds me with my Corps; and in that View aſks how I muſt be buried? And all this long Diſcourſe that I made to you but now, in order to make it out, that as ſoon as I ſhall have taken down the Poiſon, I ſhall ſtay no longer with you, but ſhall part from hence, and go to enjoy the Felicity of the Bleſſed; in a Word, all that I have ſaid for your Conſolation and mine, is to no purpoſe, but it is all loſt, with Reference to him. I beg of you, that you will be Bail for me to *Crito*, but after a contrary Manner to that in which he offered to bail me to my Judges: for he engaged that I would not be gone. Pray engage for me, that I ſhall no ſooner be dead, but I ſhall be gone, to the End that poor *Crito* may bear my Death more ſteadily; and when he ſees my Body burnt or interred, may not deſpair, as if I ſuffered great Miſery, and ſay at my Funeral, that *Socrates* is laid out, *Socrates* is carried out, *Socrates* is interred. For you muſt know, my dear *Crito*, ſays he, turning to him, that ſpeaking amiſs of Death is not only a Fault in the Way of ſpeaking, but likewiſe wounds the Soul. You ſhould have more Courage and Hope, and ſay, that my Body is to be interred. *That* you

Bad Diſcourſes give dangerous Wounds to the Soul.

* This Model is God; for he ſtill told them that they ſhould render themſelves conformable to God, as much as human Weakneſs would bear.

may

may inter as you pleaſe, and in the Manner that's moſt conformable to our Laws and Cuſtoms.

Having ſpoke thus, he roſe and went into the next Room to bathe. *Crito* followed him, and he deſired we ſhould attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertained ourſelves one while with a Repetition and farther Examination of what he had ſaid, another while in ſpeaking of the miſerable State that was before us. For we all looked upon ourſelves as Perſons deprived of our good Father, that were about to paſs the reſt of our Life in an Orphan-State.

After he came out of the Bath, they brought his Children to him; for he had three, two little ones, and one that was pretty big: And the Women of his Family came all into him. He ſpoke to them ſome Time in the Preſence of *Crito*, gave them their Orders, and ordered them to retire, carry his Children along with them, and then came back to us. 'Twas then towards Sun-ſetting, for he had been a long while in the little Room.

When he came in, he ſat down upon his Bed, without ſaying much: For much about the ſame Time the Officer of the eleven Magiſtrates came in, and drawing near to him, *Socrates*, ſays he, I have no Occaſion to make the ſame Complaint of you, that I have every Day of thoſe in the ſame Condition; for as ſoon as I come to acquaint them by Orders from the eleven Magiſtrates, that they muſt drink the Poiſon, they are incenſed againſt me and curſe me: But as for you, ever ſince you came into this Place, I have found you to be the moſt even tempered, the calmeſt, and the beſt Man that ever entered this Priſon; and I am confident that at preſent you are not angry with me: doubtleſs you are angry with none, but thoſe who are the Cauſe of your Misfortune. You know them without naming. On this Occaſion, *Socrates*, you know what I come to tell you; farewell, endeavour to bear this Neceſſity with a conſtant Mind. Having ſpoke thus, he began to cry, and turning his Back upon us, retired a little. Farewell, my Friend, ſays *Socrates*, looking upon him, I'll follow the Counſel thou giveſt me. Mind, ſays he, what Honeſty is in that Fellow! During my Im-

priſonment he came often to ſee me, and diſcourſed with me: He's more worth than all the reſt: How heartily he cries for me! Let us obey him with a handſom Mien, my dear *Crito*; if the Poiſon be brewed, let him bring it; if not, let him brew it himſelf.

But, methinks *Socrates*, ſays *Crito*, the Sun ſhines upon the Mountains, and is not yet ſet; and I know ſeveral in your Circumſtances did not drink the Poiſon till a long Time after the Order was given; that they ſupped very well, *(a)* and enjoyed any Thing they had a Mind to: Wherefore I conjure you not to preſs ſo hard; you have yet Time enough.

Thoſe who do as you ſay, *Crito*, ſays *Socrates*, have their own Reaſons; they think it is juſt as much Time gained: and I have likewiſe my Reaſons for not doing ſo; for the only Advantage I can have by drinking it later, is to make myſelf ridiculous to myſelf, in being ſo fooliſhly fond of Life as to pretend to huſband it in the laſt Minute, when there is no more to come. Go then, my dear *Crito*, and do as I bid you do, and do not vex me any longer.

He alludes to a Verſe of *Heſiod*, who ſays, 'tis an unlucky ſparing when one's come to the Bottom.

Whereupon *Crito* gave the Sign to the Slave that waited juſt by. The Slave went out, and after he had ſpent ſome Time in brewing the Poiſon, returned, accompanied by him that was to give it, and brought it all together in one Cup. *Socrates* ſeeing him come in; that's very well, my Friend, ſays he: but what muſt I do? For you know beſt, and 'tis your Buſineſs to direct me.

You have nothing elſe to do, ſays he, but whenever you have drank it, to walk untill you find your Legs ſtiff, and then to lie down upon your Bed. This is all you have to do. And at the ſame Time he gave him the Cup

(*a*) This affords us an admirable Proſpect of the infinite Difference between *Socrates* and thoſe brutiſh Men, who died without any other Sentiments of their Miſery.

Socrates

Socrates took it, not only without any Commotion, or Change of Colour or Countenance, but with Joy; and looking upon the Fellow with a ſteady and bold Eye, as he was wont to do, What do you ſay of this Mixture, ſays he; is it allowable to make a Drink-Offering of it? *Socrates*, replied the Man, we never brew more at once, than what ſerves for one Doſe.

Socrates prays before he ſwallows the Poiſon.

I underſtand you, ſays *Socrates:* But at leaſt it is lawful for me to pray to the Gods, that they would bleſs the Voyage and render it happy. This I beg of them withal my Soul. Having ſaid that, he drank it all off with an admirable Tranquillity and an inexpreſſible Calmneſs.

Hitherto we had, almoſt all of us, the Power to refrain from Tears; but when we ſaw him drink it off, we were no longer Maſters of ourſelves. Notwithſtanding all my Efforts, I was obliged to cover myſelf with my Mantle, that I might freely regret my Condition; for 'twas not *Socrates*'s Misfortune, but my own, that I deplored, in reflecting what a Friend I was loſing. *Crito*, who likewiſe could not abſtain from crying, had prevented me, and riſen up. And *Apollodorus*, who ſcarce ceaſed to cry during the whole Conference, did then howl and cry aloud, inſomuch that he moved every Body. Only *Socrates* himſelf was not at all moved: On the contrary, he chid them; What are you doing, my Friends, ſays he? What! ſuch fine Men as you are! O! Where is Virtue? Was not it for this Reaſon that I ſent off thoſe Women, for fear they ſhould have fallen into thoſe Weakneſſes; for I always heard it ſaid, that a Man ought to die in Tranquillity, and bleſſing God? Be eaſy then, and ſhew more Conſtancy and Courage. Theſe Words filled us with Confuſion, and forced us to ſuppreſs our Tears.

We ſhould die calmly, bleſſing God.

In the mean Time, he continued to walk, and when he felt his Legs ſtiff, he lay down on his Back, as the Man had ordered him. At the ſame Time, the ſame Man that gave him the Poiſon, came up to him, and after

looking upon his Legs and Feet, bound up his Feet with all his Force, and aſked him if he felt it? He ſaid, No. Then he bound up his Legs; and having carried his Hand higher, gave us the Signal that he was quite cold. *Socrates* likewiſe felt himſelf with his Hand, and told us, that when the Cold came up to his Heart, he ſhould leave us. All his lower Belly was already frozen: And then uncovering himſelf, for he was covered, *Crito*, ſays he, (theſe were his laſt Words) * *We owve a Cock to Æſculapius, diſcharge this Vow for me, and do not forget it.* It ſhall be done, ſays *Crito*; but ſee if you have any Thing elſe to ſay to us. He made no Anſwer, and after a little Space of Time, departed. The Man who was ſtill by him, having uncovered him, received his laſt Looks, which continued fixed upon him. *Crito*, ſeeing that, came up and cloſed his Mouth and Eyes.

i. e. His Head was covered, that nothing might trouble him.

Socrates's laſt Words.

Having ſpoke theſe Words, he drew his Cloak again over his Head.

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* Thoſe who have not dived into the true Meaning of *Socrates*, charge him with Idolatry and Superſtition, upon the Score of this Cock that he had vowed to *Æſculapius*. But theſe Words ſhould not be taken literally; they are Ænigmatical, as many of *Plato*'s are; and can never be underſtood, unleſs we have Recourſe to Figures and Allegories. The Cock here is the Symbol of Life, and *Æſcupalius* the Emblem of Phyſick, *Socrates*'s Meaning is, that he reſigns his Soul into the Hands of the true Phyſician, who comes to purify and heal him. This Explication ſuits admirably well with the Doctrine taught by *Socrates* in this ſame Treatiſe, where he ſhews that Religious Sacrifices were only Figures. *Theodoret* had a juſter Notion of this Paſſage, than *Lactantius* and *Tertullian*; for he not only did not condemn it, but inſinuated that it was Figurative, in his 7th Diſcourſe of the Cure of the Opinions of the *Pagans*. I am perſuaded, ſays he, that *Socrates* ordered a Cock to be ſacrificed to *Æſculapius*, to ſhew the Injuſtice of his Condemnation; for he was condemned for owning no God. He owned a God, and ſhewed that his God ſtood in no need of our Sacrifices or Homage, and required nothing elſe from us but Piety and Sanctity.

This,

This, *Echecrates*, was the *Exit* of our Friend, a Man, who † beyond all Diſpute, was the beſt, the wiſeſt, and the juſteſt of all our Acquaintance.

† *Xenophon*, that faithful Hiſtorian of the Actions and memorable ſayings of *Socrates*, gives him the ſame Encomium: And having ſaid that he was the beſt Man in the World, and the greateſt Favourite with God, concludes in theſe Words: *If any Man be of another Mind, pray let him compare his Manners and Actions with thoſe of other Men, and then let him judge.* In effect, that is the true Way of judging of Men. Nothing but the true Religion did ever form a more wonderful and divine Man than he was.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION TO *LACHES.*

THE Education of Children is a Thing of such Importance, that the Welfare of Families and the Good of Eſtates depend wholly upon it. 'Tis no Wonder then, that *Socrates* who loved his Country intirely, was ſo watchful in hindering the *Athenians* to take falſe Meaſures in Reference to that, and made it his Buſineſs to cure their falſe Prejudice. The greateſt Prejudice, and perhaps the moſt pernicious to the Republick, was that which they entertained of Valour. The Wars they were then engaged in, together with thoſe that threatened them afar off, had inſpired them with ſuch a martial Ardour, that they thought of nothing but training up their Children to the Exerciſe of Arms; as being perſuaded that *that* was the only Way to render them ſerviceable to their Country. Beſides, Chance itſelf had fortified the Thought; for not long before a Sort of Fencing-Maſter came to *Athens*, who talked Wonders of his Art, and pretended to teach Valour, and to put his Scholars

Scholars in a Condition to reſiſt by themſelves a greater Number of Enemies. The People crouded to his School, and the young People quitted all, to betake themſelves to this Exerciſe. *Socrates*, foreſeeing the dangerous Conſequence of this their Application, labours to prevent it: And that is the Subject of this Conference. As this Dialogue is capable to recommend itſelf by its great Title, ſo the Characters of its Actors ought to whet our Curioſity. *Lyſimachus*, Son to the great *Ariſtides*, and *Meleſias*, Son to the great *Thucydides*, being galled with the Thoughts of their bad Education, and reſolved to take more Care of their Children, than their Fathers had taken of them; went to ſee for *Nicias* and *Laches*, who made already a conſiderable Figure in the Republick, and carried them to ſee this Fencing-Maſter. After that Show was over, they aſked the Advice of theſe two Friends, whether they approved of that Exerciſe, and whether they ſhould have their Children to learn it, or not? So the Explication of Valour was the Subject of Diſcourſe. And 'twas very probable that no Man would ſpeak better upon that Subject, than theſe two, who had given Proof of their Valour on ſeveral Occaſions. But, after all, they do not think themſelves capable to decide ſuch a difficult Queſtion, without Help: Therefore they call in *Socrates* to aſſiſt them, as being one that made the Intereſt of Youth his whole Study; and, beſides, gave Proof of an Heroick Courage at the ſiege of *Potidæa*, and the Battle of *Delium*. *Nicias* is of Opinion, that the Exerciſe is very proper for Youth, and admirably well fitted for rendring them brave and clever; and looks upon it as a means leading to a good End, *viz.* the Art of War. *Laches* attacks this Opinion, and makes out the Uſeleſsneſs of that Exerciſe by the Inſignificancy of its Teachers, who never did a good Action in their whole Life-time; and as for Valour, had never purchaſed the leaſt Reputation in the Army. *Socrates* is called in to decide the Controverſy. At firſt he pleads his Incapacity for an Excuſe: But afterwards inſinuates that there's a Neceſſity of knowing Men, before one can be acquainted with Valour. He makes out the Falſity of the Notion that great

great Men had of his Virtue, which is ſtill kept up to this Day: And tho' he does not reveal his Mind plainly to thoſe who call every Thing in Queſtion; yet one may eaſily perceive his Opinion to be this, That Valour is a Virtue that reaches all the Actions of our Life, and includes all other Virtues. For a valiant Man is one that's always accompanied by Prudence, and judges equally of Things, paſt, preſent, and to come; who being acquainted with all the Good and Evil, that is, has been, or is to come, is in a Condition to arm himſelf againſt the one, and omits nothing to compaſs the other. So that to be valiant one muſt be good; and to educate Youth aright, they muſt be taught wiſely to avoid all Evil, and purſue all the good they can reach, not only from Men, but, which is more important, from God himſelf; and to ſpare neither Labour nor Life in the Purſuit. This is *Socrates*'s Doctrine. And *Plato* has made the World a good Preſent in preſerving this excellent Conference: For we ought not to look upon it as a Trial of Wit; it is entitled to a wonderful Solidity. Purſuant to this Doctrine of *Socrates*, we ſee plainly that the moſt valorous of all Men were the Martyrs; for their Valour was accompanied by a true Prudence, which taught them to diſtinguiſh what is truly terrible, from that which is not; to know the paſt, preſent and future Happineſs or Miſery; and moved them to ſkreen themſelves from the one, and purſue the other at the Expence of their Lives.

It ſeems *Ariſtotle* did not perceive the full Force and Solidity of theſe Principles of *Socrates*, when he arraigned him for ſaying that Valour was a Science. Doubtleſs, it is a Science, but a divine one, that cannot be learned from Men.

The Solidity of this Dialogue is mixed with a wonderful Agreeableneſs: For whether we mind the Beauty of his Characters, the Livelineſs of the Narrative, the Spirit of the Dialogue, or the ſatirical Strokes 'tis full of, we find nothing more perfect in its Kind. His Satyr upon thoſe mighty Politicians who employed all their Care upon Affairs of State, and neglected their Children, ſuffering

ng them to be over-run by Vice; this, I ſay, is very na-ural. *Socrates* means by it to ſhew, that theſe great Men do more Harm to the Commonwealth, by this un-happy Negligence, than ever they did Good by all the ſervices they have done. His Satyr againſt Fencing-Maſters is likewiſe very ingenious, in which the Character four modern Pretenders is admirably well drawn. Thoſe who have taken Notice of *Nicias* in *Thucydides*, ha-anguing in the *Athenian* Council againſt the *Sicilian* Ex-pedition, will here find an exact Tranſcript of his true Character. And that which above all deſerves to be re-marked, is *Plato*'s Dexterity in crying up *Socrates*, and etting his Merit in a true Light.

This Dialogue is ſuppoſed to have been compoſed oon after the Defeat of the *Athenians* at *Delium*, which happened in the firſt Year of the 89th Olympiad. And to determine the Time more nicely, it may be ixed the very next Year, during the Truce between the *Athenians* and the *Lacedemonians*. 'Tis purely moral, nd of the ſame Character with the Dialogues of the firſt Volume.

LACHES:

LACHES:

OR,

Of VALOUR.

Lyſimachus, Son of *Ariſtides* the Juſt.
Meleſias, Son to *Thucydides*.
Ariſtides, Son to *Lyſimachus*, } Both of them
Thucydides, Son to *Meleſias*, } very young.
Nicias, General of the *Athenians*.
Laches, another *Athenian* General.
Socrates.

Lyſim. WELL, *Nicias* and *Laches*, you have ſeen this Man, who * parried in Armour juſt now. When *Meleſias* and I deſired you to come and ſee this Show, we did not tell you the Reaſons that obliged us to it: but now we will tell you; being perſuaded that we may

* I uſe the ſame Terms as are now in Uſe, becauſe the Exercise this Man taught was much the ſame with what is now taught in our Fencing-Schools. He taught them to fence in Armour with Sword and Buckler, and to reſiſt ſeveral Combatants at once, by parrying and ſtriking. 'Tis pretty remarkable, that this Sort of Fencing-Maſters was not known at *Athens* till after the Defeat at *Delium*.

ſpeak

peak to you with an entire Confidence. Moſt People augh at theſe Exerciſes; and when one aſks their Adice, they're ſo far from communicating their Thoughts, hat they only try to pump thoſe who come to conſult hem, and ſpeak againſt their own Sentiments. As for ou, we know you have added the Height of Sincerity to a great Capacity; and we hope you'll tell us ingenuouſly what your Thoughts are in Reference to the ubject we are about to mention. The Upſhot of all this reamble is this. Each of us has a Son. There they re. That Youth, the Son of *Meleſias*, is called *Thucydides*, by his Grandfather's Name; and this, which is ine, is called *Ariſtides*, after my Father. We are reolved to take a ſingular Care of their Education, and not o do as moſt Fathers do, who when heir Children come to be young Men, hrow the Bridle on their Necks, and uffer them to live according to their ancy. We deſign to keep them ſtill n awe, and educate them to the beſt Advantage. And oraſmuch as you have likewiſe Children, we fancy you ave thought as much as any Man upon the Method of aking them virtuous: or if you have not yet conſidered f it, by Reaſon of their Want of Years, we preſume you ill not take it ill that we put you in Mind, that this is n indiſpenſible Duty; and that we oblige you to deliberate with us what Education all of us ſhould give our hildren. The Occaſion of our coming to ſee for you as this.

The Negligence of the *Athenians* in the Education of their Children.

Tho' the Diſcourſe may ſeem already too long, yet ou'll have the Goodneſs to hear it out. You know, *Meleſias* and I have but one Table, and theſe Children at with us: we ſhall conceal nothing from you, and, s I told you at firſt, ſhall ſpeak to you with an entire onfidence. Both he and I have entertained our Chilren with a thouſand and a thouſand brave Actions done y our Fathers both in Peace and War, while they headd the *Athenians* and their Allies; but to our great iſfortune, we can tell them no ſuch Things of ourſelves.

This

The Injuſtice of Fathers that mind only publick Affairs, and neglect the Education of their Children.

This covers us with Shame: we blu for it before our Children, and a forced to caſt the Blame upon o Fathers; who after we grew up, fu fered us to live in Softneſs an Luxury, and in pernicious Licen tiouſneſs; while they were employing all their Ca for the Intereſt of others. This we inceſſantly remo ſtrate to theſe Children, telling them, that if the neglect themſelves, and diſobey us, 'twill prove a Di credit to them; whereas, if they will take Pains, the may quickly approve themſelves to be worthy of th Name they bear. They anſwer, they'll obey us; an upon that Account we wanted to know what they ſhou be taught, and what Education we ſhould give them, i order to their beſt Improvement. Somebody told u there was nothing more proper for a young Gentlema than Fencing; and extolled to the very Heavens th Man, who performed his Exerciſe before us juſt now and preſſed us to come and ſee him. Accordingly, w thought it convenient to come and take you along wit us as we paſſed; not only that you might partake o the Pleaſure, but likewiſe that you ſhould communicat to us your Knowledge; and that we might all conſu together upon the Care we ought to have of our Chil dren. And this is all I had to ſay to you. Now 'ti your turn to aid us with your Counſel, in telling u whether you approve or condemn the above-mentione Exerciſe of Arms; and in adviſing us what Occupatio what Inſtructions we ſhould give our Children; or, i Fine, in giving us to know what Conduct you deſign t follow for your own Children.

Nic. Lyſimachus, I commend your Thought: I am very ready to join with you in this Deliberation: an I'll engage that *Laches* will be as glad as I am to act Part in the Conference.

Lac. You may engage for that, *Nicias*. In m Mind, all that *Lyſimachus* has ſaid againſt his Fathe and the Father of *Meleſias*, is admirably well ſaid; no only againſt them, but againſt us and all thoſe who em bar

ark in the Government of a State: for, as he ſaid, we ave the Education of our Children and our Domeſ- ick Affairs, and mind them no more than if we had either Houſe nor Family. *Lyſimachus*, you have ſpoke dmirably well; but I'm ſurprized that you ſhould call s to conſult with you upon that Subject, and not *So- rates*, who is our Fellow-Citizen; and beſides, bends l his Thoughts upon Things relating to the Education f Children, in purſuing the Sciences that are moſt uſe- ul to them, and finding out the moſt ſuitable Occupa- ons.

Lyſ. (a) How do you ſay, *Laches?* Would *Socra- s* apply himſelf to what concerns the Inſtruction of outh?

Lac. I aſſure you he would, *Lyſimachus*.

Nic. And I aſſure you of the ſame: for 'tis not four ays ſince he gave me a Muſick-Maſter for my Son, one *amon*, brought up by *Agathocles*; who, beſides all the xcellences of his Art, is poſſeſſed of all the other Qua- ies that can be deſired in a Tutor for a Child of his irth.

Lyſ. Indeed, both *Socrates*, and you *Nicias*, and *aches*, muſt pardon this Ignorance in me and all others f my Age; we are not acquainted with the young olks, for we ſcarce ſtir abroad, by reaſon of our old ge: But, *Socrates*, if you have any good Counſel to ive me, who am your Countryman, pray do it: I can y that 'tis your Duty, for you are a Friend of our Fa- ily from Father to Son. Your Father *Sophroniſcus* and were always good Friends and Comrades from our nfancy; and our Friendſhip laſted till his very Death, ithout Interruption. At preſent it comes into my Head, at I have heard theſe Children mention the Name of *crates* a thouſand Times, in their Interviews among emſelves, of whom they ſpeak much Good; and I ver minded to aſk them if they ſpoke of *Socrates* the

(a) This poor Man took *Socrates* for a Philoſopher, that minded ly the Study of Nature.

Son of *Sophroniſcus*. But now, pray tell me, Children, is this the *Socrates* I have heard you ſpeak of ſo often?

Ariſtides and *Thucydides*, both together.] Yes, Father, 'tis the ſame.

Lyſ. I am infinitely glad of that. Take Heart, my dear *Socrates*, you keep up the Reputation of your deceaſed Father admirably well, who was not only very well ſkilled in his † Art, but likewiſe a very good Man. You and I muſt renew our ancient Friendſhip, and henceforward your Intereſts ſhall be mine, and mine yours.

Lac. You do very well, *Lyſimachus*; do not let him go: for I have ſeen Occaſions, in which he maintained not only the Reputation of his Father, but that of his Country. * At the Defeat of *Delium*, he retired along with me: and I can aſſure you, if all the reſt had done their Duty as he did, our City had been admirably well ſupported, and had not met with that great Shock.

Lyſ. This is a great Encomium, *Socrates*; and by whom is it given? By Perſons that are worthy to be credited in all Things, eſpecially upon that Point for which they cry you up ‖. I aſſure you, nobody can hear your Praiſes with more Pleaſure than I do. I am infinitely glad that you have purchaſed ſuch a Reputation, and I liſt myſelf in the Number of your greateſt Well-wiſhers. And therefore pray come, without Ceremony, to ſee us, and live with us; ſince you are of our Family, you ought to do it. Let this Day be the Date of the renewing of our ancient Friendſhip; and from hence forward be familiar with us and theſe Children, to the end that you and they may keep up our Friendſhip, as a Paternal Pledge. We hope you'll make that Uſe of it and for our Parts, we will not ſuffer you to forget it.

† He was an Engraver.

* In this Battle, *Socrates* ſaved *Xenophon*'s Life, who fell when his Horſe was ſhot under him; and *Socrates* being on Foot, took him upon his Back, and carried him ſeveral Miles.

‖ That is his Valour.

ut to return to our Subject: What do you ſay? What ink you of this Exerciſe of Arms? Does it deſerve to e learned by young Men?

Soc. Upon that Point, *Lyſimachus*, I ſhall endeavour o give you the beſt Counſel I am Maſter of; and ſhall ot fail to put all your Orders in Execution. But ſince am the youngeſt, and leſs experienced than any of ou, 'tis but juſt that I hear you ſpeak firſt: that ſo, after have heard you, I may give in my Sentiments if I dif- r from you, and back them with forcible Reaſons. Vhy do not you ſpeak then, *Nicias?* 'Tis your Turn to eak firſt.

Nic. I do not refuſe to tell my Thoughts. In my Mind, that Exerciſe very proper for young People, and erits their Application; for beſides at it diverts them from the Amuſements that they ommonly purſue when they're idle, it inures them to abour, and of neceſſity renders them more vigorous nd ſtrong. There is no better Exerciſe; none that re- ires more Strength and Dexterity: there's none more itable to a Perſon of Quality than this and riding the reat Horſe, eſpecially to thoſe of our Profeſſion: and regard of the Wars we are already engaged in, and at are like to come upon us, we muſt reckon thoſe ly true and good Exerciſes that are performed with the rms uſed in War; for they are of admirable Uſe in Bat- s, whether ſet Battles in Rank and File; or ſingle At- cks after the Ranks are broken; whether we purſue Enemy that rallies from Time to Time, or upon a Re- at are put to it, to get clear of an obſtinate Enemy, at purſues us with Sword in Hand. He who is ac- ainted with thoſe Exerciſes, will never be afraid of e Man, nor ſeveral together; but will ſtill get off ear. Beſides, theſe Exerciſes have this commendable ality, that they inſpire their Votaries with a true Paſ- n for another more ſerious Exerciſe: for I ſuppoſe all oſe who give themſelves to Fencing, breathe nothing t the End they propoſed in going to be taught, *viz.* ttles and Fights; and when they come to be engaged

A Panegyrick upon Fencing,

in theſe, are ſo full of Ambition, and ſo fond of Glory, that they carefully inſtruct themſelves in all that belongs to the Art of War, and make it their Buſineſs to riſe by Degrees to the higheſt Poſts in the Army. For it is certain and manifeſt, that nothing is more deſirable, and more worthy of the Care of a good Man, than theſe different Poſts of the Sword, and all the Functions of War to which this Exerciſe of Arms leads, as a Means to the End. To all theſe Advantages we ſhall add one more, which is not a ſmall one. 'Tis, that this Art of Fencing makes Men more valiant and more venturous in Engagements: And if we reckon up every Thing, there's another Advantage that is not to be deſpiſed, *viz.* that it gives Men a good Mien, and a graceful Carriage, which in a publick Appearance renders them agreeable to their own Troops, and formidable to their Enemies. So that I am of Opinion, *Lyſimachus*, that Children ſhould learn thoſe Exerciſes, and have given the Reaſon I go upon. If *Laches* be of another Mind, I ſhall be glad to hear it.

Nicias's Elogy refuted.

Lac. Indeed, *Nicias*, he muſt be a bold Man, that ſays that any Science whatever is not worthy to be learn'd. For it is very commendable to know every Thing; and if this Exerciſe of Arms is a Science as its Teachers alledge, and as *Nicias* ſays, I own it ought to be taught. But if it is not a Science, and if the Fencing-Maſters impoſe upon us by their Bravados; or if it is only an inconſiderable Science, to what Purpoſe ſhould we amuſe ourſelves with it? I mention this, becauſe I am perſuaded, if it were a very conſiderable Science, it would never have eſcaped the *(a) Lacedemonians*, who ſpend their whole Life-time in enquiring after ſuch Things as may render them ſuperior in War to their Enemies. Nay, ſup-

(a) The Example of the *Lacedemonians* alone overturns all that *Nicias* had ſaid.

poſin

ſuſing it had eſcaped the *(a) Lacedemonians*, theſe Fencing-Maſters could not have been ignorant ſo long, that of all the *Grecians* the *Lacedemonians* are the moſt curious in what relates to Arms; and that Maſters of any Reputation here would have made their Fortune there much better than elſewhere, juſt as Tragical Poets of any Note do here: For *(b)* every one that has a Vein for Tragedies comes ſtrait hither with them, and does not travel from City to City to publiſh his Performances. Whereas thoſe valiant Champions, who teach Fencing, look upon *(c) Lacedemon* as an inacceſſible Temple, that they dare not approach; and ramble round about it, teaching their Art to others, particularly to thoſe who own themſelves inferior to all their Neighbours in what relates to War. In a Word, *Lyſimachus*, I have ſeen a great many of thoſe Maſters engaged in hot Actions, and I know perfectly what their Humour is, upon which 'tis eaſy to form a juſt Eſtimate of their Merit: It ſeems Providence has purpoſely ſo ordered it, that none of that Profeſſion did ever acquire the leaſt Reputation in War. We ſee ſeveral of other Profeſſions, not only ſucceſsful in the Way of their Buſineſs, but likewiſe famous in War. But theſe Men are unfortunate by a peculiar Sort of Fatality; For this very ſame *Steſilius*, who expoſed himſelf but now before this Crowd of Spectators, and ſpoke ſo magnificently of himſelf; I ſay, I

A great Elogy for *Lacedemon*.

Fine Maſters indeed! Their Scholars are ſhort of thoſe who ſlight their Leſſons.

Fencing-Maſters decried in War.

(a) They were the moſt warlike People of all the *Grecians*, and yet had no Fencing-Maſters.

(b) A ſatirical Rub upon *Athens*, for being as fond of Tragedies as *Lacedemon* was of Arms.

(c) He compares *Lacedemon* to the Temple of the Furies, which none durſt approach; for they had ſuch a terrible Impreſſion of theſe Goddeſſes, that they durſt not either name them, or look upon them, or offer their Addreſſes to them. Theſe Fencing-Maſters were equally afraid of *Lacedemon*. A noble Elogy!

have ſeen this ſame Man make far better Show againſt his Will upon a better Occaſion. When the Ship he was in attacked a Merchant-man, he fought with a Pike headed with a Scythe, that his Arms might be as remarkable as himſelf was among the Combatants. All the Prowеſs he ſhewed does ſcarce merit a Relation; but the Succeſs of this warlike Stratagem, in clapping a Scythe on the Head of a pike, is worth our Attention. While the Fellow was fencing with his new Arms, they were unhappily entangled in the Tackling of the Enemy's Ship, and ſtuck there. He pulled with all his Force to get it clear, but could not obtain his End. While his Ship kept cloſe to the other, he followed it, and kept his Hold; but when the Enemy's Ship ſteered off, and was going to hale him in, he ſuffered his Pike to ſlip by Degrees through his Hands, till he had only hold of it by the ſmall End. The Enemy's Crew made Huzzas upon the pleaſant Accident. At laſt, ſomebody having thrown a Stone that fell juſt at his Feet, he quitted his beloved Arms, and the Enemy redoubled their Shouts, when they ſaw the armed Sickle hanging upon the Tackling of their Ship like a Trophy. It is poſſible that, as *Nicias* ſays, it may be a very conſiderable and uſeful Science; but I tell you what I ſaw: So that, as I ſaid in the Beginning, if it is a Science, it is an uſeleſs one; and if it is none, and we are only inveigled by its fine Motto, then it does not deſerve our Regard. In a Word, thoſe who apply themſelves to that Art, are either Cowards or brave Men: If Cowards, they are the more inſolent, and their Cowardice is only the more expoſed: If brave, all the World has their Eyes upon them; and if they happen to be guilty of the leaſt falſe Step, they muſt bear a thouſand Jeſts and Railleries: For this is not an indifferent Profeſſion; it expoſes them to Envy at a furious Rate; and if the Man that follows it does not diſtinguiſh himſelf mightily by his Courage, he'll be ridiculed without any Poſſi-

Their Addreſs inſpires them with ſome Aſſurance; but for want of Courage they can carry on nothing vigorouſly.

As we ſay, That ſuch brave ones are the Bullies of the School. This Notion of Cowards deſerves to be remarked.

Poſſibility of avoiding it. Theſe are my Thoughts of that Exerciſe: It remains that you oblige *Socrates* to tell us his Mind.

Lyſ. Pray do, *Socrates*; for we want an Umpire to decide the Difference. Had *Nicias* and *Laches* been of one Opinion, we ſhould have ſpared you the Trouble: But you ſee they are directly oppoſite. So that now our Buſineſs is to hear your Judgment, and ſee which of the two you ſide with.

Soc. How now, *Lyſimachus*, are you for following the greateſt Number then?

Lyſ. What can one do better?

Soc. And you too, *Meleſias?* Were you to chuſe Exerciſes to be learned by your Son, would you rather be directed by the greateſt Number, than by one Man that has been well educated himſelf, and had excellent Maſters?

Mel. For my Part, *Socrates*, I would be directed by the latter.

Soc. You'd be more influenced by his Opinion, than by that of us all four?

Mel. Perhaps I might.

Soc. Becauſe a wiſe Judgment ought to be formed from Knowledge, and not from the Multitude.

'Tis Knowledge and not the Number that ought to determine us.

Mel. Without Doubt.

Soc. The firſt Thing then that we are to enquire into, is, Whether any of us is expert in the Thing we conſult about, or not? If any one be, we muſt refer ourſelves to him, and leave the others; if not, we muſt ſee for ſome ſuch Man elſewhere: For do you, *Meleſias* and *Lyſimachus*, imagine that this is a Buſineſs of ſmall Conſequence, and that you run but an ordinary Riſque? Do not you deceive yourſelves, the Matter in hand relates to the greateſt Good that is. All the Happineſs of Families depends upon the Education of Children: And Houſes riſe or ſink according as their Children are vicious or vertuous.

Of what Conſequence the Education of Children is.

Mel. You ſay well.

Soc. So that one cannot be too cautious and prudent upon this Score.

Mel. Moſt certainly.

Soc. How ſhould we do then to try which of us four is moſt expert and beſt ſkilled in Exerciſes? Should not we preſently pitch upon him who learned them beſt, and followed them moſt, and had the beſt Maſters?

Mel. So I think.

Soc. And before that, ſhould not we endeavour to know the Thing itſelf that we would have our Children learn?

Mel. How do you ſay?

Soc. Perhaps you'll underſtand me better in this Manner: Methinks, we did not at firſt agree upon the Nature of the Thing we are conſulting about, in order to know which of us is moſt dextrous at it, and was taught by the moſt maſterly Hand?

Nic. How do you mean, *Socrates?* Are not we conſidering of Fencing, in order to know whether our Children ought to learn it, or not?

Soc. I do not ſay otherwiſe: But when a Man adviſes about a Remedy for the Eyes, and wants to know whether he ſhould apply it, or not; do you think this Conſultation relates more to the Remedy than to the Eyes, to which 'tis to be applied?

Nic. It relates moſt to the Eyes.

Soc. And when a Man conſults what Bit he ſhould put upon his Horſe, does not the Queſtion relate more to the Horſe than to the Bit?

Nic. Yes, ſure.

Soc. In one Word, as often as a Man adviſes about a Thing with Reference to another, (*a*) the direct Object of the Conſultation is the Thing referred to, and not that which is only minded for the Sake of the other.

Nic. It is neceſſarily ſo.

(*a*) For Inſtance, When we think of purging a Sick Perſon, we conſider of the Patient before we think of the Medicine: And having firſt diſcovered the State of the Patient, then we think of a proper Medicine.

Soc. Then we ought to examine well whether the Man we adviſe with is expert and ſkilled in the Thing about which we adviſe.

Nic. That's certain.

Soc. At preſent we are conſulting what our Children ſhould learn: ſo that the Queſtion turns upon the Children, and the Knowledge of their Souls is the Buſineſs.

Nic. 'Tis juſt ſo.

Soc. And by Conſequence the Queſtion is, Whether there is any of us experienced in the Conduct of a Soul? Who knows how to manage it, and has been taught that Art by the beſt Maſters?

Lac. How, *Socrates*, did you never know any People that have become greater Proficients in ſome Sciences and Arts without any Maſters, than others with all the Maſters that could be had?

Soc. Yes, *Laches*, I have known ſome: But tho' all that Sort of Men ſhould be proud of telling you that they are very ſkilful, you would never intruſt the leaſt Affair to them, unleſs you ſaw them make, I do not ſay one, but ſeveral elaborate and well-done Performances.

Nic. Right, *Socrates*.

Soc. Since *Lyſimachus* and *Meleſias* have called us to give our Advice of the Education of their Children, out of an ardent Deſire to form and diſpoſe their Minds to Virtue, we are obliged, O *Nicias* and *Laches*, if we pretend to be endowed with the Capacity that's neceſſary for it, to tell them what Maſters we had, who were very good Men, and after having inſtructed ſeveral Scholars, formed and diſpoſed our Minds to Honeſty. And if any of us pretends to have had no Maſter, he muſt produce his Performances, and inſtance in ſome either among the *Athenians*, or among Foreigners, whether Freemen or Slaves, who have been benefited by his Precepts, according to the Teſtimony of all the World. If we can neither name our Maſters, nor ſhew our Works, we muſt ſend our Friends to ſee for Advice elſewhere, and not expoſe ourſelves to juſt Reproach upon a Point of that Importance, by corrupting their Children. For my

Part, *Lyſimachus* and *Meleſias*, I own I never had a Maſter for that Science, notwithſtanding that from my Youth I was paſſionately in Love with it: But I had not Money enough to reach the dear Fees of thoſe Sophiſters who boaſted they were the only Men that could benefit me; and by my own Ingenuity I have not yet been able to find out the Art. If *Nicias* and *Laches* have compaſſed it by themſelves, or have learned it of Maſters, I ſhall think it no Wonder; for being richer than I, they could afford to have Maſters; and being older than I, they may have learned it by themſelves: And upon that Account I account them admirably well qualified for inſtructing a young Gentleman. And beſides, if they had not been very well aſſured of their own Capacity, they would never have been ſo poſitive in determining what Exerciſes are uſeful, and what are uſeleſs to the Youth. So that I ſubmit to them in all Things. What amazes me, is, that they are of two different Opinions. However, ſince *Laches* intreated you to detain me, and oblige me to ſpeak, pray ſuffer me to intreat you, in my Turn, not to ſuffer *Laches* and *Nicias* to be gone, but to preſs them to make Anſwer, by telling them that *Socrates* knows nothing of theſe Matters, and is uncapable to determine which of them has the better of it: for he had no Maſters, and could not find out the Art himſelf. Wherefore *Nicias* and *Laches*, ſay you, pray tell us if ever you ſaw any excellent Man for the Education of Youth? Did you learn this Art from any Body, or did you find it of yourſelves? If you learned it, pray tell us who was your Maſter, and who they are that follow the ſame Profeſſion: to the End that, if the publick Affairs do not afford you ſo much Leiſure, we may go to them, and by Preſents and Careſſes oblige them to take Care of our Children and yours, and to prevent their reflecting Diſhonour upon their Anceſtors by their Vices. If you found out this Art by your own Ingenuity, pray cite thoſe you have inſtructed, who being vicious before their coming to you, became virtuous under your Care. If you are but yet beginning to teach, take Care that you do not make your firſt Eſſay upon little baſe Souls, but upon your

your own Children and thoſe of your beſt Friends. Tell us then what you can do, and what not. This, *Lyſimachus*, is what I would have you to aſk of them: Do not let them go without giving you an Anſwer.

Lyſ. In my Mind, *Socrates* ſpeaks admirably well. Wherefore, my Friends, conſider of anſwering all theſe Queſtions: For you may aſſure yourſelves that in ſo doing, you'll oblige me and *Meleſias* very much. I told you before that we called for your Advice, as fancying, that ſince you have Children as well as we, that will quickly be of that Age which requires a wiſe Education, you might have thought maturely upon it before now. So, if you are not buſy, pray diſcourſe the Matter with *Socrates*; for, as he ſaid very well, this is the moſt important Affair of our Life.

Nic. It ſeems, *Lyſimachus*, you have no Knowledge of *Socrates*, otherwiſe than by his Father, and that you never frequented his Company: You never ſaw him, ſure, but in his Infancy in the Temples or publick Aſſemblies, or when his Father brought him to your Houſe: For ſince he came to be a Man, it ſeems you never had any Correſpondence with him.

Lyſ. What Ground do you go upon for that, *Nicias?*

Nic. I go upon this: That I perceive you are ignorant that *Socrates* looks upon every Body as his Neighbour: and that whoever converſes with him, he is as much obliged to him as if he were his Relation: Tho' at firſt he ſpeaks only of indifferent Things, yet at laſt he is obliged by the Thread of his Diſcourſe to give him an Account of the Conduct of his Life, and to tell him how he lives, and has lived. And when *Socrates* has once brought him that Length, he does not part from him till he have ſounded him to the Bottom, and got an Account of all his good and evil Actions. I know it by Experience. So I ſee there's a neceſſity of paſſing that Way, and I find that I myſelf cannot get off. However, I am very glad of it, and do always take a ſingular Pleaſure in diſcourſing with him. For 'tis no great Harm for a Man to be advertiſed of his Faults: And

A Character of *Socrates*; His Love for all Men.

after that, he cannot but become more wise and prudent; if he minds and loves the Admonition; and according to *Solon*'s Maxim, is willing to be instructed, whatever his Age be, and is not foolishly persuaded that old Age brings Wisdom along with it. So that it shall neither seem new, nor disagreeable to me, if *Socrates* puts me to a Trial: And indeed I was aware from the Beginning, that since he was here, 'twould not be our Children, but ourselves that would be examined. For my Part, I submit to him with all my Heart. It remains that *Laches* should tell his Sentiments.

Old Age does not bring Wisdom along with it.

Lac. My Sentiments are various. Sometimes I am in one Humour and sometimes in another. Sometimes I love nothing so much as Discoursing, and at other times I cannot abide it. When I meet with a Man that speaks well of Virtue or any Science, and find him a Man of Veracity, and worthy of his Profession, I am charmed with him, and take an inexpressible Pleasure in finding his Words and Actions all of a Piece: Such a Man is to me the only excellent Musician that makes a perfect Harmony, not with the Harp or Musical Instruments, but with the Sum Total of his Life. For all his Actions suit with his Words, not according to the *(a) Lydian*, *Phrygian*, or *Ionian* Tones, but according to the *Dorian*; which is the only one that deserves the Name of *Grecian Harmony*. When

The only valuable Discourses.

A good Man is the only excellent Musician.

(a) The *Grecians* had four Measures or Tones which they called Harmonies, and multiplied these by joining the other several Ways. The *Lydian* was doleful and proper for Lamentation; the *Phrygian* was vehement and fit to raise the Passions; the *Ionian* effeminate and soft; the *Dorick* was Masculine, and so preferred by *Socrates* to all the rest. Accordingly *Aristotle* in the last Chapter of his Politicks, says, That all the World is agreed, that the *Dorick* was most manly and smooth, and a Sort of *Medium* between the others; upon which Account it was more proper and suitable for Children. *Plato* absolutely condemns the *Lydian* and *Ionian* in the third Book of his *Rep.*

ſuch a Man ſpeaks, I am overjoyed and charmed; and drink in his Words ſo greedily, that every body perceives me to be fond of his Diſcourſes. But a Man that acts the quite Contrary, mortifies me moſt cruelly; and the more he ſeems to ſpeak well, the more Averſion I have to his Jargon. I am not yet acquainted with *Socrates* by his Words, but by his Actions I am; and think him worthy to ſpeak upon any Subject, and diſcourſe with all Freedom. If he is ſuch a Man as you repreſent him, I am willing to enter into a Conference with him. I ſhall be very glad if he'll take the Pains to examine me, and ſhall never be unwilling to learn: For I am of *Solon*'s Mind, that we ought to be learning in our old Age. I would only add a Word to his Maxim, which I wiſh he had added, *viz.* That we ſhould learn of good Men. In earneſt, you muſt grant me this, That a Teacher ought to be a good Man, that I may not learn of him Reluctancy, and that my Diſreliſh may not paſs for Stupidity and Indocility. For I do not matter it at all, if my Maſter be younger than I, or has not yet gained a Reputation, and the like. So, *Socrates*, if you'll examine and inſtruct me, you ſhall find me very docile and ſubmiſſive. I have always had a good Opinion of you, ſince that Day that you and I eſcaped a conſiderable Danger, and you gave ſuch Proof of your Virtue, as became a good Man. Tell me then what you pleaſe: And let not my Age be any Hindrance.

The fineſt Diſcourſes not backed with ſuitable Actions, deſerve nothing but Contempt and Hatred.

The only Pleaſurable Learning is from good Men.

He ſpeaks this upon *Socrates*'s Account, who was much younger than he.

Soc. At leaſt we cannot complain, that you are not very ready to aſk good Counſel and follow it.

Lyſ. This is our Buſineſs; I call it ours, becauſe it is upon our Account that you are engaged in it. Wherefore, I beſeech you, for the Love of theſe Children, ſee in my ſtead what we ought to aſk of *Nicias* and *Laches*, and join your Thoughts in Conference with theirs. As for

for me, my Memory is almoſt gone, by Reaſon of my old Age; I forget moſt Part of the Queſtions I deſigned to aſk, and a great Part of what they ſaid; I remember nothing of the Matter, when the principal Queſtion is thus croſſed and carved by freſh Incidents. Diſcuſs this Matter among yourſelves; I and *Meleſias* ſhall hear you; and after that, ſhall do as you direct us.

Soc. Nicias and *Laches*, we muſt obey *Lyſimachus* and *Meleſias*. Perhaps it will not be improper to diſcuſs the Queſtion we propoſed above, *viz.* Whether we had Maſters in this Art, or if we have formed any Scholars, and rendered them better Men than they were? But methinks there's a ſhorter Way of compaſſing our End, and at the ſame Time of going nearer to the Source; (a) for if we have a certain Knowledge of any Thing, that being communicated to another, renders him better, and have likewiſe the Secret of communicating it to him, 'tis plain not only that we know the Thing itſelf, but that we know what Means are to be employed in acquiring it. Perhaps you do not underſtand me; but an Example will let you into the Meaning. If we know certainly that Sight communicated to the Eyes renders them better, and are able to communicate it; it is certain that we know what the Sight is, and all that's to be done for procuring it. Whereas, if we do not know what Seeing or Hearing is, our Advice will be to no purpoſe; we cannot pretend to be good Phyſicians, either for the Eyes or the Ears, or to furniſh them with the Means of Seeing or Hearing.

In curing a ſick Perſon, we muſt know the Remedy, and the Way of giving it.

Lyſ. You ſay well, *Socrates*.

(a) This is an important and very uſeful Principle. *Socrates'* Scope is, to make them ſenſible that Men may well know the Vices and Faults of one another, and the Virtues they all want to make them perfect, but do not know how to communicate that Virtue, God alone knows our Weakneſs and Miſery, and he alone can heal it.

Soc. Have not your two Friends, *Laches*, called you hither to adviſe with us, how Virtue may be made to grow in the Souls of their Children, in order to their Improvement?

Lac. 'Tis true.

Soc. Is it not neceſſary then, that firſt of all we ſhould know what Virtue is? for if we are ignorant of that, how ſhould we be capable of preſcribing Means for acquiring it?

Lac. By no means, *Socrates*.

Soc. Then 'tis preſumed you know what it is.

Lac. Without Doubt.

Soc. But when we know a Thing, cannot we tell what it is?

Lac. Yes, ſure.

Soc. At preſent we ſhall not enter upon the Enquiry, what Virtue is in general: That would be too long, and too perplexed a Taſk: Let us content ourſelves with tracing one of its Branches, and try if we have all that's neceſſary for knowing that well. This will be a ſhorter and eaſier Enquiry.

Lac. Since you are of that Mind, I am ſatisfied.

Soc. But what Branch of Vertue ſhall we pitch upon? Doubtleſs it muſt be that which ſeems to be the only End of Fencing; for the People alledge, that this Exerciſe tends directly to Valour.

Lac. Yes, that is the Plea.

Soc. Let's endeavour, *Laches*, in the firſt Place to form a nice Definition of Valour; and then we ſhall purſue the Means of communicating it to theſe Children, as much as is poſſible both by Habit and by Study. Say then, What is Valour?

Lac. Indeed, *Socrates*, that Queſtion is not very hard. A valorous Man is one that ſtands to his Poſt in Battle, that never turns his Back, and that repulſes the Enemy.

The firſt Definition of Valour.

Soc. Very well, *Laches*; but perhaps 'tis my faulty Expreſſion that occaſioned your giving an Anſwer remote from my Queſtion.

Lac. How do you mean, *Socrates*?

Soc. I'll tell you, if I can. A valiant Man is one that keeps his Poſt in the Army, and bravely attacks the Enemy.

Lac. That's what I ſay.

Laches's Definition is faulty.

Soc. So ſay I too. But as for him that fights the Enemy upon a Flight, and without keeping his Poſt?

Lac. How, upon a Flight?

Soc. Yes, in fleeing; as the *Scbythians*, for Inſtance, who fight as fiercely upon a Retreat, as upon a Purſuit; and as *Homer* ſays in Commendation of *Æneas*'s Horſes, they were ſwifter than the Wind in the Field of Battle, and knew how to eſcape and purſue an Enemy. And does not he commend *Æneas* for his Skill in the Art of Fleeing, when he calls them expert in Retreat?

In the Book of *Iliads.*

Laches defends his Definition by a Diſtinction.

Lac. That's very true, *Socrates*; for *Homer* in that Place ſpeaks of Chariots. And as for the *Scythians*, you know they were Troops of Cavalry; for that was their Way of Engagement with Horſe: but our *Grecian* Infantry fight by ſtanding their Ground, as I ſaid but now.

Socrates refutes his Diſtinction. Theſe were *Perſian* Troops, armed with Bucklers of Willows. The Flight of the *Lacedemonians* at *Platea*, brought them the Victory.

Soc. Perhaps you'll except the *Lacedemonians*; for I have heard in the Battle of *Platea*, when the *Lacedemonians* were engaged with the *Gerrophori* who had made a Bulwark of their Bucklers, and killed many of their Men with their Arrows; the *Lacedemonians*, I ſay, on this Occaſion thought it not proper to keep their Poſt, but fled; and when the *Perſian* Ranks were diſordered in the Purſuit, rallied and attacked the Cavalry you ſpoke of, and by that Means came off with a noble Victory.

Lac. You ſay true.

Soc. And for that Reaſon, I told you but now that I occaſioned your faulty Anſwer by putting the Queſtion amiſs

miſs. For I wanted to know what Valour is in a Man, that's valiant not only in Cavalry, but in Infantry, and all other Sorts of War: that is not only valiant in War, but in Dangers at Sea; in Diſeaſes, in Poverty, in the Management of Publick Affairs; not only valorous in Grief, Sorrow, and Fears, but likewiſe in his Deſires and Pleaſures; a Man that knows how to make Head againſt his Paſſions, whether by ſtanding his Ground, or fleeing. For Valour extends to all theſe Things.

The Extent of Valour.

Lac. That's certain.

Soc. Then all theſe Men are valiant. One diſplays his Courage by oppoſing his Pleaſures, another by reſtraining his Sorrow: One controuls his Deſires, and another his Fears: And upon all theſe Occaſions a Man may be cowardly and mean ſpirited.

Lac. Without Queſtion.

Soc. So I wanted to know of you, what each of theſe Contraries, Valour and Cowardice, is. To begin with Valour: Tell me, if you can, what is this Quality that is always the ſame upon all thoſe different Occaſions? Do not you underſtand me now?

The Definition muſt include all theſe different Occaſions.

Lac. Not yet perfectly.

Soc. What I would ſay, is this. For Inſtance, if I aſked you what that Swiftneſs is, which extends itſelf to Running, Playing upon Inſtruments, Speaking, Learning, and a thouſand other Things. For we apply that Swiftneſs to the Actions of the Hands, Feet, Tongue, and Mind: Theſe are the principal Subjects. Is it not ſo?

Lac. Yes.

Soc. If any one aſked me, what this Swiftneſs is, that extends to all theſe different Things? I would anſwer, *'Tis a Faculty that does much in a little Space of Time.* For this Definition agrees to the Voice, to Running, and all the other Things that the Word can be applied to.

A Definition of Valour.

Lac. Right, *Socrates*; the Definition is very good.

Soc.

Soc. Define Valour then after the ſame Manner. Tell me what Faculty this is, that is always the ſame in Pleaſures, in Affliction, and in all the above-mentioned Caſes; and that never changes either its Name or its Nature.

Lac. Since I muſt give a Definition, reaching to all the different *Species* of that Virtue; I ſeems to me to be a Diſpoſition of the Soul always ready to ſuffer any Thing

A ſecond Definition of Valour.

Soc. To anſwer my Queſtion fully your Definition muſt certainly be ſuch. But this Definition methinks is defective: For I reckon you do not take all the Patience of the Soul to be Valour. I ſee plainly you place Valour in the Number of fine Things.

A Fault in this Definition.

Lac. Yes, without Doubt; and indeed the fineſt thing is.

Soc. Accordingly this Patience of the Soul when accompanied by Wiſdom is good and fine?

Lac. Moſt certainly.

Soc. And when Imprudence is its Companion, is it not quite contrary? Is it not then very bad and pernicious?

Lac. Without Queſtion.

Soc. Do you call a pernicious Thing fine?

Lac. God forbid, *Socrates.*

Soc. Then you'll never call that Sort of Patience by the Name of Valour, ſince 'tis not fine, and Valour is ſomewhat that's very fine.

Lac. You ſay right.

Soc. Then, according to you, a wiſe and prudent Patience is Wiſdom?

For an imprudent Patience is Folly, and a forgetting of one's ſelf.

Lac. So I think.

Soc. Let's ſee whether this Patience is only prudent in ſome Things, or in every Thing, whether ſmall or great. For Inſtance: A Man ſpends his Eſtate very patiently and prudently, with a firm Certainty, that his Spending will one Day fetch him great Riches: Would you call this Man valiant and ſtout?

La

Lac. I would be very loth to do that, *Socrates.*

Soc. But a Phyſician has a Son or ſome other Patient ying ill of a great Inflammation in the Breaſt: This on teazes him for ſomething to eat. The Phyſician is far from yielding to his Importunity, that he patient- bears his Complaints and his Anger: Would you call is Phyſician valiant and ſtout?

Lac. No more than the other.

Socrates makes *Laches* fall into the common Prejudice, that an imprudent and indiſcreet Temerity is Valour.

Soc. But as for War. Here's a Man f that Diſpoſition of Soul we now eak of. He has a Mind to fight; nd his Prudence ſupporting his Cou- ge, tells him he will quickly be re- eved, and that his Enemies are the eaker Party, and that he has the Advantage of the round. This brave Man, that is thus prudent, will ou make him more valiant and courageous than his nemy, who ſtands his Ground, notwithſtanding the iſadvantages he lies under, and that without theſe Re- ctions?

Lac. No, ſure; the laſt is the braveſt.

Soc. And, after all, the Courage of the laſt is far leſs udent than that of the former.

Lac. That's true.

Soc. Then it follows from your Principle, that a good orſe-man, that in an Engagement behaves himſelf avely, and truſts to his Dexterity of managing a orſe, is leſs courageous than he who wants that Advan- ge.

Lac. Yes, ſure.

Soc. You'll ſay the ſame of an Archer, a Slinger, and l the other Orders of Soldiery.

Lac. Without Doubt.

Soc. And thoſe, who, without being acquainted with e Art of Diving, have the Courage to dive, and are e firſt that throw their Heads into the Waters, are, ac- rding to you, more bold and courageous than the ex- rt Divers?

Lac. Yes ſure.

Soc. According to your Principles it muſt be ſo.

Lac.

Lac. And theſe are my Principles.

Soc. But after all, thoſe artleſs and unexperienced Men encounter Danger much more imprudently than thoſe who expoſe themſelves with the Advantage of Art.

Lac. Yes, ſure.

Soc. But we concluded juſt now, that indiſcreet Boldneſs and imprudent Patience, are very ſcandalous and pernicious.

Lac. That's true.

Soc. And we looked upon Valour to be a good and fine Thing.

Lac. I own it.

Soc. But now it is quite contrary: We give the Name of Valour to this indiſcreet Boldneſs, that we deſpiſe ſo much.

Lac. I own it.

Soc. And do you think it is well done?

Lac. I am not ſuch a Fool, *Socrates.*

The moſt perfect Love, and the moſt worthy of Men, when their Actions and Words are of a Piece.

Soc. Thus, *Laches,* by your own Principles, you and I are not upon the Foot of the Dorick Tone: For our Actions do not agree with our Words. If one take a View of our Actions, I preſume he would ſay we are Men of Courage: But if he heard our Words he would quickly change his Sentiments.

Lac. You ſay right.

Soc. But do you think it fit we ſhould continue in this Condition?

Lac. No, ſure.

Soc. Are you willing we ſhould act for one Minute conformably to the Definition we gave juſt now?

Lac. What Definition is that?

Soc. That true Courage, true Valour, is Patience. If you pleaſe then, let's ſhew our Patience, in carrying on our Enquiry, that ſo Valour may not laugh at us for purſuing her without Courage; ſince according to our Principles, Patience is Courage.

Lac. I am willing, *Socrates,* and ſhall not at all flinch tho' I am a Novice in thoſe Diſputes. But I muſt own I am

I am out of Humour and vexed, that I cannot explain my Thoughts: for methinks I conceive perfectly what Valour is; and I underſtand now that Idea does ſo baulk me, that I cannot explain it.

Soc. But *Laches*, a good Huntſman ought always to run after the Beaſt he purſues, and not to weary himſelf in running at every Thing he ſees.

Lac. I agree to it.

Soc. Are you willing we ſhould call *Nicias* to hunt with us, to try if he'll have any better Fortune?

Lac. With all my Heart, why not?

Soc. Come then, *Nicias*, come and help your Friends, if you can, who are in a ſad Quandary, and know not what Hand to turn to: you ſee what Condition we are in, and how impoſſible it is for us to get clear of it. Pray reſcue us, by giving us to know, what Valour is, and proving it.

Nic. I thought all along that you defined this Virtue amiſs. How comes it to paſs, *Socrates*, that you do not upon this Occaſion make uſe of what I have heard you ſpeak ſo often and ſo well?

Soc. What's that, *Nicias?*

Nic. I have often heard you ſay, that a Man is dextrous at the Things he knows, but very unhappy at what he does not know.

Soc. That's very true.

Nic. And by Conſequence, if a valiant Man be good at any Thing, he's good at what he knows.

Soc. Do you hear him, *Laches?*

Lac. Yes, I hear him: but I do not well underſtand what he means.

Soc. But methinks I perceive his Meaning. As I take it he means that Valour is a Science.

Lac. What Science, *Socrates?*

Soc. Why do not you aſk him?

Lac. I deſire the ſame Favour of him?

Soc. *Nicias*, anſwer *Laches* a little, and tell him what Science Valour is in your Opinion; for 'tis neither the Science of Playing upon the Flute, nor that of playing upon the Harp.

Nic.

Nic. No, ſurely.

Soc. What is it then? And what is the Subject of it?

Lac. You aſk him very well, *Socrates*; let him tell us then what Science it is.

A 3d Definition of Valour, which alone can give the true Idea of it. See the *Remarks*.

Nic. I ſay, *Laches*, that it is the (a) Science of Things that are terrible, and of thoſe that do not ſurpaſs our Strength, and in which one may ſhew a Stedfaſtneſs, whether it be in War, or in the other Contingencies of Life.

Lac. A ſtrange Definition, *Socrates*.

Soc. Why do you think it ſo ſtrange?

Lac. Why, becauſe Science and Valour are two very different Things.

Soc. *Nicias* pretends they are not.

Lac. Yes he pretends it, and therein he dotes.

Soc. Good God! let us endeavour to inſtruct him: Reproaches are not Reaſons.

Nic. He has no Deſign to abuſe me, but he wiſhes that what I have ſaid may be of no Weight, becauſe he himſelf is deceived all along.

Lac. It is the very Truth, and I ſhall die of Grief, or make it appear that you have not ſpoke better than I. Without going any farther, don't the Phyſicians know what there is that's dangerous in Diſeaſes? Do the moſt valiant Men know it better? Or do you call the Phyſicians valiant Men?

Nic. No, ſurely.

(a) *Nicias* himſelf knew not all the Strength of this Definition; he underſtood only, that Valour was the Effect of Experience and Cuſtom. For example, Men who have run thro' many Dangers, are commonly more valiant than thoſe who have never ſeen any: for as they have already eſcaped thoſe Dangers, they believe that they may likewiſe overcome all others. This is the Sentiment of *Nicias*, but it is not that of *Socrates*, who from his Definition draws a Principle far more excellent, as will be ſeen by what follows.

Lac. Neither do you give that Name to Labourers; et they know what it is that's moſt terrible in their La- our. It is the ſame with all other Tradeſmen; they ll know very well what it is that is moſt terrible in eir Profeſſion, and what it is that may give them Aſ- rance and Confidence: but they are not the more vali- nt for that.

Soc. What ſay you, *Nicias*, of that Criticiſm of *Laches?* For my Part, I think there's ſomething in .

Nic. It certainly has ſomething in it, but nothing of Truth.

Soc. How ſo?

Nic. How! becauſe he thinks that Phyſicians know ot any Thing more of Diſeaſes, than to ſay that a Thing healthful or unhealthful. 'Tis very certain that they now nothing more of it: for, in good earneſt, *La- es*, do you imagine that the Phyſician nows whether his Patient has more eaſon to be afraid of Health or of Sick- eſs? And don't you think that there e Abundance of Sick to whom it ould be more advantageous not to be ured than to be cured? Dare you ſay at it is always good to live, and that here are not Abundance of People to whom it would be ore advantageous to die?

Valour is not only the Knowledge of what is terrible or not terrible but alſo of what will be ſo. A great Principle.

Lac. I am perſuaded that there are ſome People who ould be more happy to die.

Nic. And do you think that the Things that ſeem terri- le to thoſe who would willingly live, appear the ſame to hoſe who had rather die?

Lac. No, doubtleſs.

Nic. And who will you be judged by on theſe Occa- ons? The Phyſicians? They don't in the leaſt ſee nto it. People of other Profeſſions, they know nothing f the Matter. It belongs then only to thoſe who are ilful in the Science of terrible Things: and it is thoſe hom I call valiant.

Soc.

Soc. Laches, do you understand what *Nicias* says?

Lac. Yes, I understand that according to his Reckoning there is none valiant but Prophets: for who else but a Prophet can know if it be more advantageous to die than to live? And I would ask you, *Nicias*, * Are you a Prophet? If you be not, farewell to your Valour.

Yes, we must be Prophets, we must foresee the Evils to come.

Nic. How then? Do you think that 'tis the Business of a Prophet to know himself in Things that are terrible and in those wherein he can shew Stedfastness?

Lac. Without Doubt; and whose Business is it else?

Nic. Whose! His of whom I speak, the valiant Man; for the Business of a Prophet is only to know the Signs of Things that are to happen, as of Deaths, Diseases, Losses, Defeats, and Victories, whether it be in War or in other Combats: and do you think, that it is more proper for him than for another Man, to judge which of all those Accidents are more or less advantageous to this Man or to that? Never had any Prophet the least Thought of such a Thing.

Lac. Truly, *Socrates*, I cannot comprehend his Meaning: for according to his Account, there is neither Prophet, nor Physician, nor any other Sort of Men, to whom the Name of valiant can be applicable. This valiant Person, of whom he has an Idea, must then be God. But, to tell you my Thoughts, *Nicias* has not the Courage to confess that he knows not what he says; he only quibbles and shifts to conceal his Confusion. We could have done as much, you and I, if we had had nothing else in View but to hide the Con-

This valiant Man is not a God, but he is animated and supported by God.

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* *Laches* jeers *Nicias* here in obscure Terms, because of his Respect to the Diviners: for as he was a very religious Man, he had a great Respect for all Diviners, and kept one always in his House.

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radictions we fall into. If we were before a Judge, his Conduct might perhaps be reaſonable. 'Tis a Piece of Cunning to entangle a bad Cauſe; but in Converſation, like ours, to what Purpoſe is it to endeavour to triumph by vain Diſcourſe?

Soc. Certainly that is a very ill Thing: But let us ſee if *Nicias* does not pretend to ſay ſomething to the purpoſe, and whether you don't injure him by accuſing him of talking merely for talking's Sake. Let us deſire him to explain his Thought to us more clearly; and if we find that he has Reaſon on his Side, we will be of his Mind; if not, we will endeavour to ſpeak better.

Lac. Aſk him yourſelf, *Socrates*, if you pleaſe; I have aſked Queſtions enough of him.

Soc. I will do it: I will argue with him for you and me too.

Lac. If you pleaſe.

Soc. Tell me, I pray you, *Nicias*, or rather tell us, for I ſpeak alſo for *Laches*, do you maintain that Valour is the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of Things in which one may teſtify ſome Aſſurance and Confidence?

Nic. Yes, I do maintain it.

Soc. You maintain alſo, that this Knowledge is not given to all Sorts of People, ſeeing it is not known either to the Phyſicians, or to the Prophets, and that yet nobody can be valiant without this Knowledge. Is not this what you ſaid?

It is not known to Phyſicians as Phyſicians: nor yet to Prophets as ſuch.

Nic. Yes doubtleſs.

Soc. Then we may apply the Proverb in this Caſe: *That it is not the ſame of every wild Sow; every wild Sow is not valiant and courageous.*

Nic. No, ſurely.

Soc. It is evident by this, *Nicias*, that you are fu perſuaded, that the wild † Sow of *Crommion* was n courageous, whatever the Ancients have ſaid of her. do not tell you this in Jeſt, but in good Earneſt: he w ſpeaks as you, muſt not of neceſſity admit of any Co rage in Beaſts, or grant, that the Lions, Leopards, Boa know many Things which moſt Men are ignorant becauſe of their being too difficult. Beſides, he w maintains that Valour is what you ſay it is, muſt a maintain, that Lions, Bulls, Harts, Foxes, are born qually valiant one with another.

Lac. By all that's ſacred, *Socrates*, you ſpeak to a miration. Tell us then truly, *Nicias*, do you belie that Beaſts, which are generally reckoned full of Co rage, are of more Underſtanding than we? or dare you againſt the common Opinion, and maintain, that th have not Courage?

Nic. I tell you in a Word, *Laches*, that I do not c either Beaſt or Man, or any Thing whatever, th thro' Imprudence and Ignorance fears not the Thin that are terrible, valiant and courageous; but I c them fearleſs and ſenſleſs. Alas! do you think that call all Children who, thro' Imprudence, fear no Da ger, valiant and courageous? In my Opinion, to without Fear, and to be valiant, are two very differe Things: there is nothing more rare than Valour accon panied with Prudence, and nothing more common th Boldneſs, Audaciouſneſs, and Intrepidity, accompani with Imprudence; for it is the Property of moſt M and Women, of all Beaſts and Children. In a wor thoſe whom you and moſt People call valiant, I c Raſh and Fool-hardy; and I give the Name of Valia

† The Aim of *Socrates* is to try *Nicias*, and to ſhake him in Opinion, by making him fear that his Principle would hurt their R ligion: for if the wild Sow of *Crommion* had not been valiant and co rageous, *Theſeus* is not ſo great a Hero for having overcome her, *Hercules* for having defeated the Lion of *Nemea*.

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only to those who are prudent and wise: These only are the Persons I mean.

Lac. Do you see, *Socrates*, *(a)* how he offers Incense to himself as if he were the only valiant Man; for he strives to rob all those, who pass for such, of that Glory.

For *Nicias* was very prudent and very wise. See the *Remark*.

Nic. That is none of my Design, *Laches*; do not you fret yourself, I know that you and *(b) Lamachus* are prudent and wise, if you be valiant. I say the same of many of our *Athenians*.

Lac. (*c*) Tho' I could answer you in your own Coin, yet I will not, lest you should accuse me *(d)* of being ill-natured and foul mouthed.

Soc. Don't say so: *Laches*, I see plainly you do not perceive that *Nicias* hath learned these fine Things of our Friend *Damon*, and that *Damon* is the intimate Friend of *Prodicus*, the ablest of all the Sophists for that Kind of Distinctions.

Lac. Oh, *Socrates*, it becomes a Sophist very well to make Ostentation of his vain Subtilties; but for a Man like *Nicias*, whom the *Athenians* have chosen to sit at the Helm of the Republick———

(*a*) Wisdom and Prudence were the true Character of *Nicias*, who undertook nothing but where he saw at least an apparent Safety, and who, by waiting for Opportunities to act safely, did often let them slip; which begot him the Character of a cowardly Man: however he undertook Things well, and executed them better, performing his Part always well.

(*b*) 'Tis that *Lamachus* who was General of the *Athenians* with *Nicias* and *Alcibiades*, in the Expedition of *Sicily*, where he was killed.

(*c*) *Laches* speaks like one that is a little touched, for he would say, that he could answer *Nicias* that he is not valiant, because he is too prudent and too wise: as indeed the Poets themselves taxed his Prudence with Cowardice.

(*d*) The *Greek* Copy says, *Lest you should take me for a Man of the Tribe of* Aixionides, for the People of that Tribe were much cried down for their railing Temper and Ill-Nature.

Soc. My dear *Laches*, it well becomes a Man wh hath ſo great Affairs upon his Hands, to ſtudy to b more learned and more wiſe than others: wherefore think that *Nicias* deſerves to be heard, and that w ought at leaſt to enquire into his Reaſons why he defin Valour thus.

Lac. Enquire then as much as you pleaſe, *Socrates*.

Soc. 'Tis what I am going to do; but don't think th I acquit you of it, and that you ſhall not aſſiſt me in ſon Things: Liſten a little then, and take Heed to what I a going to ſay,

Lac. I ſhall do ſo, ſince it pleaſes you.

Soc. That is ſo far well: Now come on, *Nicias*; pr you tell us, in reſuming the Matter from the Beginnin is it not true, that at firſt we conſidered Valour † as a Pa of Virtue?

Nic. 'Tis true.

Soc. Did not you anſwer, that Valour was certain but one Part, and that there were other Parts, whi all together were called by the Name of Virtue?

Nic. How could I ſay otherwiſe?

Soc. You ſay then as I do: for, beſides Valour, I a knowledge there are other Parts of Virtue, as Temp rance, Juſtice, and many others; don't you alſo a knowledge them?

Nic. Doubtleſs I do.

Soc. That's good, we are agreed upon this Poin Let's go then to thoſe Things which we call terrib and wherein you ſay a Man may ſhew ſome Aſſuran and Confidence; let us examine them well, leſt it ha pen that you underſtand them one Way, and we an ther; we are going to tell you what we think of the If you don't agree with us, you will correct us. W believe the Things which you call terrible, are ſuch inſpire People with Terror and Fear; and that th

† *Socrates* would prove, that Virtue being one, he, who not all the Parts that compoſe it, cannot brag of being virtuou

wherein you ſay we may ſhew ſome Aſſurance, are ſuch as do not inſpire us with that Fear. Now thoſe that cauſe Fear, are neither Things that have already happened, nor Things that actually happen, but ſuch as we expect: for Fear is only the Expectation of an Evil to come. Are you not of this Opinion, *Laches?*

Lac. Yes, yes, perfectly.

Soc. This then is our Sentiment, *Nicias.* By thoſe Things that are terrible, we underſtand the Evils to come; and by the Things wherein one may ſhew ſome Aſſurance, we underſtand thoſe Things which are alſo to come, and which appear good, or at leaſt don't appear to be ill. Do you admit our Definition, or not?

Nic. Yes, yes, I admit it.

Soc. Then it is the Knowledge of thoſe Things which you call Valour?

Nic, Yes, it is.

Soc. Let's go to a third Point, and ſee if we can agree upon that too?

Nic. What is that?

Soc. You ſhall hear it preſently. We ſay, (that is *Laches* and I) that in all Things † Science never differs from itſelf: it is not one Thing, as to Things paſt, to know how they paſſed; another, as to the Things present, to know how they are, and how they happen; and another upon the Things to come, to know how they will be, and how they will fall out; but it is always the ſame, for Example, as to Health, let the Time be what it will, Phyſick never differs from itſelf, it is always the

† *Socrates* would make *Nicias* underſtand, that in defining Valour to be the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, that is to ſay, of Evils to come, he has not been large enough in his Definition; for Knowledge extending itſelf to what is paſt, what is preſent, and what is to come, Valour muſt have all that Extent if it be truly a Science. Then we muſt ſay, that it is the Knowledge of all the Evil and of all the Good that hath been, that is, and that ſhall be; for Valour ought no leſs to judge of what has been, and of what is, than of what will be. But of what Uſe is it? That *Socrates* will make plain by and by.

ſame Art of Phyſick that judges of it, and that ſees what has been, what is, and what will be heathful or unhealthful. Huſbandry in the ſame Manner judges of what has come, of what is now come, and of what will come. And as to War, you can very well teſtify, and will be believed, that the Art of a General extends itſelf to all, to what is paſt, to what is preſent, and to what is to come, that he has no Occaſion for the Art of Divination, and that on the contrary he has it at Command, as knowing better than it, what happens and what ought to happen. Is not the Law itſelf expreſs in that? For it commands not that the Diviner ſhall command the General, but that the General ſhall command the Diviner. Is not this what we ſay, *Laches?*

For if the Diviner commanded the General, he would then be General himſelf.

Lac. Yes certainly, *Socrates.*

Soc. And you, *Nicias*, do you alſo ſay as we do, and do you agree, that Knowledge, being always the ſame, judges equally of what is paſt, what is preſent, and what to come?

Nic. Yes, I ſay as you ſay; for I think it cannot be otherwiſe.

Soc. You ſay then, moſt excellent *Nicias*, that Valour is the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of thoſe that are not ſo? Is not that what you ſay?

Nic. Yes.

Soc. Have not we agreed, that thoſe Things that are terrible, are Evils to come, and thoſe Things that are not terrible, and in which we can ſhew ſome Aſſurance, is ſome Good that we expect.

Nic. We are agreed upon it.

Soc. And that Knowledge does not extend itſelf only to what is to come, but alſo to Things preſent, and to what is paſt.

Nic. I agree in that.

Soc. Then it is not true, that Valour is only the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of thoſe that are not terrible; for it does not only know the Good and the Evil that is to come, but its Juriſdiction extends

s far as that of other Sciences, and it alſo judges of hat is paſt, and of what is preſent, and, in a word, f all Things, whether they be near at Hand or at a Diſ-ance.

Nic. That ſeems to be true.

Soc. Then you have only defined to us the third Part f Valour, but we deſired you to give us a full Defini-on of it: at preſent it ſeems to me, that according to our Principles, 'tis the Knowledge not only of Things hat are terrible and not terrible, ‖ but alſo of almoſt all e Good and all the Evil, at what Diſtance ſoever they e from us before or after. Have you then changed your entiment, *Nicias?* what do you ſay?

Nic. It appears to me, that Valour has all the Extent ou ſay?

Soc. That being ſo, do you think that a valiant Man ants any Part of Vertue, if it be true, that he knows ll the Good and all the Evils that have een, that are, and that may be? and o you believe, that ſuch a Man can ant Temperance, Juſtice, and Sancti-y? he to whom alone it belongs to ſe a prudent Precaution againſt all the vils that may happen to him on the art of Man and on the Part of God, nd to put himſelf in a Condition to raw from thence all the Good that can e expected, ſeeing he knows how he ught to behave himſelf both towards an and towards God.

If he wanted any one of thoſe Qualities, he would not be valiant.

Valour conſiſts then in ſhunning the Evils and procuring to himſelf the Good that may happen to us, not only on the Part of Men, but alſo on the Part of God.

Nic. What you ſay now, *Socrates*, eems to have ſomething in it.

‖ *Socrates* will have us underſtand, that Valour puts us in a Condition to attract the Good and to avoid the Evil that may happen o us on the Part of Man and on the Part of God; for it may ſerve o correct what is paſt, to diſpoſe well of what is preſent, and to uſe iſe Precautions againſt what is to come. It is ſo ſolid a Principle, hat nothing can ſhake it.

Soc. Valour then is not a Part of Virtue, but is Virtue in all its Parts?

Nic. So it ſeems to me.

Soc. Yet we ſaid that it was but a Part of it.

Nic. We did ſo.

Soc. And what we ſaid then does not now appear to be true.

Nic. I own it.

Soc. And conſequently, *Nicias*, we have not yet found out what Valour is.

Nic. † I am of your Mind.

Lac. Yet I ſhould have thought, my dear *Nicias*, by the Contempt you ſhewed of Me, when I was anſwering *Socrates*, that you would have found it out better than another; and I had great Hopes that, with the Aſſiſtance of *Damon*'s high Wiſdom, you would have accompliſhed it very well.

Nic. Cheer up, *Laches*, that is admirable. You think it nothing that you appeared very ignorant of what relates to Valour, provided I appear as ignorant as you; you regard nothing but that, and you believe yourſelf no Way blameable, when you have me for a Companion in that Ignorance, which is ſo ſcandalous to Men of Quality: but that's the Humour of Men, they never look to themſelves, but always to others. For my Part, I think I am anſwered indifferently well. If I am deceived in any Thing, I don't pretend to be infallible, I ſhall undeceive myſelf, by taking

In Effect he anſwered better than *Laches*, and came nearer the Mark.

† *Nicias* does not comprehend that which *Socrates* makes him almoſt touch with his Finger, that Virtue cannot be divided, and that every one of its Parts is Virtue entire. Valour is not without Temperance, Sanctity and Juſtice, and there is not one of thoſe without Valour. But how comes it about that *Nicias* and *Laches* do not underſtand this Language? 'Tis becauſe they were uſed to the unhappy Diſtinctions of Sophiſts, who had filled their Minds with their falſe Ideas, and who had ruined Virtue by dividing it and cutting it in Pieces. This will be explained more at large in the following Dialogue.

In-

Inſtructions, whether it be from *Damon*, whom you would ſo willingly ridicule, tho' you never ſaw or knew him, or from any others: and when I am well inſtructed, I will communicate my Knowledge to you; for I am not envious, and you ſeem to me to have great Need of Inſtruction.

Lac. And for you, *Nicias*, if we may believe you, you'll ſuddenly be the eighth wiſe Man: In the mean Time, for all this fine reaſoning, I adviſe *Lyſimachus* and *Meleſias* to ſend us and our good Counſels for the Education of their Children, a going, and if you'll believe me, as I have juſt now ſaid, they'll fix only upon *Socrates*; for as for my Part, if my Children were old enough, I would do ſo.

Nic. Oh! as for that I agree with you. If *Socrates* will take Care of our Children, we need not look out for another Maſter, and I am ready to give him my Son *Niceratus*, if he will be ſo good as to take Charge of him: but always, when I ſpeak to him of that, he recommends me to other Maſters, and refuſes me his Aſſiſtance. Try then, *Lyſimachus*, if you can have any more Power over him, and if he will have ſo much Complaiſance for you.

Lyſ. It would be an Act of Juſtice, † becauſe, for my Part, I would do for him what I would not do for many others. What do you ſay then, *Socrates?* will you ſuffer yourſelf to be prevailed upon, and will you take Charge of theſe Children to make them vertuous?

Soc. He muſt be a very ſtrange and cruel Man that will not contribute to make Children as honeſt as they can be. For my Part, if in the Converſation we have now had together, I had appeared more learned and the reſt more ignorant, I would have thought you had Reaſon to chuſe me preferably to others: but you ſee very well, that we

† This Paſſage muſt not be tranſlated as *des Serres* tranſlated it, *I would give him more*. *Lyſimachus* had no Thoughts of ſpeaking of a Salary; that would have too much offended *Socrates*, who did not teach for Money; nor does the *Greek* Expreſſion bear more than I have ſaid.

labour all under the ſame Uncertainty and Perplexity. Then why ſhould I be preferred? I think that neither one nor other of us deſerves Preference: and, if it be ſo, conſider if I am not going to give you good Advice: I am of Opinion, (we are alone, and we will not diſcover ourſelves) that we ſhould all ſeek the beſt Maſter, firſt for ourſelves, and then for theſe Children, and for that End not to ſpare Expences, nor any Thing elſe in the World: for I ſhall never adviſe our remaining in the State wherein we now are. If any Body deride us for going ſtill to School at theſe Years, we will defend ourſelves by the Authority of * *Homer*, who ſays, in the ſame Place, *That 'tis very bad for the Poor to be ſhame-faced.* And thus, by laughing at all they can ſay, we ſhall take Care of ourſelves, and of theſe Children.

Lyſ. That Counſel, *Socrates*, pleaſes me infinitely well, and for my Part, the older I am, the more Deſire I ſhall have to inſtruct myſelf at the ſame Time with our Children. Do then as you have ſaid, come to-morrow Morning early to my Houſe; do not fail therein, I pray you, that we may adviſe how to put in Practice what we have reſolved upon. 'Tis Time that this Converſation ſhould break up.

Soc. I will not fail therein, *Lyſimachus*; I will be with you to-morrow Morning very early, if it pleaſe God.

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* In the 17th Book of his *Odyſſ.*

THE INTRODUCTION TO *PROTAGORAS.*

AFTER that *Plato* had, in the foregoing Dialogue, given, as it were, a Specimen of the falſe Notions that prevailed in his Time, and had infected the chief Perſons of the Republick, here he diſcovers their Authors, and attacks them with Abundance of Force. He therefore introduces *Socrates* diſputing with *Protagoras*, who was the moſt conſiderable of all the Sophiſts, and the Perſon who, by the Art of poiſoning Mens Minds, had acquired the greateſt Reputation, and moſt Riches.

At firſt he ſhews, with a natural Simplicity, the Veneration Men had throughout all *Greece* for thoſe Impoſtors. They were followed wherever they went, and they no ſooner arrived in any City, but the News of it was ſpread abroad all over; People flocked to them

with all poſſible Eagerneſs, and their Houſes were filled betimes in the Morning. Men that were ſo followed, could not be without ſome Sort of Merit, and particularly in ſuch a diſcerning Age as that. 'Tis alſo evident, that *Protagoras* was a Man of great Wit, and expreſſed himſelf with wonderful Eaſe. What is it thoſe Qualities could not do, eſpecially when ſupported by a deal of Preſumption, which rarely fails to attend them? Inſtances of it are ſeen daily, ſo that it is needleſs to cite them. Who is it that goes to examine whether thoſe Doctors vent falſe Maxims? Who is it that is able to diſtinguiſh the falſe Gloſs of Opinion from the true Light of Knowledge? They ſpeak agreeably; they flatter our Paſſions and Prejudices; they promiſe us Knowledge and Virtue, and fill us with an high Conceit of ourſelves. What needs there more to make them be followed?

This was the Profeſſion of the Sophiſts. As nothing is ſo oppoſite to that Spirit of Error as true Philoſophy, *Socrates* was a mortal Enemy to thoſe falſe Teachers; and *Plato*, who trod in his Footſteps, could not vex them worſe, than by preſerving the Memory of all the Diſputes that that wiſe Man had with them on ſeveral Occaſions, and of all the Banters he put upon them. This is what he does in ſeveral Dialogues, as the *Sophiſt*, *Euthydeme*, *Gorgias*, *Hippias*, and *Protagoras*.

I have put this laſt after *Laches*, becauſe it is a natural Continuation of it; for here is examined that famous Queſtion, if Virtue can be taught? and what Valour is, properly ſpeaking?

Nothing is more natural than the Plan of that Dialogue, and nothing more ſolid than the Manner in which it is performed.

A young Man become fond of the Sophiſts, goes to *Socrates* before break of Day, to beg of him to conduct him to *Protagoras*, who was juſt arrived at *Athens*. *Socrates* agrees. They go to the Houſe of *Callias*, where he lodged; and *Callias* was one of the Chiefs of the Republick.

They

They find *Protagoras* walking in the Midſt of a Crowd of *Athenians* and Foreigners, who liſtened to him as an Oracle. *Prodicus* of *Ceos*, and *Hippias* of *Elee*, two of the greateſt Sophiſts of the Age, were alſo there. And therefore the Victory which *Socrates* obtains in this famous Diſpute, ought to be looked upon as the Defeat of all the Party of the Sophiſts, who aſſiſted therein by their Leaders.

At firſt, *Protagoras* ſeems to be an admirable Man; to prove that Virtue can be taught, he tells a very ingenious Story, and it muſt be confeſſed, that he gives his Opinion the moſt ſpecious Colours that could be, he omits nothing that can be ſaid, and what he ſays is every Day repeated by People who are far from thinking themſelves to be Sophiſts.

Socrates confutes him with a Dexterity that cannot be ſufficiently praiſed; and by his Way of treating them, he teaches us, that at all Times, when one has to do with that Sort of People, the true Secret to get the Depth of them, is not to ſuffer them to ſpeak ſo much as they would, and to make their chimerical Syſtems; for they avoid and ſhift off all your Arguments, and eſcape from you at laſt by their long Diſcourſes. You muſt then oblige them to anſwer poſitively, and without rambling, to all you aſk them: With this Precaution the Diſpute will ſoon be at an End. That very Man who when ſuffered to harangue and make Orations upon any Thing, has many Times confounded every Body, ſeems to be Weakneſs itſelf, when he is kept cloſe and confined to the Limits of a regular Diſpute. In ſhort, 'tis ſeen that *Protagoras* has nothing but ſome confuſed Notions, that which he hath ſcraped up by his undigeſted Reading, and that inſtead of Knowledge he has nothing but a monſtrous Heap of Opinions which contradict and deſtroy one another when they are ſounded to the Bottom, and compared together.

The Aim of *Socrates*, in this Dialogue, is not to confound and triumph over the Sophiſts, he has a more noble Proſpect; he would cure the *Athenians* of affecting them ſo much, and teach important Truths, the Ignorance of which is the only Source of all the Evils that happen to

Men, not only in this Life, but alſo in that which is to come.

The firſt Truth is, that there is nothing more dangerous than to ſubmit ourſelves to all Sorts of Teachers, and that it is not the ſame with Sciences which nouriſh the Soul, as with Food that nouriſhes the Body. The latter may be bought by every one; for, after they have bought it, they may carry it home in Veſſels of ſmall Value, and, before they uſe it, they have Time to adviſe with thoſe who know whether it be good or bad, and can teach them how to uſe it: Whereas if one buy Knowledge of the firſt that comes, he expoſes himſelf to very great Danger; for in buying it he has no other Veſſel to put it into but the Soul itſelf, which always ſavours of that which is put into it, and which, from the very Minute that it receives the Doctrine, is cured or poiſoned for ever, unleſs ſome good Phyſician be found to reſtore it to its former State, which is very hard to do.

The ſecond Truth is, That thoſe falſe Teachers, by teaching that Virtue is compoſed of different Parts which have no Dependance upon one another, do entirely deſtroy it, and corrupt the Mind and the Heart of their Diſciples; for they bring them to vain Aſſurance, that they may have ſome Parts of Virtue without having the reſt, and be, for Example, temperate without being juſt; juſt without being temperate or pious, and valiant tho' impious; and thereby put them out of Condition of ever becoming virtuous. To divide Virtue thus, and to tear it, if we may venture to ſay ſo, to Pieces, is abſolutely to annihilate it and deſtroy it.

Virtue is one in its Principle and Object; it is indiviſible and eternal as they are, and all its Acts depend upon itſelf: tho' each of them have certain diſtinguiſhing Characters, yet they are inſeparable and indiviſible; they always hold together by ſome common Tye; they can neither be limited nor momentary, but are all eternal as Virtue that produces them, and as the Soul whereof they are the Life: In a Word, Virtue is entire in every Act, and no Act of Virtue periſhes, for all that pe-

ſhes is not Virtue. A Demonſtration of this might e made: Where the Spirit of God is not, there is no irtue; and where the Spirit of God is, there Virtue is eceſſarily with all its Parts, and by conſequence a juſt an is temperate and pious; a temperate Man is valiant d juſt; and he who is valiant is neither impious, de-auched, or unjuſt. Theſe are natural and inconteſtable ruths in Spight of the Illuſions of our Prejudices.

The third Truth that *Socrates* would teach, is, That it es not belong to every Body to explain the Poets, and at the Sophiſts, who boaſted of great Learning in at, could do nothing but ſpoil the fineſt Paſſages of the ets, and thoſe that contained the ſoundeſt Theology d the greateſt Maxims of Morality. Here is found a all Diſſertation upon a Paſſage of *Simonides*; who, in e of his Poems, which Time has robbed us of, quar-lled with that famous Sentence of *Pittacus*, *It is a dif-ult Thing to be virtuous*. *Simonides* finds Fault with at; he would have had him ſay, it is a difficult Thing to come virtuous, and at the ſame Time that it is not poſſible, but that it is abſolutely impoſſible to be ſo ways; for there is no Man upon Earth who is innocent d juſt all his Life-time, and we muſt not hope to find y ſuch. God alone is unchangeable and conſtant in e Perfection of Virtue, and thoſe whom he ſupports d favours. This Theology, which is ſo agreeable to e Chriſtian Doctrine, pleaſes *Socrates*, and 'tis he him-lf who draws pure Light from out of the Middle of the arkneſs, wherein thoſe Sophiſts had wrapped it up, their bad Criticiſms and falſe Explications. We may ereby ſee what profound Judgment a Man muſt have, enable him to explain the Poets with Succeſs, that is ſay, for the publick Good.

This Paſſage of *Simonides* leads *Socrates* to touch upon fifth Truth, which is this, That in order to become ood, one muſt have been wicked; ſo become wicked, one muſt have been ood. For no Body can be called per-erſe, but he who from a good Man is come wicked. This Maxim does not

Perverſus non dicitur niſi qui depravatus a recto eſt. *S. Hierom.* Eccl. Chap. i.

appear

appear at firſt to be what it really is: It is very profound, and draws into the Knowledge of this firſt Truth which is one of the ſolid Foundations of *Platonick* Philoſophy, that Men were created perfect, and that they have fallen from that Perfection by the unhappy Uſe they made of their Liberty. Therefore we muſt not expect a perfect Man in this World: And, as *Simonides* did, we muſt, with all our Heart, love and praiſe thoſe who have feweſt Failings, and who commit nothing that is ſhameful.

From this Sentiment of *Simonides*, *Socrates* alſo draws the Explication of this ſixth Truth, That the Injuſtice of Men ought not to obliterate in us thoſe certain Sentiments which Nature has engraven in our Heart, and which this Poet calls by the Name of *Neceſſity*; Becauſe we muſt abſolutely ſubmit unto and obey them, or ceaſe to be Men. For Example, all the Cauſes of Complaint that an ill-humoured Father or Mother, an unjuſt Country or a cruel Maſter can give us, will never juſtify our Averſion to them, nor authoriſe a Spirit of Diſobedience, Vengeance or Revolt. Let them treat us ever ſo ill, we ought to love them, praiſe them, ſerve them, *&c.* And upon this Subject *Socrates* does, with an Eloquence that may be called Chriſtian, ſhew the Difference there is in thoſe Occaſions between the Conduct of a good and a bad Man.

Theſe great Truths which *Socrates* draws from the Poem of *Simonides*, do not hinder him from acknowledging, that Philoſophers, who treat of difficult and important Queſtions, ought to have recourſe to the Poets, and to change the Diſpute into a Diſſertation upon the Senſe that ought to be given to a Verſe; for we cannot addreſs ourſelves to them to demand the Reaſon of what they ſay. The moſt Ignorant will diſpute with the moſt Learned even to the End of Time; for what will you do to convince him? His Wilfulneſs and Ignorance are much ſtronger than your Reaſons. And if you diſpute with a learned Man, he will not always have the Courage to confeſs that he is in the wrong: Private Intereſt or Jealouſy and Vanity, too frequent Companions of that Sort

of

of Knowledge, will hinder him from ſubmitting to the cleareſt Truths, even tho' he himſelf be ſecretly convinced of them. Where then will be the End of the Diſpute? The ſureſt Way is to leave the Poets there, and to preſs your Man upon his own Principles, for which he is obliged to give a Reaſon.

After this Precaution, *Socrates*, to decide the Queſtion that is the Subject of the Diſpute, would have it agreed on, what Knowledge properly is, and would have it determined, if it be the Slave of the Paſſions, as People fancy it to be; or, if it be ſtrong enough to govern Men ſurely; And 'tis in this alſo that *Socrates* appears to be a divine Man, for he makes it appear that Knowledge is the ſtrongeſt Thing in the World, that it alone can put Man in a State never to be overcome by his Paſſions, and that it alone will always deliver him from the greateſt Dangers, and will make him triumph over all the Powers of the Earth, that ſhall arm themſelves to force him to commit any Thing contrary to the Light of this Science. This agrees exactly with thoſe admirable Words of our Lord, ſpoken to the *Jews*, *Ye ſhall know the Truth, and the Truth ſhall make you free.* *Socrates* might have drawn this great Notion from the Words of *Solomon*, who ſays, that *the Knowledge of Wiſdom will give Life to him that has it.* For by Knowledge, *Socrates* means the Knowledge of God, and of the Truth: Knowledge, which is the Source of all Virtues, and which makes Temperance, Juſtice, Valour, Sanctity, Strength, *&c.* The Propoſition of *Socrates*, applied to other Sciences, would be perfectly ridiculous.

Et cognoſcetis veritatem, & veritas liberabit vos. S. *John* viii. 32.

Scientia Sapientiæ vivificabit habentem. *Eccleſ.* vii.

The Cauſe of Virtue being known, ſo is alſo that of Vice, by reaſon they are Contraries. 'Tis therefore Ignorance that occaſions Vice: From whence it follows by neceſſary Conſequence, that thoſe who commit Wickedneſs, do it whether they will or not.

Moſt Men will not agree to this Principle; on the contrary

trary, they maintain that we commit Evil when we know it, and that it depends upon ourſelves to ſhun it, and that we refuſe to do good with an entire Knowledge, and with a full Power to follow it. And when they are aſked the Reaſon of this ſtrange Conduct, they ſay, that it is becauſe Man is enſlaved by his ſenſual Pleaſures.

'Tis therefore proper to enquire into this Vulgar and ill underſtood Reaſon; for when once that is well cleared up, 'twill be evidently known what Virtue is, the Reſemblance that Valour has with all the other Parts of that Virtue, will appear, and it will be agreed that this Principle of *Socrates* is ſo certain a Truth, that even thoſe who think themſelves the fartheſt from it, and that contradict it moſt, comply therewith without perceiving it, and allow it contrary to their Deſign, in Terms of which they know not the Senſe and Force.

Theſe are the indiſputable Maxims that *Socrates* eſtabliſhes, and which are neceſſary for the Deciſion of the Queſtion.

Pleaſure is a Good, and Grief is an Evil. Pleaſure which leads to Grief is an Evil, and Grief which leads to Pleaſure is a Good.

There is nobody but who ſeeks after Good, and flees from Evil.

Theſe Principles being ſuppoſed, when 'tis ſaid a Man knowing Evil will notwithſtanding commit it; and that knowing Good, he doth not ceaſe to flee from it, becauſe he is enſlaved by his ſenſual Pleaſure; it is not meant there of Pleaſure which leads to Grief, for that is an Evil; neither is it meant of Grief which leads to Pleaſure, for nobody commits Evil for the Sake of Grief: It is ſpoke of Pleaſure ſynonymous of Good. Which is as much as to ſay, that this Man ſhuns Good and follows Evil, becauſe he is thereunto inclined by Good; which every Body will own to be ridiculous.

But why is not the Good that inclines us, capable to ſurmount the Evil? And why are the Evils the ſtrongeſt, even when Goodneſs inclines us? There is a manifeſt Contradiction there. Some will ſay it is becauſe the Evils are greater and more numerous than the Good.

But

ut this is ſtill more ridiculous, for from thence it will llow, that to be overcome by the Good, is to chuſe the reateſt Evils in Room of the leaſt Good.

From whence comes ſo ſtrange a Choice? It can roceed only from this, that we cannot meaſure the reatneſs of the Good and of the Evil, and cannot ſtinguiſh the one from the other. Then we do not ceive ourſelves but for want of Knowledge; that is to y, through Ignorance: And this is what *Socrates* deigns to prove. Therefore 'tis Knowledge that brings rth Temperance, Juſtice, Sanctity, Valour, Strength, c. Or rather, all thoſe Virtues are nothing but nowledge itſelf; and conſequently Knowledge, far m being overcome by the Paſſions, is on the other and able alone to triumph over them; always Miſtreſs herever it is: Knowledge alone can deliver us, and Igrance alone can deſtroy us. This Doctrine is altogeer conſonant to what the Chriſtian Religion teaches us,

at Men not being willing to retain d in their Knowledge, God gave them r to a reprobate Mind: And God ll ſend them a Spirit of Error. Rom. i. 28. 2 Theſſ. ii. 11.

But how comes it, that *Socrates* aſſerting that Virtue a Science, maintains at the ſame Time, that it cannot taught? For it is certain that all Sciences can be ught. How then doth *Socrates* agree with himſelf? his Contradiction is not ſo difficult to reconcile as that *Protagoras*, who would have Virtue to be quite anher Thing than Science; and, who, notwithſtanding etends that it may be taught. There are ſome Sciences hich Men teach, but there is one that Men do not ch, and that can be learned from no other but God. his is what *Socrates* would have us to underſtand, and hat thoſe falſe Teachers, who are accuſtomed to make Uſe of human Sciences, could not perceive.

Since Science is Virtue, Valour can be nothing but ience; and conſequently, all Boldneſs, that is not acmpanied with Prudence, can't be called Valour; for the contrary, it is Ignorance. Valour is the Science

of

of Things that are terrible; that is to ſay, that of two Things that are terrible, it induceth us to chuſe that which is the leaſt, and to chuſe it even with the Hazard of our Life; as we have ſeen in *Laches*.

I ſhall not enter upon the particular Beauties of this Dialogue, which conſiſt in the Variety, and in the Livelineſs of the Characters: in the Mirth and pleaſant Humours of *Socrates*, in the Simplicity and Nobleneſs of the Narratives, and in the Knowledge of Antiquity therein diſcovered: Thoſe Beauties are perceptible enough.

But I cannot but relate a Paſſage here which ſeems to me very remarkable, and which *Socrates* only touches *en paſſant*, without inſiſting upon it, as finding it too ſublime for thoſe with whom he converſed. It is when he ſays, *That even tho' the Pleaſures of the World were not attended with any Kind of Evil in this Life, yet they would be no leſs bad, becauſe they cauſe Men to rejoice; and to rejoice in Vice, is the moſt deplorable of all States, and the Puniſhment of Sin.*

We muſt not finiſh this Argument without ſpeaking of the Date of this Dialogue, as to which *Athenæus* accuſeth *Plato* to have committed very conſiderable Faults in Chronology. The whole Strength of his Criticiſm conſiſts in this. *Plato* tells us, that this Diſpute of *Socrates* againſt *Protagoras* happened the Year after the Poet *Pherecrates* his Play, called the *Savages*, was acted. This Play was acted in the Time of the Archon *Ariſtion*, in the 4th Year of the 89th Olympiad. The true Time then of this Diſpute, according to *Plato*, is the Year after; that is to ſay, the firſt Year of the 90th Olympiad, in the Time of the Archon *Aſtiphilus*. Yet here are two Things that contradict this Date.

The firſt is, that by a Paſſage in a Play of *Eupolis*'s which was acted a Year before that of *Pherecrates*, it appears that *Protagoras* was then at *Athens*: Now *Plato* ſays poſitively, that in the Time of this Diſpute, that is to ſay, the firſt Year of the 90th Olympiad, *Protagoras* arrived at *Athens* but three Days before.

The ſecond is, That *Hippias d'Eleis* was preſent at that

that Diſpute: which could not be; for the Truce which the *Athenians* had concluded with the *Lacedemonians*, being expired, no *Peloponneſian* could be at *Athens* at that Time.

I ſhould not have revived this Cenſure, if *Caſaubon*, that wiſe and judicious Critick, had not been ſo ſtruck with it as to write, that he did not ſee what could be anſwered in Juſtification of *Plato*, whereas what he anſwered is not hard to find. It will quickly appear, that the Objections of *Athenæus* ſerve only to fix the Time of this Diſpute the more, as *Plato* has obſerved.

We know for certain that the *Athenians* made a Peace with the *Lacedemonians* for fifty Years, in the Time of the Archon *Alcæus*, the third Year of the 89th Olympiad. It is true, that this Treaty was not faithfully obſerved on either Side; but it is alſo true, that this ill-cemented Peace laſted ſix Years and ten Months, without coming to an open Rupture. Then *Hippias d'Eleis* might be at *Athens* two Years after this Treaty, which laſted five Years longer, after theſe two Years were expired. So much for the laſt Objection. *Thucyd.* l. 5.

The firſt is no better founded: Let us ſee what *Eupolis* ſays. Protagoras *of* Teos *is within there.* He ſays nothing but that; and it may be obſerved at firſt Sight, that he is deceived as to the Country of *Protagoras:* he aſſures us, that he is of *Teos*; and he was of *Abdera.* This Remark will be of Uſe to us.

I ſay then, that *Athenæus*, inſtead of employing this Verſe of *Eupolis* to contradict *Plato*, ought rather to have made uſe of the Paſſage of *Plato* to underſtand the ſaid Verſe of *Eupolis*. The Poet and the Philoſopher are in the right, and *Athenæus* is the only Perſon that is in the Wrong. *Protagoras* had made two Journeys to *Athens*. *Plato* ſpeaks of the ſecond, and the Verſe of *Eupolis* ought to be underſtood of the firſt: For tho' *Protagoras* was not at *Athens* when the Play was acted in the Time of the Archon *Alcæus*, it was enough that he had been there: The Poets have the Privilege to bring the Times nearer, and to take Notice of Things that are paſt,

paſt, as if they were preſent; beſides, he might be the when the Poet compoſed it. Thus the Verſe of *Eup lis* ſerves on the one Hand for a Commentary to wh *Hippocrates* ſays in this Dialogue: Socrates, *I come pray you to ſpeak for me to* Protagoras; *for, beſides th I am too young, I never ſaw, nor knew him, I was but Child when he made his firſt Journey.*

And, on the other Hand, this Paſſage of *Plato* ſerv to excuſe the Ignorance of *Eupolis* about the Country *Protagoras*; for *Eupolis* might very well be ignorant it at this firſt Journey, that Sophiſt not being then ve well known, whereas it would not have been pardonab in him to have been ignorant of it at the ſecond.

This fault of *Athenæus* is leſs ſurprizing than that *Caſaubon*, who followed him, and who in explaini his Reaſons commits another more conſiderable M take, whilſt he aſſures us that *Thucydides* does not ſpe of the one Year's Truce that was made between the *thenians* and the *Lacedemonians* under the Archon *Iſa chus*, the firſt Year of the 89th Olympiad, at the End the eighth Year of the War, and two Years before t Treaty of Peace that has been ſpoke o for it is expreſly ſet down in the four Book, and the Treaty is there relat all at length, with the Date of the Yea of the Month, of the Day, and of t Seaſon.

He ſets down the End of the eighth Year of the War, the 14th Day of the Month *Eſaphebolion* (*February*) and the Beginning of the Spring.

The Wranglings of *Athenæus* ſer only to juſtify *Plato*'s Exactneſs, and make it appear that this Dialogue is b yond the Reach of all Criticiſm; for if this Cenſurer h found any Thing elſe to find Fault with, the Envy wi which he was animated againſt this Philoſopher would n have ſuffered him to have forgot it.

According to *Diogenes Laertius*, this Dialogue is ἐνδεικ τικὸς, a Dialogue of Accuſation, a Satirick Dialogu One may ſay, that it is alſo ἀνατρεπτικὸς, deſtructiv But thoſe Names mark only the Turn and the Manner the Dialogue. Its true Character is logical and moral

PRO

PROTAGORAS:

OR, THE

SOPHISTS.

A Friend of Socrates.

Socrates.

Socrates's * Friend. FROM whence come you, *Socrates*? But ought one to aſk it? 'Tis from your uſual Chaſe. You come from running after the handſome

Alcibiades. I confeſs, that I alſo pleaſed myſelf the

* Enquiry is made why *Plato* does not name this Friend of *Socrates*, and 'tis what will never be found out: It can only be gueſſed at. Perhaps *Plato* was afraid of expoſing the Friend of *Socrates* to the Reſentment of the Sophiſts, who were in great Credit at *Athens*, and who were unrevengeful; or, that the Part which this Friend acts here, not being conſiderable, it was not worth while to name him.

other

other Day with looking upon him; h
ſeemed to me to be very fine and com
ly, tho' he be already a Man: for w
may ſay here, between us, he is n
now in his Youth, and his Beard caſts
Shadow already upon his Chin.

It is obſerved that *Socrates* followed *Alcibiades* every where, to prevent his corrupting himſelf.

Soc. What's that to the Purpoſe? D
you think that † *Homer* was much in t
wrong, in ſaying, that the Age of a young Man, wh
begins to have a Beard, is moſt agreeable? That is, ju
the Age of *Alcibiades*.

Soc. *Friend.* You juſt come from him then! how a
you in his Favour?

Soc. I am very well with him; I perceived this ve
Day, that I was more in his Favour than uſual, for he ſa
a thouſand Things in my Favour, and always took m
Part: I have but juſt parted from him. And I'll tell yo
a Thing that may ſeem very ſtrange to you, which is, th
whilſt he was preſent, I ſaw him not, and did not
much as think of him.

Soc. *Friend.* What happened to you both then, th
you neither ſaw him nor thought of him? Is it poſ
ble that you have met with ſome finer young Man
the City than *Alcibiades?* I cannot believe any Thing
it.

Soc. It is even ſo.

Soc. *Friend.* In good earneſt? Is he an *Athenian*, o
Stranger?

Soc. He is a Stranger.

Soc. *Friend.* Whence comes he then?

Soc. From *Abdera*.

Soc. *Friend.* And did you think him ſo fine, that h
hath effaced the Comelineſs of *Alcibiades?*

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† This Paſſage of *Homer* is in the tenth Book of his *Odyſſ*
where that Poet ſpeaks of *Mercury*, who takes upon him the Sha
of a young Man that begins to have a Beard. Thus *Socrates* co
pares *Alcibiades* to that God.

Soc. The greateſt Beauty is not to be laid in the Balance with great Wiſdom.

Wiſdom is more amiable than Beauty.

Soc. *Friend.* You have juſt now come from a wiſe Man then?

Soc. Yes, a wiſe Man; nay, a very wiſe Man, at leaſt if you look upon *Protagoras* to be the wiſeſt of Men now living.

Soc. *Fr.* What do you tell me? Is *Protagoras* in this City?

Soc. Yes: he has been here theſe three Days.

Soc. *Fr.* And you have juſt now parted from him?

Soc. Yes, I have juſt now parted from him, after a very long Converſation.

Soc. *Fr.* Alas! will you not relate that Converſation to us, if you ben't in Haſte? Sit down, I pray you, in that young Man's place, who will willingly give it you.

Soc. I will do it with all my Heart; and ſhall be obliged to you, if you will give Ear to it.

Soc. *Fr.* We ſhall be much more obliged to you, if you will relate it to us.

Soc. The Obligation then will be reciprocal. Your Buſineſs is only to hear me. This Morning while it was yet dark, *Hippocrates* the Son of *Apollodorus* and *Phaſon*'s Brother, knocked very hard at my Gate with his Cane; it was no ſooner opened to him, but he came directly to my Chamber, crying with a loud Voice, *Socrates*, are you aſleep? Knowing his Voice, I ſaid, what, *Hippocrates!* What News do you bring me? Very good News, ſays he. God grant it, replied I. But what News is it then, that you come ſo early? *Protagoras* is in Town, ſays he. I replied, he has been here theſe two Days. Did you not hear it till now? I heard it but this Night: and having ſaid this, he drew near my Bed, and feeling with his Cane, ſat down at my Feet, and went on in this Manner. I returned laſt Night very late from the Village of *Doinoe*, where I went to take my Slave *Satyrus* again, who had run away: I was reſolved to come and tell you that I was going in Search of him, but ſome other Thing put it out of my Mind. After I had returned, ſupped, and was going to Bed, my

Brother came to tell me, that *Protagoras* was come to Town: At firſt my Thoughts were to come to acquaint you with this good News; but conſidering that the Night was already too far advanced, I went to bed, and after a ſmall Slumber, which refreſhed me a little after my Fatigue, I aroſe and came running hither. I, who knew *Hippocrates* to be a Man of Courage, perceiving him all amazed, aſked him what the Matter was? Has *Protagoras* done you any Injury? Yes certainly anſwered he, laughing; he has done me an Injury that I will not forgive him, that is, that he is wiſe and does not make me ſo. O! ſaid I to him, if you will give him good Money, and if you can oblige him to receive you for his Diſciple, he will alſo make you wiſe.

I wiſh to God, ſays he, that were all; I would not leave myſelf a Halfpeny, and I would alſo drain my Friends Purſes. 'Tis only that that brings me hither: I come to pray you to ſpeak to him for me; for beſides that I am too young, I never ſaw him nor knew him; I was but a Child, when he came hither firſt, but I hear every Body ſpeak very well of him, and they aſſure me, that he is the moſt eloquent of Men. Let's go to him, before he goes abroad. I am told he lodges with * *Callias* Son of *Hipponicus*. Let us go thither, I conjure you. 'Tis too early, ſaid I to him; but let us walk in our Court, where we will argue till Day-Light, then we will go: I aſſure you we ſhall not miſs him, for he ſeldom goes abroad. Then we went down into the Court, and while we were walking there, I had a Mind to find out what *Hippocrates*'s Deſign was. To this End, I ſaid to him, Well, *Hippocrates*, you are going to *Protagoras* to offer him Money, that he may teach you ſomething: What Sort of a Man do you take him to be; and what ſort of Man would you have him to make you? If you ſhould go to the great Phyſician of *Cos*, who is

* *Callias* was one of the firſt Citizens of *Athens*: His Father *Hipponicus* had been General of the *Athenians* with *Nicias* at the Battle of *Tanagre*.

your

your Name Sake, and a Deſcendant of *Æſculapius*, and ſhould offer him Money, if any body ſhould aſk you, *Hippocrates*, to what Sort of Man do you pretend to give that Money, and what would you become by Means of this Money; what would you anſwer? I would anſwer, that I give it to a Phyſician, and that I would be made a Phyſician.

And if you ſhould go to *Polycletus* of *Argos*, or to *Phidias*, to give them Money to learn ſomething of them, and any one ſhould aſk you the very ſame Queſtion, to whom do you give that Money, and what would you be; what would you anſwer?

I would anſwer, ſays he, that I give it to a Statuary, and that I would be a Statuary.

That is very well. Now then we are going, you and I to *Protagoras*, with a Diſpoſition to give him all that he ſhall aſk for your Inſtruction, if all that we have will ſatisfy him for it, or be enough to tempt him; and if it be not enough, we are alſo ready to make Uſe of the Credit of our Friends. If any one perceiving his extraordinary Eagerneſs, ſhould aſk us, *Socrates*, and *Hippocrates* tell me, in giving ſo much Money to *Protagoras*, to what Sort of a Man do you think you give it; what ſhould we anſwer him? What other Denomination has *Protagoras* that we know of? We know that *Phidias* has that of Statuary, and *Homer* that of Poet: How ſhall we call *Protagoras*, to deſcribe him by his Profeſſion?

Protagoras is called a Sophiſt, *Socrates*.

Well then, ſaid I, we are going to give our Money to a Sophiſt.

Yes, certainly.

And if the ſame Perſon ſhould continue to aſk you, what do you deſign to become, with *Protagoras?*

At theſe Words my Man bluſhing, for it was then light enough to let me ſee what Alteration there was in his Countenance; If we will follow our Principle, ſays he, it is evident that I would become a Sophiſt.

How, by all that's good, ſaid I to him, would you not be aſhamed to give yourſelf out to be a Sophiſt among the *Greeks?*

I ſwear to you, *Socrates*, ſeeing I muſt tell you the Truth I ſhould be aſhamed of it.

Ha! I underſtand you, my dear *Hippocrates*; your Deſign then is not to go to the School of *Protagoras*, but as you went to that of a Grammarian, Muſick-Maſter, or Maſter of Exerciſes: For you went not to all thoſe Maſters to learn the Depth of their Art, and to make Profeſſion thereof; but you went thither only to exerciſe yourſelf, and to learn that which a Gentleman, and a Man that would live in the World, ought neceſſarily to know.

You are in the right, ſaid he; that's exactly the Uſe that I would make of *Protagoras*.

But ſaid I, do you know what you are going to do?

As to what?

You are going to truſt a Sophiſt with your Underſtanding; and I dare lay a Wager, that you do not know what a Sophiſt is; and ſince it is ſo, you know not then with whom you are going to truſt that which is moſt valuable to you, and you know not whether you put it into good or bad Hands.

Why, I believe I know very well what a Sophiſt is.

Tell me then, what is it?

A Sophiſt, as his very Name teſtifies, is a learned Man, who knows a thouſand good Things.

We may ſay the ſame Thing of a Painter, or an Architect. They are alſo learned Men, who know a great many good Things: But if any Body ſhould aſk us, wherein they are learned? we ſhould certainly anſwer them, that it is in what regards drawing of Pictures and building of Houſes. If any one ſhould aſk us in like Manner, wherein is a Sophiſt learned? What ſhould we anſwer? What is the Art poſitively that he makes Profeſſion of? And what ſhould we ſay it is?

We ſhould ſay, that his Profeſſion is to make Men Eloquent.

Perhaps we might ſpeak true in ſo ſaying; that is ſomething, but it is not all: your Anſwer occaſions another Queſtion, to wit, in what is it that a Sophiſt renders

ders a Man eloquent? For a Player upon the Lute, does not he alſo render his Diſciple eloquent in that which regards the Lute?

A Maſter of the Lute ſpeaks better of the Lute than the moſt eloquent Man in the World.

That is certain.

In what is it then that a Sophiſt renders a Man eloquent? Is it not in that which he knows?

Without doubt.

What is it that he knows then, and teaches others?

In Truth, *Socrates*, I cannot tell.

How then, ſaid I to him, taking the Advantage of this Confeſſion; alas! don't you perceive to what frightful Dangers you are going to expoſe yourſelf? If you had occaſion to put your Body into the Hands of a Phyſician whom you know not, and who might as well deſtroy it as cure it, would not you look to it more than once? Would you not call your Friends and Relations to conſult with them? And would you not take more than one Day to reſolve on the Matter? You eſteem your Soul infinitely above your Body, and you are perſuaded that on it depends your Happineſs or Unhappineſs, according as 'tis well or ill diſpoſed; and notwithſtanding its Welfare is now at Stake, you neither aſk Advice of your Father, nor Brother, nor of any of us who are your Friends: you do not take ſo much as one Moment to deliberate whether you ought to entruſt it with this Stranger who is juſt now arrived; but having heard of his Arrival very late at Night, you come next Morning before Break of Day, to put it into his Hands without conſidering of it, and are ready not only to employ all your own Riches for that Purpoſe, but alſo thoſe of your Friends. You have reſolved upon it, you muſt deliver up yourſelf to *Protagoras*, whom you know not, as you yourſelf confeſs, and with whom you have never ſpoke: you call him a Sophiſt, and, without knowing what a Sophiſt is, you throw yourſelf into his Hands.

Nothing is more dangerous than to give ourſelves up to Teachers of all Sorts.

All that you say, *Socrates*, is very true; you are in the right.

The Sophist is but a Merchant.

Don't you find, *Hippocrates*, that the Sophist is but a Wholesale Merchant, and a Retailer of those Things wherewith the Soul is nourished!

So it seems to me, *Socrates*, said he; but what are the Things wherewith the Soul is nourished?

Sciences, I answered him. But, my dear Friend, we must be very careful that the Sophist, by boasting too much of his Merchandize, do not deceive us, as those People do, who sell all that is necessary for the Nourishment of the Body: for the latter, without knowing whether the Provisions which they sell be good or bad, commend them excessively, that they may sell them the better; and those who buy them know them no better than they, unless it be some Physician, * or Master of Exercise. It is the same with those Merchants who go into the Cities to sell Sciences to those who have a Mind to them; they praise indifferently all that they sell. It may very well be, that most of them know not if what they sell is good or bad for the Soul: but all those who buy any Thing of them are certainly ignorant as to that Matter, unless they meet with some Person who is a good Physician for the Soul. If you are skilled in that Matter, and know what is Good or Bad, you may certainly buy Sciences of *Protagoras* and of all the other Sophists; but if you are not skilled therein, have a Care,

He who knows sound Doctrine and is a good Physician of the Soul, may hear all Sorts of Teachers.

* In *Hippocrates*'s Time, and a little before, the Physicians having neglected the Study of *Diet*, which requires an exact Knowledge of every Thing in Nature, the Masters of Exercise laid hold on it as on a deserted Estate, and took upon themselves to order their Disciples such Diet as was agreeable to them in Regard to their Temperament and Exercises. *Hippocrates* began to put himself again in Possession of it, and by Degrees the Physicians regained the Places of Exercise. There were but few Masters of Exercise who kept it up in the Time of *Plato*. Most of them had hired Physicians, *&c.*

my

my dear *Hippocrates*, that when you go there, you don't make a very bad Market, and hazard that which is deareſt to you in the World; for the Riſk we run in buying Sciences, is far greater than that which we run in buying Proviſions for Nouriſhment: after we have bought the laſt, they may be carried Home in Veſſels which they cannot ſpoil; and before uſing them we have Time to conſult and to call to our Aſſiſtance thoſe who know what we ought to eat and drink, and what not; the Quantity we may take, and the Time when, inſomuch that the Danger is not very great. But it is not the ſame with Sciences, we can't put them into any other Veſſel but the Soul; as ſoon as the Bargain is made, it muſt of neceſſity be carried away, and that too in the Soul itſelf; and we muſt withdraw with it, being either enriched or ruined for the reſt of our Days. Let us therefore conſult People of greater Age and Experience than ourſelves upon this Subject; for we are too young to determine ſuch an important Affair: but let us go on however, ſeeing we are in the Way; we ſhall hear what *Protagoras* will ſay; and after having heard him, we will communicate it to others. Doubtleſs *Protagoras* is not there all alone, we ſhall find *Hippias* of *Eleas* with him, and I believe we ſhall alſo find *Prodicus de Ceos*, and many others beſides, all of them wiſe Men, and of great Inſight into Things.

The buying of Proviſions for the Soul is more dangerous than that of Proviſions for the Mouth.

This Reſolution being taken, we go on. When we came to the Gate, we ſtopt to conclude a ſmall Diſpute we had had by the Way: this continued a ſhort Time. I believe the Porter, who is an old Eunuch, heard us; and that the Number of Sophiſts that came thither conſtantly, had put him in an ill Humour againſt all thoſe who came to the Houſe. We had no ſooner knockt, but opening the Gate and ſeeing us, 'Ah, ah, (ſaid he) here are more 'of our Sophiſts, he is not at Leiſure.' And taking the Gate with both his Hands, he ſhut it in our Teeth with all his Force. We knocked again, and he anſwered us thro' the Door, 'Did not you underſtand me? Have

'not I already told you, that my Master will see no-'body?

My Friend, said I, we don't come here to interrupt *Callias*, we are no Sophists; you may open without Fear: we come to see *Protagoras*. For all this, it was with much ado that he opened to us. When we entred, we found *Protagoras* walking before the Portal, and with him on one Side *Callias*, the Son of *Hipponicus*, and his Brother by the Mother; *Paralus*, the Son of *Pericles*; and *Charmides*, the Son of *Glaucon*; and on the other, were *Xanthippus*, the other Son of *Pericles*; *Philippides*, the Son of *Philomelus*, and *Antimoerus* of *Sicily*, the most famous Disciple of *Protagoras*, and who aspires to be a Sophist. After them marched a Troop of People, most of which seemed to be Strangers that *Protagoras* brings always with him from all the Cities thro' which he passes, and whom he attracts by the Sweetness of his Voice like another *Orpheus*. There were also some *Athenians* amongst them. When I perceived this fine Troop, I took great Pleasure to see with what Discretion and Respect they marched always behind, being very careful not to be before *Protagoras*, As soon as *Protagoras* turned with his Company, this Troop opened to the Right and Left with a religious Silence to make Way for him to pass thro', and after he had passed, began to follow him.

Next to him, *(a)* to make use of the Expression of *Homer*, *I consulted Hippias* of *Eleas*, who was seated upon the other Side of the Portal, on an elevated Seat; and near him, upon the Steps, I observed *Eryximachus* the Son of *Acumenus*, *Phedras* of *(b) Myrrhinuse*, *Andron* the Son of *Androtion*, and some Strangers of *Eleas*

(a) This Word was taken from the 11th Book of the *Odysses* of *Homer*, where *Ulysses* descended to Hell, and saw the Ghosts of the Dead. By this Word alone *Socrates* means that these Sophists are not Men, but Shadows, and vain Phantoms, εἴδωλα. This obliged me to make use of this Word, *J'ay avise*, I consulted: which is somewhat old, but better and more usual.

(b) Myrrhinuse, a Town of *Attica*.

mixed

mixed with the reſt. They ſeemed to propoſe ſome Queſtions of Phyſick and Aſtronomy to *Hippias*, who anſwered all their Doubts. I alſo ſaw *Tantalus* there; *Prodicus de Ceos* was alſo there, but in a little Chamber; which was uſually *Hipponicus*'s Office, and which *Callias*, becauſe of the Number of People that came to his Houſe, had given to thoſe Strangers, after having fitted it up for them. *Prodicus* then was ſtill abed, wrapt up in Skins and Coverings, and *Pauſanias* of *(c) Creame* was ſeated by his Bed-ſide, and with him a young Man, who ſeemed to me to be of noble Birth, and the comelieſt Perſon in the World. I think I heard *Pauſanias* call him *Agathon*, and am much deceived if he be not in Love with him. There were alſo the two *Adimantes*, the one the Son of *Cephis*, and the other the Son of *Leucolophides*, and ſome other young People. Being without I could not hear the Subject of their Diſcourſe, although I wiſhed paſſionately to hear *Prodicus*, for he appears to me to be a very wiſe, or rather a divine Man: but he has ſo big a Voice, that it cauſed a Sort of Echo in the Chamber, which hindered me from underſtanding diſtinctly what he ſaid. We had been in but a Moment, when after us came *Alcibiades* the Comely, as you uſed to call him, and *Critias* the Son of *Calaiſchrus*.

After we had been there a ſhort Time, and conſidered a little what paſſed, we went out to join *Protagoras*. In accoſting him, *Protagoras*, ſaid I to him, *Hippocrates* and I are come here to ſee you.

Would you ſpeak to me in private, ſaid he, or in publick?

When I have told you what brings us hither, anſwered I, you yourſelf ſhall judge which will be moſt convenient.

What is it then, ſaid he, that hath brought you?

Hippocrates, whom you ſee there, replied I, is the Son of *Apollodorus*, of one of the greateſt and richeſt Families of *Athens*, and as nobly born as any young Man

(c) *Ceramis* or *Cerame*, a Borough of *Attica*.

of his Age; he designs to make himself illustrious in his Country, and to acquire Reputation; and he is persuaded that to succeed therein, he has need of your Help for some Time. See then whether you will entertain us upon this Subject in private or publick.

The Vanity of the Sophists.

That is very well done, *Socrates*, to use this Precaution towards me; for a Stranger who goes to the greatest Cities, and persuades young People of the greatest Quality to leave their Fellow-Citizens, Parents, or others, young and old, and only to adhere to him, that they may become more able Men by his Conversation, cannot make use of too much Precaution: for it is a very nice Art, much exposed to the Darts of Envy, and which attracts much Hatred and many Snares. For

The usual Folly of all the Sophists; they would have their Art, Profession, &c. to be very ancient.

my Part, I maintain, that the Art of Sophistry is very ancient; but those who professed it at first, to hide what it has odious or suspected, have sought to cover it, some with the Veil of Poetry, as *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and *Simonides*; others with the Veil of Purifications and Prophecies, as *Orpheus* and *Musæus:* some have disguised it under the Name Gymnastick, as *Iccus* of *Tarentum*, and as one of the greatest Sophists that ever was, does now at this Time; I mean *Herodicus de Selymbra*, in *Thrace*, originally from *Megara:* and others have concealed it under the specious Pretext of Musick, as your *Agathocles*, a great Sophist, if ever there was any; *Pythoclides* of *Ceos*, and an infinite Number of others.

All those People, I tell you, to shelter themselves from Envy, have sought after Sally-Ports to withdraw themselves out of Trouble in Time of Need. And in that I am in no wise of their Opinion, being persuaded that they have not done what they intended to do. For it is impossible that they can hide themselves long from the Eyes of those who have the chief Authority in Cities; they will at last discover your Subtilties. It is very true, that the People do not usually perceive them, but that does

does not ſave you; for they are always of the Sentiment of their Superiors, and ſpeak only by their Mouth. Beſides, there is nothing more ridiculous than to be ſurprized, like a Fool, when one would hide himſelf; that does nothing but procure you ſtill a greater Number of Enemies, and renders you more ſuſpected; for then you are ſuſpected to be a Diſſembler, and crafty in all Things. For my Part, I take the oppoſite Way; I am downright; I make an open Profeſſion of teaching Men; and I declare myſelf a Sophiſt. The beſt Cunning of all is, to have none: I had rather ſhow my ſelf than be diſcovered. With this Frankneſs, I fail not to take all other neceſſary Precautions; inſomuch that, Thanks be to God, no Misfortune has befallen me as yet, tho' I proclaim that I am a Sophiſt, and tho' I have practiſed that Art for a great many Years; for by my Age I ſhould be the Father of all of you, be as great as you pleaſe: ſo that nothing can be more agreeable to me, if you are inclined to it, than to ſpeak to you in the Preſence of all thoſe that are in the Houſe.

I immediately knew his Drift, and ſaw that he ſought for nothing but to value himſelf before *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, and to make an Improvement of our having addreſſed ourſelves to him, as being enamoured on his Wiſdom. Then I ſaid to him, to oblige him; But muſt not *Prodicus* and *Hippias* be called, that they may hear us? Yes certainly, ſaid *Protagoras*, who deſired no better. And *Callias*, catching the Ball upon the Rebound, Shall we, ſaid he, prepare Seats for you, that you may ſpeak more at your Eaſe? That ſeemed to us to be a very good Thought; and at the ſame Time, being impatient to hear ſuch able Men diſcourſe, we ſet all Hands to work to diſfurniſh the Houſe of *Hippias*, and to pull all the Chairs out of it. This was no ſooner done, but *Callias* and *Alcibiades* returned, bringing with them *Prodicus*, whom they had made to riſe, and all thoſe that were with him. When we were all ſeated, *Protagoras* addreſſing his Diſcourſe to me, ſaid, *Socrates*, now you may tell me, before all this good Com-

pany, what you had already begun to ſay to me for this young Man.

Protagoras, ſaid I, I ſhall paſs no other Compliment upon you here, than what I have already done, and I ſhall tell you plainly why we are come hither. *Hippocrates* there has an earneſt Deſire to enjoy your Converſation, and he would willingly know what Advantages he ſhall reap from it. This is all we have to ſay to you.

Then *Protagoras*, turning towards *Hippocrates*, My dear Child, ſaid he, the Advantages which you ſhall reap from being with me, are, that from the firſt Day of this Correſpondence you ſhall return at Night more learned than you were that Morning you came; the next Day the ſame, and every Day you ſhall find that you ſhall have made ſome new Progreſs.

But, *Protagoras*, ſays I, there is nothing extraordinary in this, and what is not very common; for you yourſelf, how old and learned ſoever you be, if any Body teach you what you knew not, you will alſo become more knowing than you were. Alas! that is not what we demand. But ſuppoſe *Hippocrates* ſhould all of a ſudden change his Mind, and that he takes a Fancy to apply himſelf to that young Painter who is lately arrived in this City, to *Zeuxippus d' Heracleus*; he addreſſes himſelf to him as he does now to you; that Painter promiſeth the ſame Things as you have done, that every Day he ſhall become more learned and make new Progreſs. If *Hippocrates* aſks him, wherein ſhall I make ſo great a Progreſs? Will not *Zeuxippus* anſwer him, that he will make a Progreſs in Painting.

We muſt not ſtrive ſimply to learn, but to learn ſomething that's good.

Suppoſe he ſhould have a Mind to join himſelf in the ſame Manner to *Orthagoras* the *Theban*, and that after having heard the ſame Things from his Mouth, as he has heard from yours, he ſhould aſk him the ſame Queſtion; wherein ſhould he become every Day more learned? Will not *Orthagoras* anſwer him, that 'tis in the Art of playing upon the Flute? The Matter being ſo, I pray you,

Protagoras, to anſwer us likewiſe as poſitively. You tell us, that if *Hippocrates* join himſelf to you from the firſt Day, he will return more learned, the next Day ſtill more, and every Day after make new Progreſſes, and ſo on all the Days of his Life. But explain to us wherein it is he will be ſo learned, and the Advantages he ſhall reap from this Learning.

You have Reaſon, *Socrates*, ſaid *Protagoras*; that's a very pertinent Queſtion, and I dearly love to anſwer thoſe who put ſuch Sort of Queſtions to me. I tell you then, that *Hippocrates* needs not fear, with me, any of thoſe Inconveniences which would infallibly happen to him, with all our Sophiſts; for all the other Sophiſts do notably prejudice young People, in forcing them, by their fine Diſcourſes, in Spight of their Averſion to them, to learn Arts which they care not for, and which they would in no wiſe learn; as Arithmetick, Aſtronomy, Geometry, Muſick: [And in ſaying that, he looked upon *Hippias* deſigning as it were to point him out:] Whereas with me a young Man will learn nothing but the Science for which he has addreſſed himſelf to me; and that Science is nothing elſe but Prudence, which teaches one to govern his Houſe well, and which, as to Things that regard the Republick, renders us capable of ſaying and doing all that is moſt advantageous for it.

The Sophiſt always deſpiſes all thoſe of his Profeſſion.

See, ſaid I to him, if I conceive you aright: it ſeems to me, that you would ſpeak of Politicks, and that you pretend to be able to make Men good Citizens.

It is ſo, ſaid he; that is the Thing that I boaſt of.

In truth, ſaid I to him, *Protagoras*, that is a wonderful Science you have, if it be true that you have it, for I ſhall not ſcruple to tell you freely what I think. I have hitherto thought that it was a Thing that could not be taught: but ſince you ſay that you teach it, how can we but believe you? In the mean Time it is juſt that I ſhould give you the Reaſons why I believe it cannot be taught, and that one Man cannot communicate that Science to another. I am perſuaded, as are all the *Greeks*, that

that the *Athenians* are very wiſe. * I ſee in all our Aſſemblies, that when the City is obliged to undertake ſome new Buildings, they call all the Architects before them, to aſk their Advice; that when they deſign to build Ships, they ſend for the Carpenters that work in their Arſenals; and that they do the ſame in all other Things that are capable to be taught and learnt: and if any Body elſe, who is not of the Profeſſion, take upon him to give Advice, tho' he be ever ſo fine, rich, and noble, yet they don't ſo much as give Ear to him; but they laugh at him, hiſs him, and make a terrible Noiſe, till ſuch Time as he retires, or is carried out by the Officers, by Order of the Senate. This is the Manner of the City's Conduct in all Things that depend upon Art.

But when they deliberate upon thoſe Things that relate to the Government of the Republick, then every body is heard alike. You ſee the Maſon, Lockſmith, Shoemaker, Merchant, the Seaman, the Poor, Rich, Noble, the Waggoner, *&c.* riſe up to give their Advice, and nobody takes it ill; there is no Noiſe made then, as on other Occaſions, and none of them is reproached for intruding to give his Advice in Things he had never learnt, and in which he had not had a Maſter; an evident Demonſtration that the *Athenians* do all believe that that cannot be taught. And this is what is not only ſeen in the general Affairs relating to the Republick, but alſo in private Affairs, and in all Families: for the wiſeſt and the ableſt of our Citizens can't communicate their Wiſdom and Ability to others.

Without going farther, *Pericles* has carefully cauſed his two Sons, who are there, to learn all that Maſters could teach them; but as to Wiſdom, he does not teach them that, he does not ſend them to other Maſters,

* The firſt Reaſon of *Socrates* founded upon the Practice of all Men. Upon Things that are to be taught, they aſk Advice only of thoſe who have learnt them, but upon Virtue they adviſe with every Body: a certain Mark that they are perſuaded that Virtue is not acquired,

* but they feed in common in all Paſtures, like Beaſts conſecrated to God, that wander without a Herd, to ſee if of themſelves they can light by good Fortune upon thoſe healthful Herbs, which are Wiſdom and Virtue. 'Tis true, that the ſame *Pericles*, being Tutor to *Alcibiades* and *Clinias*, ſeparated them, leſt the latter as being much younger, ſhould be corrupted by his Brother *Alcibiades:* and placed *Clinias* with *Ariphron*, to the End that that wiſe Man might take Care to bring him up and inſtruct him. But what was the Iſſue of it? *Clinias* had not been ſix Months there, before *Ariphron*, not knowing what to do with him, returned him to *Pericles.*

I could quote you an infinite Number of others, who, tho' they were very virtuous and learned, yet they could never make their own Children, nor thoſe of others the better People for all that. And, when I think of all thoſe Examples, I confeſs, *Protagoras*, that I continue of this Sentiment, † that Virtue can't be taught: But at the ſame Time, when I hear you ſpeak as you do, it makes me waver, and I begin to believe, that what you ſay is true; being perſuaded, that you have great Experience, that you have learned much of others, and that you have found out many Things yourſelf that we are ignorant of. If therefore you can plainly demonſtrate to us, that Virtue is of a Nature to be taught, do not

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* This Paſſage, which is very fine, had not been intelligible, if I had tranſlated it *verbatim*; for the *Greek* ſays all this is one Word, ὑπερ ἄφετοι. It was therefore requiſite to explain the Figure which is excellent. *Socrates* compares Men to thoſe Beaſts which the Ancients conſecrated ſometimes to the Gods. As thoſe Beaſts had no Herds but thoſe Gods themſelves, ſo it is the ſame with Men, chiefly as to what relates to Virtue. Not only God, to whom they are conſecrated by their Birth, can conduct them to the pure Springs, healthful Waters, and fat Paſtures. It is the ſame Notion as *David* had in *Pſalm* xx. *In loco paſcuæ ibi me collocavit.*

† It is an uncontrovertible Truth: For who is it that can correct him whom God hath abandoned, becauſe of his Vices? Who can make ſtrait, what he hath made crooked?

conceal

conceal ſo great a Treaſure from us: But I conjure you to communicate it to us.

Well, ſaid he, I will not conceal it from you; but chuſe, Shall I as an old Man who ſpeak to young People, demonſtrate it to you † by Way of a Fable, or ſhall I do it by a plain and coherent Diſcourſe?

At theſe Words, moſt of thoſe who were preſent cried out, that he was the Maſter, and that the Choice was left to him.

Since it is ſo, ſaid he, I believe, that a Fable will be moſt agreeable.

(a) There was a Time when the Gods were alone, before there were either Beaſts or Men. When the Time appointed for the Creation of theſe laſt came, the Gods formed them in the Earth, by mixing the Earth, the Fire, and the other two Elements, whereof they are compoſed, together. But before they brought them to the Light, they ordered *(b) Prometheus* and *Epimetheus* to adorn them, and to diſtribute to them all Qualities convenient. *Epimetheus* begged of *Prometheus* to ſuffer him to make this Diſtribution; which *Prometheus* conſented to.

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† Fables were the Strength of the Sophiſts. It was by them that natural Religion, if we may ſay ſo, was ſupplanted; and that *Paganiſm*, which is the Corruption thereof, was introduced in its Room: Wherefore St. *Paul* exhorts the Faithful with ſo much Care to avoid Fables. When a Man refuſes to hearken to the Truth, he, in courſe, gives Ear to Fables.

(a) In this Fable, which is very ingenious, are traced great Footſteps of Truth; as, that God was from everlaſting before the Creation of Man; that there was a Time deſtined by Providence for that Creation, and that Man was created of the Earth, in which were hid the Seeds of all Creatures.

(b) By *Prometheus*, is here meant the Superior Angels; to whom, ſome think God recommended the Care of Man in the Creation, though they act ſolely by his Spirit; for they only execute his Orders. And, by *Epimetheus*, are meant the Elementary Virtues, which can give nothing but what they have received, and which go aſtray when they are not led and guided by the Spirit that created them.

Behold

Behold then *Epimetheus* in his Office! He gives to ſome Strength without Swiftneſs, and to others Swiftneſs without Strength. To theſe he gives natural Arms, and denies them to others, but at the ſame Time gives them other Means to preſerve and defend themſelves: he aſſigns Caves and Holes in the Rocks for the Retreat of thoſe to which he gives but ſmall Bodies; or otherwiſe, by giving them Wings, he ſhews them their Safety is in the Air. He makes thoſe to whom he has allotted Bulk, underſtand, that that Bulk is ſufficient for their Preſervation. Thus he finiſhed his Diſtribution with the greateſt Equality he poſſibly could, taking particular Care that none of thoſe Kinds ſhould be extirpated by the other.

After having provided them with Means to defend themſelves from the Outrage of each other, he took care to provide them againſt the Injuries of the Air, and againſt the Rigour of the Seaſon: for this Purpoſe he clothed them with thick Hair, and very cloſe Skins, able to defend them againſt the Winter-Froſts, and the Summer-Heats; and which, when they have Occaſion to ſleep, ſerve them inſtead of a Quilt to lie upon, and a Covering over them; he provides their Feet with a very firm and thick Hoof, and with a very hard Skin.

That being done, he aſſigns to each of them their Food, *viz.* to one Herbs, to another the Fruits of the Trees; to ſome Roots, and there was one Kind which he permitted to feed upon the Fleſh of other Creatures: But leſt that Kind ſhould come at laſt to deſtroy the others, he made it leſs fruitful, and made thoſe that were to nouriſh them extraordinary fruitful. But as *Epimetheus* was not very wiſe and prudent, he did not take Notice that he had employed all his Qualities to the Uſe of irrational Creatures, and that Man was ſtill wanting to be provided for; he therefore knew not on what Side to turn himſelf, when *Prometheus* came to ſee what Partition he had made. He ſaw

The Fleſh-eating Creatures leſs fruitful than the others, and why. *Epimetheus* being left to himſelf, and not being guided by *Prometheus*, knows not what he does.

all

all the Creatures perfectly well provided for; but found Man *(a)* quite naked, without either Weapons, Shoes or Covering.

The Day appointed to take Man out of the Bosom of the Earth, and to bring him to the Light of the Sun being come, *Prometheus* therefore knew not what to do to make Man capable of preserving himself. At last he made use of this Expedient: * He robbed *Vulcan* and *Minerva* of their Wisdom relating to Arts; he also stole the Fire; for without Fire this Wisdom could not be possessed; it would have been quite useless: and he presented them to Man. After this Manner Man received † Wisdom sufficient to preserve his Life: but he did not receive the Wisdom which relates to Politicks: ‖ For *Jupiter* had it, and *Prometheus* had not the Liberty to enter into *(b)* that sacred Mansion of this Master of the Gods

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(a) Epimetheus had given him all that he could give; for Man ought to furnish himself with all Things necessary for his Preservation, only from Reason.

* *Vulcan* and *Minerva* are the two Causes of Arts. *Vulcan* [the Fire] furnishes the Instruments and the Operation, and *Minerva* [the Spirit] gives the Design and the Knowledge by the Imagination, which is, as 'twere, a Ray that she sends from above: for Arts are only Imitations of the Spirit and of the Understanding, and they only give the Form, and adorn the Matter upon which they act. *Procl.*

† According to this Fable, the Knowledge of Arts preceded Politick and Moral Virtues in the Soul of Man; and there is nobody who knows not the Falsity of this Tradition.

‖ Yes; but *Jupiter*, the Sovereign of the Gods, had adorned the Soul of Man therewith from the very Minute of his Creation. It is true, that this first Man lost it very soon by his Fall, and that his Posterity had need of a *Mercury*, that is to say, a Minister of God to bring it back to them. Politick Wisdom is with *Jupiter*. *Proclus* says, because God by the most wise Laws which he has established for the Government of the World, hath given the most perfect Model of the most excellent Politician.

(*b*) This Mansion of *Jupiter* is called here by a Word which signifies *Fortress*, and by which the ancient Theologues, says *Proclus*, understood the upper Region of the Heaven and the *Primum Mobile*; from whence they conceive that God gave Motion to all Things

Gods. The Way to it was defended by *(a)* terrible Guards; But, as I juſt now told you, he ſlipt into the common Room, where *Vulcan* and *Minerva* were at work, and having robbed that God of his Art, which is practiſed by Fire, and this Goddeſs of hers, which relates to the Deſign and Conduct of the Works, he gave them to Man, who by this Means found himſelf in a Condition to provide all Things neceſſary for Life. 'Tis ſaid that *Prometheus* was afterwards puniſhed for this Robbery, which he committed only to repair the Default of *Epimetheus*.

When Man had received ſuch Shares of all thoſe divine Advantages, he was the only one of all the Creatures, who, becauſe of his Kindred, that linked him to the divine Being, thought that there were Gods, who raiſed Altars and erected Statues to them; he alſo ſettled a Language, and gave Names to all Things: He built himſelf Houſes, made himſelf Clothes, Shoes, Beds, procured himſelf Food out of the Bowels of the Earth.

Man, the only one of all the Creatures, that has Knowledge of God, whom he honours and ſerves: And this Knowledge came to him from his firſt Being.

As *Moſes* ſays, And the Name *that* Adam *gave to every one of the Creatures, was it's true Name.*

Notwithſtanding all thoſe Helps that Men had from their very Birth, yet they lived

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Things, and communicated his Light, and his fruitful Irradiations to the inferior Gods for the Creation of Beings, without being ſubject to any Cauſe, and 'tis of this Fortreſs that *Homer* would ſpeak when he ſays, that *Jupiter* keeps himſelf at a Diſtance upon the highest Pinacle of the Heavens.

(*a*) Thoſe terrible Guards which defend the Way to this Fortreſs of *Jupiter*, ſerve, according to *Proclus*, to point forth the Immutability of his Decrees, and his indefatigable Watchfulneſs for the Support of that Order which he has eſtabliſhed. We may alſo ſay, that thoſe Guards are to let us know, that all the Celeſtial Spirits cannot enter into the Secrets of Providence, but ſo far as God has a Mind to call them thereunto by his Goodneſs. Wherefore *Jupiter* ſays in *Homer*, that the other Gods cannot enter into his Counſels, and that they can know nothing, but

In the firſt Book of his Iliads.

what

lived diſperſed; for there was yet no City. Therefo
they were miſerably devoured by the Beaſts, as bein
every where much feebler than they. The Arts they ha
were a ſufficient Help for them to nouriſh themſelve
but very inſufficient for Defence againſt Enemies, and t
make War with them; for they had not as yet any Know
ledge of Politicks, whereof the Art of War is one Par
* They therefore thought only of gathering themſelv
together, for their Preſervation, and of building of C
ties. But they were no ſooner together, than they d
one another more Miſchiefs by their Injuſtice, than th
Beaſts had formerly done them by their Cruelty. An
thoſe Injuſtices proceeded only from this, that they ha
not yet any Idea of Politicks. Therefore they were ſoo
obliged to ſeparate themſelves; and were again expoſe
to the Fury of the Beaſts.

Jupiter being moved with Compaſſion, and alſo fea
ing that the Race of Man would ſoon be extirpated, † ſe
Mercury with Orders to carry Shame and Juſtice to Me
to the end that they might adorn their Cities, and confir
the Bonds of their Amity.

Mercury having received this Order, aſked *Jupite*
how he ſhould do to communicate unto Men Shame an
Juſtice, and if he ſhould diſtribute them as *Prometh*
had diſtributed the Arts? For, added he, the Arts we

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what he pleaſes to communicate to them. Thoſe Guards may a
have been feigned from the Cherubims that God placed at the Entra
of the terreſtrial Paradiſe, and who defended the ſame with a flami
Sword.

* This is a Principal which the ungodly would turn to th
Advantage, in maintaining that the Society of Men had no oth
Motive but their Preſervation. That is moſt falſe: Men were unit
long before they Thought of building Cities. God had planted
their Hearts the Seeds of Love and of Charity for one another, a
this Seed was nouriſhed and augmented by Religion; the Motive
Preſervation was only a more remote Motive, which even neceſſar
ſuppoſes a precedent Good-Will.

† The Antients therefore knew this Truth, that God cou
make Uſe of the Miniſtry of a God, or of an Angel, to acquai
Men with his Will, to cure their Weakneſſes, and to communica
Virtues to them.

diſtribut

ſtributed thus: For Example, He who has the Art of hyſick given him, is able alone to ſerve many particular erſons. It is the ſame alſo with all other Artiſts. Will therefore be enough if I follow the ſame Method, and I give Shame and Juſtice to a ſmall Number of Peo-le? Or ſhall I diſtribute them indifferently to all? To ll, without doubt, replied *Jupiter*, they muſt all have em: For if they are communicated only to a ſmall umber, as other Arts are, there will never be either ocieties or Cities. Moreover thou ſhalt publiſh this aw in my Name, that every Man that has not Shame d Juſtice, ſhall be cut off as the Plague of Cities.

This is the Reaſon, *Socrates*, why when the *Atheni-* and other People conſult about Affairs relating to rts, they liſten only to the Counſel of a ſmall Num-r, that is to ſay, of Artiſts. And if any others, who not of the Profeſſion, take upon them to give their dvice, they do not allow him, as you have very well ſerved, and as indeed 'tis but reaſonable. But when y treat of Affairs relating only to Policy, as this Po-y ought always to run upon Juſtice and Temperance, n they hear every body, and that with y good Reaſon; for every one is obli-d to have thoſe Virtues, otherwiſe re can be no Cities. That is the only aſon of this Difference which you e ſo well argued againſt.

Yes, he is obliged to have them; but, after having loſt them, Men cannot reſtore them.

And, that you may not think that I deceive you, en I ſay, that all Men are truly perſuaded that every ſon has a ſufficient Knowledge of tice, and of all other politick Vir-s, I will give you a Proof which l not ſuffer you to doubt it; to wit, t in other Arts, as you have very ll obſerved, if any one ſhould brag, t he excels therein, and that a Man, for Example, uld boaſt, * that he is an excellent Player upon the

Every one had it but they have loſt it; but this the Sophiſt did not know.

* It is a falſe reaſoning of the Sophiſt. We plainly ſee when a knows not how to play upon the Flute; but it is not ſo eaſily whether a Man be juſt, or only counterfeits Juſtice.

Flute,

Flute, without knowing any Thing of it, every Bod hiſſes at him, and his Friends make him retire as a Ma who has loſt his Wits. On the other Hand, when w ſee a Man, who, as to Juſtice and other Politick Vertue ſays before every one, and teſtifies againſt himſelf, th he is neither juſt nor virtuous, though in all other Occ ſions there is nothing more commendable than to tell t Truth, and that it is a Mark of Shamefacedneſs, at th ſame Time it is taken in this Caſe for a Sign of Folly and the Reaſon of it is ſaid to be, that all Men are oblige to alledge they are juſt, even though they be not; and th he, who at leaſt cannot counterfeit a juſt Man, is a perfe Fool, ſeeing there is no Perſon who is not obliged t participate of that Virtue, or otherwiſe he muſt ceaſe be a Man. You ſee then, that it is with good Reaſo every Body is heard ſpeak when Politicks are talked o becauſe every one is perſuaded, that there is no Man wh has not ſome Share of it.

Now that the World is perſuaded, that thoſe Virtu are neither the Preſent of Nature, nor an Effect Chance, but the Fruit of Reflections and of Precepts, what I am now going to demonſtrate to you.

* You ſee that nobody blames us for the Faults an Vices, which we are perſuaded are natural to us, which come to us by Chance, nobody admoniſhes u nobody reforms us, and, in a Word, nobody chaſtiſ us to make us otherwiſe than we are. On the Contrar they pity us. For who would be ſo mad as to unde take to reprehend a Man who is a Cripple, one-eye deformed, or a Dwarf, for being ſo? Is not every o perſuaded, that thoſe Defects of the Body, as well

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* This Way of Argument, how ſpecious ſoever, is falſe. is impoſſible for a *Man* to alter ſome Defects in his Body; b there are certain Defects of the Soul that may be changed by natu Light, which is not wholly extinguiſhed in us. *Man* is not chang *radically*, if we may be allowed to ſpeak ſo; but he is brought obey Reaſon to a certain Point, or to put a Reſtraint upon himſ in obeying the Law, which is ſufficient for civil Society; but t is far from being virtuous.

ſs Beauties, are the Work of Nature, or an Effect of Fortune, which often changes what Nature has made? It is not the ſame as to other Things which are certainly known to be the Fruit of Application and Study; when any Body is found who has them not, or who has Vices oppoſite to thoſe Virtues which he ought to have, then we are really angry with him: he is admoniſhed, he is reprimanded, and he is chaſtiſed. Among theſe Vices are injuſtice, Impiety, and, in a word, all that is oppoſite to politick and civil Virtues. As all thoſe Virtues are to be acquired by Study and Labour, this makes every one exclaim againſt thoſe who have neglected to learn them.

If God does not concur with and bleſs the Labours of Men, they can't be acquired but they may be counterfeited.

This is ſo true, *Socrates*, that if you will take the pains only to examine what that one Word is, *to puniſh the Wicked*, what Force it bears, and what End is propoſed by this Puniſhment; that alone is ſufficient to perſuade you of this Truth, that Virtue may be acquired. For nobody puniſhes a Miſcreant merely becauſe he has been wicked, unleſs it be ſome ſavage Beaſt, who puniſhes them to ſatisfy his own Cruelty. But he who puniſhes with Reaſon, does not do it for paſt Faults, for it is impoſſible to hinder what has been done from being done; but for Faults that are to come, to the end that the Guilty may not re-

Another falſe Principle. See the *Remarks*.

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* All that *Protagoras* ſays here is falſe. There are two Things to be conſidered in the Puniſhment of the Wicked; the Puniſhment of the Sin which is a Satisfaction to Divine Juſtice, whereof the Juſtice of Men is only the Echo, if we may be allowed ſo to ſpeak. Judges, as Stewards or Diſpenſers of the Divine Power, take away the Life, or inflict other Puniſhments upon the Wicked, to the End that Sin may be puniſhed. And, as Heads of the Government, who do all for the Good of the State, they order that the Puniſhment ſhall be executed publickly, that every one may take Warning: for the Fool himſelf becomes more wiſe when the Wicked Man is puniſhed; *Peſtilente flagellato Stultus ſapientior erit*, Prov. xix, 25.

lapſe

lapſe, and that others may take Example by their Punishment. And every Man who has this for his End, muſt of Neceſſity be perſuaded, that Virtue may be taught. For he puniſhes only for the future. Now it is plain, that all Men who punish the Wicked, whether it be in private or in publick, do it only for this End: and your *Athenians* do it as well as others. From whence it follows by a moſt juſt and neceſſary Conſequence, that your *Athenians* are perſuaded as well as other People, that Virtue may be acquired and taught. Thus it is with a great deal of Reaſon that your *Athenians* give Ear in their Councils to a Maſon, a Smith, a Shoemaker, *&c.* and that they are perſuaded that Virtue may be taught. Methinks this is ſufficiently proved.

Not at all; he is ſtrongly perſuaded that Men may put a Force upon themſelves and obey the Law.

The only Scruple that remains is, that which you make about great Men; for you aſk whence it comes that great Men teach their Children in their Infancy all that can be taught by Maſters, and make them very learned in all thoſe Arts; and that they neglect to teach them their proper Virtues, which at the ſame Time cauſe all their Grandeur and their true Character. To anſwer you that, *Socrates*, I ſhall have no farther Recourſe to Fables, as before, but ſhall give you very plain Reaſons.

Another falſe Principle. See the *Remarks.*

† Don't you believe, that there is one Thing above all, to which all Men are equally obliged, or otherwiſe there can be neither Society nor City? The Solution of your Difficulty depends up-

† This is another falſe Argument of the Sophiſt. It is certain that Virtue exiſts; that all Men are obliged to partake of it, and that God has given them Virtue: but it is alſo certain, that they have loſt it by the ill Uſe they made of their Free-Will, and that they cannot recover it but by the Help of God. Education, which is a Means to aſſiſt Nature, is of no Efficacy, unleſs God give a Bleſſing

on this one Point alone: for if this only Thing exiſts, and that it be neither the Art of a Carpenter, nor that of a Smith, nor that of a Porter, but that it is Juſtice, Temperance, and Holineſs, and, in a word, all that is comprehended under the Name of Virtue; if that Thing exiſts, and all Men are obliged to partake thereof, inſomuch that every particular Perſon who would inſtruct himſelf, or do any other Thing, is obliged to guide himſelf by its Rules, or to renounce all that it deſires; that all thoſe who will not partake thereof, Men, Women, and Children, muſt be reproved, reprehended, and chaſtiſed, till Inſtructions or Puniſhments reform them; and that thoſe who will not be reformed, muſt either be puniſhed with Death, or baniſhed: If it be ſo, as you cannot doubt of it, and that notwithſtanding this, thoſe great Men, of whom you ſpeak, ſhould teach their Children all other Things, and ſhould neglect to teach them this only Thing, I mean Virtue; it muſt then be * a Miracle if thoſe Children, ſo much neglected, become People of Worth, and good Citizens. I have already proved to you that every Body is perſuaded that Virtue may be taught in publick and private. Since it may be taught, do you think that Fathers teach their Children all the Things that they may be ſecurely ignorant of, without incurring either the Pain of Death, or the leaſt Penalty; and that they neglect to teach them thoſe Things, the ignorance whereof is uſually attended by Death, Priſon, Exile, Confiſcation of Goods, and in a word, by the utter

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it: it may curb the Wicked for ſome Time, by reviving ſome parks of their almoſt dead Reaſon, and frightening them with the uniſhments of Vice; and it is here that it uſually terminates; but at alone will never infuſe Virtue. Man plants and Man waters, t it is God who giveth the Encreaſe.

* Yes, without Doubt, it is a Miracle; for we are naturally corrupt, that God muſt intervene to reſtore the Soul to the ate which it has loſt. This Sophiſt thinks he ſays ſomething at's abſurd and impoſſible, but at the ſame Time ſpeaks a very at Truth.

It is rather the Part of those who have not been brought up to it, to counterfeit the same.

Ruin of Families? For this is the Thing that happens to those who are not brought up virtuously. Is there not a greater likelihood that they will employ all their Pains and all their Application, to teach them that which is so important and so necessary? Yes, without doubt, *Socrates*; and we ought to think that those Fathers, taking their Children in their younger Years, that is to say, as soon as those Children are capable of understanding what is said to them: never cease all their Life-time to teach and reprehend them, and not only the Fathers, but also the Mothers, Nurses and Preceptors, they all chiefly endeavour to make Children honest and virtuous, * by letting them see upon every Thing they do, and upon every Word they speak, that such a Thing is just, and such a Thing is unjust; that this is handsome and that unhandsome; that this is holy, and that impious; that we must do this, and shun that. If Children voluntarily obey these Precepts, they are rewarded and praised: and if they don't obey them, they are threatned and chastised; they are propt up and set aright, like Trees that bend and become crooked.

When they are sent to School, it is earnestly recommended to their Masters not to apply themselves so much to teach them to read well, and to play well upon Instruments, as to teach them Honesty and Modesty. Therefore those Masters take very great Care of it. When they can read, and understand what they read, instead of giving them Precepts by Word of Mouth, they make them read the best Poets, and oblige them to get them by Heart. There they find excellent Precepts for Virtue, and Recitals which contain the Praises of the greatest Men of Antiquity, to the End that those Children being

* All this Education did then only tend, and does no more now, for the most Part, but to accustom Children to obey the Laws of Honour, Decency, and Justice *a la mode*, and to govern themselves in all Things, not by Principles of Religion, but by Maxims of Policy. Is that to teach Virtue?

inflamed with a noble Emulation, may imitate and endeavour to reſemble them.

The Maſters of Muſick, and thoſe who teach them to play upon Inſtruments, take the ſame Pains; they train up young People to Modeſty, and take particular Care that they do nothing unhandſome.

When they underſtand Muſick, and can play well upon Inſtruments, they put into their Hands the Poems of the Lyrick Poets, which they make them ſing and play upon the Harp, to the end that thoſe Numbers and that Harmony may inſinuate themſelves into their Souls, whilſt they are yet tender; and that being thereby rendered more ſoft, tractable, polite, and, if we may ſay ſo, more harmonious and more agreeable, they may be more capable of ſpeaking well, and doing well: for the whole Life of Man has need of ‖ Number and Harmony.

Not being ſatisfied with thoſe Means, they ſend them alſo to Maſters of Exerciſe, to the end that having a ſound and robuſt Body, they may the better execute the Orders of a maſculine and ſound Spirit, and that the Weakneſs of their Conſtitution may not oblige them to refuſe to ſerve their Country, whether it be in War, or in other Functions. And thoſe who ſend their Children moſt to Maſters, are ſuch as are beſt able to do it; that is to ſay, the richeſt: inſomuch that the Children of the richeſt begin their Exerciſes the earlieſt, and continue them the longeſt; for they go thither in their tender Years, and don't ceaſe going till they are Men.

By this Reaſon the Children of the richeſt ought to be the moſt virtuous.

They have no ſooner quitted thoſe Maſters, but their Country obliges them to learn the Laws, and to live according to the Rules they preſcribe, to the end that they may do all Things by Reaſon, and nothing out of Conceit and Fancy.

But the Laws neither change the Mind nor Manners.

‖ Yes, but it is of ſuch Numbers and Harmony as Men don't teach: the Harmony which they teach oftentimes ſerves only to render them more unfit for the other.

And as Writing-Maſters give their Scholars, who have not as yet learnt, a Rule under their Paper, that in copying their Examples they may always follow the Lines that are traced out; ſo the Country gives Laws to Men, that were invented and eſtabliſhed by the ancient Legiſlators. It forced them to govern and to ſubmit to be governed according to their Laws; and if any one goes aſtray, it puniſheth him; and this Puniſhment is called with you, as in many other Places, by a Word which properly ſignifies *to reform*; as Juſtice reforms thoſe who turn aſide from the Rule which ought to guide them.

After ſo much Pains taken, both in publick and private, to inſpire Virtue, are you amazed, *Socrates*, and can you have the leaſt Doubt that Virtue may be taught? This ſhould be ſo far from ſurprizing you, that you ought, on the other hand, to be very much ſurprized if the Contrary ſhould be true.

But you will ſay, How comes it to paſs, that many of the greateſt Mens Children become the moſt diſhoneſt People of the World? Here's a very plain Reaſon, that has nothing amazing in it, if what I have already ſuppoſed be firm and unſhaken; that is to ſay, if it be true, * that every Man is indiſpenſably obliged to have Virtue, to the end that Societies and Cities may ſubſiſt. If that be ſo, as without doubt it is, chuſe among all the other Sciences or Profeſſions that Men are employed in, which you ſhall think fit, and you ſhall ſee what I would be at.

Another falſe Reaſoning. See the *Remarks*.

Let us ſupppoſe, for Example, that this City could not ſubſiſt, unleſs we were all Players on the Flute: † is it not certain that we ſhould all addict ourſelves

* He is obliged to have Virtue, and God hath given him a Light capable to guide him to the true Fountain; but Societies and Cities don't examine if he be truly virtuous; it is enough for them that he counterfeits it, and that he lives as if he were ſo. The Sophiſt argues always upon a falſe Principle.

† This Sophiſt always miſtakes himſelf. It is not the ſame with Virtue as with other Arts: a Man is an able Artiſt, though he has

ourſelves to the Flute, that both in Publick and Private we would teach one another to play upon it; that we would reprehend and chaſtiſe thoſe who ſhould neglect to play, and that we would no more make that Science a Myſtery to them, than we do that of Juſtice and Law? For does any Body refuſe to teach another Juſtice? and does any Body keep that Science ſecret, as is practiſed in other Arts? No certainly. And the Reaſon of it is this, that the Virtue and Juſtice of every particular Man is uſeful to the whole Body. That's the Reaſon why every Body is always ready to teach his Neighbour all that concerns Law and Juſtice. If it were the ſame in the Art of playing on the Flute, and that we were all equally ready to teach others without any Reſerve, what we know of it, do you think, *Socrates*, that the Children of the moſt excellent Players upon the Flute, would always become more perfect in that Art than the Children of the worſt Players? I am perſuaded you believe nothing of it. * The Children who would be found to be the moſt happily born for that Art, would be thoſe who ſhould make the greateſt Progreſs therein, and who ſhould render themſelves the moſt famous for it; the reſt would fatigue themſelves in vain, and would never gain any Name on it: as we daily ſee the Son of an excellent Player upon the Flute to be an indifferent Scholar; and

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has not acquired the higheſt Perfection in Art; but a Man is not virtuous, unleſs he has all Virtue: for if one Part of it be wanting, all is wanting. *Protagoras* is going immediately to fall into a manifeſt Contradiction.

* *Protagoras* contradicts himſelf by this Argument; for if none but thoſe who are happily born acquire the Perfection of Arts, and that Men can't change an unhappy Birth, it follows, from this Principle, that Men cannot even teach the Perfection of Arts; and it is a certain Truth. How could they inſpire us with Virtue then? For we muſt be as happily born for Virtue. What is it then to be happily born? Is it to have our Reaſon leſs changed and corrupted? In this State, Education cultivates the natural Seed which God hath ſowed in our Souls, and God by his Bleſſing makes it grow, and brings it to its perfect Maturity. Then 'tis neither Nature alone that procures Virtue, nor Labour alone, nor both together: 'tis God alone: for 'tis he who corrects our depraved Nature, and bleſſeth our Labour.

on the other Hand, the Son of a Blockhead to become a very able Muſician: but in general they are all good enough, † if we compare them with the ignorant and with thoſe who never handled a Flute. We muſt hold it for certain, that it is the ſame in the preſent Caſe; ſuch an one as would appear to you now to be the moſt unjuſt of all thoſe who are brought up in the Knowledge of the Laws, and in civil Society, would be a very juſt Man, and even able to teach Juſtice, if you ſhould compare him with People who have neither Education, Law, Tribunal nor Judges, who are not forced by any Neceſſity to apply themſelves to Virtue; and who, in a word, would reſemble (*a*) thoſe Savages which *Pherecrates* cauſed to be acted laſt Year, at the (*b*) Country Feaſts of *Bacchus*. Believe me, if you were among Men, like thoſe *Miſanthropes* that that Poet introduces, you would think yourſelf very happy to fall into the Hands of an (*c*) *Euribates* and a *Phrynondas*, and you would ſigh after the Wickedneſs of our People, againſt which you declaim ſo much now. But your Diſtemper comes only from too much Eaſe; becauſe every Body teaches Vir-

† One may be comparatively able in Arts, but not ſo in Virtue; We may be leſs wicked than others, but that does not make us virtuous.

(*a*) The Poet *Pherecrates* had acted a Play, whereof the Title was ἄγριοι, *The Savages*. And there is ſome Appearance, that he repreſented therein the unhappy Life that the firſt Men led before they were united by Society; and his Aim was to let the *Greeks* ſee that there was no Happineſs for them, but to be well united, and faithfully to execute the Treaty of Peace, which had ſo lately terminated a long and fatal War.

(*b*) At the Country Feaſts of *Bacchus*. He ſays the Country Feaſts, becauſe there were other Feaſts of *Bacchus* that were celebrated in the City the Beginning of the Spring, and the Country Feaſts were celebrated the latter End of Autumn, in the Fields.

(*c*) *Euribates* and *Phrynondas* were two notorious Profligates, who had given Occaſion for the Proverbs, *An Action of* Euribates, *To do the Actions of* Euribates, *'Tis another* Phrynondas. Here the Sophiſt complies with Reaſon. It is without all Doubt that Men can teach Men the Virtue that thoſe People had.

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tue as they can, and you art pleaſed to cry out, and to ſay, that there is not ſo much as one Maſter that teacheth it. It is juſt as if you ſhould ſeek in *Greece* for a Maſter who teacheth the *Greek* Tongue, you will find none: Why? becauſe every body teacheth it. Indeed, if you ſeek for one who can teach Tradeſmens Sons the Trade of their Fathers with the ſame Capacity as their Fathers themſelves or ſworn Maſters can perform it. I confeſs, *Socrates*, that ſuch a Maſter would not eaſily be found; but there is nothing more eaſy than to find one who can teach the ignorant. It is the ſame with Virtue and all other Things. And how little ſoever the Advantage be that another Man has over us, to puſh us forwards, and to make us advance in the Way of Virtue, it is always a very conſiderable Thing, and for which we ought to think ourſelves very happy. Now I am certainly one of thoſe who have all the neceſſary Qualities for that; for I know better than any other Perſon in the World, all that muſt be done to become perfectly an honeſt Man; and I can ſay, that I do not rob them of the Money which I take; nay, I deſerve more, even in the Opinion of my Scholars. Wherefore this is the Bargain that I uſually make: when any Body has learned of me, if he will, he pays me what others uſed to give me; if not, he may go into a Temple, and after having ſworn that what I have taught him is worth ſo much, depoſite the Sum which he deſigns for me. *Socrates*, this is the Fable, and the ſimple Reaſons I have thought fit to make uſe of to prove to you, that Vertue may be taught, and that the *Athenians* are all perſuaded of it; and to let you ſee, that we muſt not be aſtoniſhed if the Children of the greateſt Men are commonly very little Worth, and if thoſe of the Ignorant and of the pooreſt ſucceed better, ſince we even ſee that the Sons of *Polycletus*, who are of the ſame Age with *Xantippus* and *Paralus*, are nothing, if compared with their Father; and ſo of many other Children of our greateſt Maſters. But for thoſe whom I juſt now named, it is not Time to judge

But Virtue is not the Buſineſs of the Ignorant.

Obſerve the Pride of the Sophiſt.

them, there are ſtill Hopes, and their Youth is a Refuge for them.

This long and fine Diſcourſe being pronounced with much Oſtentation and Pride, *Protagoras* held his Tongue; and I, after having been a long Time put to a ſtand, as a Man charmed and raviſhed, looked upon him as if he ought to ſpeak on ſtill, to tell me Things that I very impatiently expected: but ſeeing that he had actually done, having at laſt reſumed Courage with much Difficulty, I turned towards *Hippocrates*. In Truth, *Hippocrates*, ſaid I to him, I cannot expreſs how much I am indebted to you, for having obliged me to come hither; for I would not for all the World but have heard *Protagoras:* Hitherto I believed, that it was no Ways by the Help and Care of Men that we became honeſt People; but now I am perſuaded that it is a Thing purely humane. There is only one ſmall Difficulty remaining, which *Protagoras*, who has juſt now demonſtrated ſuch fine Things, will eaſily reſolve. If we ſhould conſult ſome of our great Orators upon thoſe Matters, perhaps they would entertain us with ſuch-like Diſcourſes, * and that we ſhould believe we heard a *Pericles*, or ſome of thoſe who have been the moſt Eloquent; and after that, if we ſhould make Objection to them, they would not know what to ſay, nor what to anſwer, but be as mute as a Book. But tho' one ſhould aſk them ever ſo little upon what they might have already ſaid, they would never end, and would do as a braſs Kettle, which being once ſtruck, keeps its Sound a long Time, unleſs one puts his Hand upon it, and ſtops it; for that's juſt what our Orators do, ſo ſoon as they

He reproaches all thoſe great Orators that they were a little tainted by the Commerce they had with the Sophiſts.

* This is a difficult Paſſage, if we have no regard to the Time, that is to ſay, if we do not obſerve the Date of the Dialogue. It is that which deceived *Henry Stephens*, who tranſlated it as if *Pericles* were ſtill alive, whereas he had been dead eight or nine Years.

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are touched they reſound without End. It is not the ſame with *Protagoras*, for he is not only very capable of holding long and fine Diſcourſes, as he has juſt now made it appear, but alſo of anſwering preciſely, and in few Words, to the Queſtions that are aſked him; and can ſtart others, and wait for and receive the Anſwers as he ought, which few People are able to do.

Now then, *Protagoras*, ſaid I to him, there wants but a ſmall Thing to content me upon the whole, and I ſhall be fully ſatisfied when you ſhall have had the Goodneſs to anſwer it. You ſay, that Virtue can be taught? and if I may believe any Body in the World upon that, 'tis you. *(a)* But I pray you to remove the Scruple which you have left in my Mind. You have ſaid, that *Jupiter* ſent Shame and Juſtice to Men; and in your whole Diſcourſe you have ſpoke of Juſtice, Temperance, and Sanctity, as if Virtue were one only Thing which included all thoſe Qualities. Explain it to me then exactly, if Virtue be one, and if Juſtice, Temperance, Sanctity, are only its Parts; or if all thoſe Qualities which I have now named be only different Names of one and the ſame Thing. This is what I farther deſire of you.

The Sophiſt ackowledges, that Virtue is one, but that it is compoſed of different Parts;

There is nothing more eaſy, *Socrates*, than to ſatisfy you in that Point: for Virtue is one Thing, and thoſe are its Parts.

But, ſaid I to him, are thoſe its Parts, as the Mouth, Noſe, Ears and Eyes are the Parts of the Face? Or are they Parts like Parts of Gold, that are all of the ſame Nature as the Maſs, and differ from each other only in Quantity?

(a) *Socrates* does not trouble himſelf to anſwer all the Sophiſms of *Protagores*, which are too groſs; but he goes at once to the main Point of the Queſtion, which conſiſts in knowing the Nature of Virtue; for Virtue being well known, it will be clearly ſeen that it is not poſſible for Men to teach it.

They are without doubt Parts of it, as the Mouth and the Noſe are Parts of the Face.

But ſaid I, do Men acquire ſome one Part of this Virtue, and others another? Or is there a Neceſſity that he who acquires one muſt acquire all?

By no means, anſwered he. (a) For you ſee every Day People who are valiant and unjuſt, and others who are juſt without being wiſe.

For Valour and Wiſdom are only Parts of Virtue.

Aſſuredly, ſaid he, and Wiſdom is the greateſt of its Parts.

And is every one of its Parts different from another?

Without doubt.

And every one has its Properties: As in the Parts of the Face the Eyes are not of the ſame Uſe with the Ears, and have different Properties and Faculties; and ſo of all the other Parts, they are all different, and don't reſemble each other either in Form or Quality. Is it the ſame of the Parts of Virtue? Does not one of them in any wiſe reſemble another? and do they abſolutely differ in themſelves and in their Faculties? It is evident, that they do not reſemble each other at all, if it be the ſame of them as of the Example which we have made Uſe of.

Socrates, that is very certain, and the Example is juſt.

(a) That's the Poiſon of this Doctrine, which is but too much ſpread abroad to this Day. Some fancy that Virtue may be divided, ſo as a Man may have ſome of its Parts without having the reſt; which is contrary to all the Light of Reaſon, as has been explained in the Argument. It was in Oppoſition to this very Error that *Solomon* wrote in the *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap. ix. *He who ſinneth in one Thing ſhall loſe much Riches.* For it is one of the Explanations that St. *Hierome* gives to this Paſſage, 'That one only Sin 'cauſeth many former good Works to periſh; and that all Virtues 'accompany one another, inſomuch that he who has one has all; 'and he who ſins in one Thing is Subject to all Vices without exception.'

Then

Then ſaid I to him, Virtue has no other of its Parts which reſemble Knowledge, Juſtice, Valour, Temperance, nor Sanctity.

No, without doubt.

Come then, let you and I ſee and examine to the Bottom the Nature of every one of its Parts. Let us begin with Juſtice: Is it any Thing, or Nothing? For my part I find it is ſomething: what do you think?

I alſo think it to be ſomething.

Socrates is going to prove that Juſtice and Sanctity are but one and the ſame Thing.

If then any Body ſhould apply himſelf to you and me, and ſhould ſo ſay to us, *Protagoras* and *Socrates*, explain to me, I pray you, what is that which you juſt now called *Juſtice?* is it ſomething that is juſt or unjuſt?

I ſhould anſwer him off-hand, That it is ſomething that is juſt: would not you anſwer the ſame?

Yes certainly.

Juſtice conſiſts then, he would ſay, according to you, in being juſt.

We would ſay yes: is it not ſo?

Without Doubt, *Socrates.*

And if he ſhould aſk us, after that, Don't you alſo ſay, that there is a Sanctity? Should not we anſwer him in the ſame Manner, that there is?

Aſſuredly.

You maintain, he'd reply, that it is ſomething; what is it then? is it to be holy or to be profane? For my part, I confeſs, *Protagoras*, that at this Queſtion I ſhould be all in a Paſſion, and ſhould ſay to the Man, Speak ſenſe, I pray you; what is there that can be holy, if Sanctity itſelf be not holy? Would not you anſwer thus?

Yes indeed, *Socrates.*

If after that the Man ſhould continue to queſtion us, and ſhould ſay, But what did you you ſay a Minute ago? have I miſunderſtood you? It ſeemed to me, that you ſaid the Parts of Virtue were all different, and that one was never like another. For my Part, I ſhould anſwer

him, you have Reaſon to alledge that that was ſaid; but if you think it was I who ſaid it, you miſunderſtood me; for it is *Protagoras* who affirmed it, I only aſked the Queſtion: doubtleſs he would not fail to apply himſelf to you, *Protagoras*; he would ſay, Do you agree to what *Socrates* ſays? Is it you alone that aſſure me that none of the Parts of Virtue are like to one another? Is that your Opinion? What would you anſwer him, *Protagoras?*

I ſhould be forced to confeſs it, *Socrates*.

For that muſt of neceſſity be, if the Parts of Virtue were unlike.

And after this Confeſſion, what could we anſwer him, if he ſhould continue his Queſtions, and tell us, according to you then Sanctity is neither a juſt Thing, nor Juſtice a holy Thing; but Juſtice is profane, and Sanctity is unjuſt? Is then the juſt Man profane and impious? What ſhould we anſwer him, *Protagoras?* I confeſs, that for my Part, I ſhould anſwer him, that I maintain Juſtice to be holy, and Sanctity to be juſt: and if you yourſelf did not prevent me, I ſhould anſwer for you, that you are perſuaded that Juſtice is the ſame Thing with Sanctity, or at leaſt a Thing very like it; and that Sanctity is the ſame Thing with Juſtice, or very like it. See then if you would hinder me to anſwer ſo for you, or if you would confeſs it to me.

I ſhould not confeſs it to you, *Socrates*; for that does not ſeem to me to be true at the Bottom, and we ought not to grant ſo eaſily that Juſtice is Holineſs, and that Sanctity is Juſtice: there is ſome Difference between them; but what will you make of that? If you will, I conſent that Juſtice is holy, and that Sanctity is juſt.

Now, *if I will*, ſaid I to him, I have nothing to do with that; it is not as *I will* that is in Queſtion, it is you or I, it is our Perſuaſion and our Principle; and if we refuſe one another, that *if*, which does nothing but darken the Truth, and render Proofs uſeleſs, muſt be removed.

For to argue againſt Suppoſitions, is to argue againſt a Chimera.

However,

However, we may ſay, anſwered he, that Juſtice reſembles Sanctity in ſomething; for one Thing always reſembles another in ſome Sort: white always has in ſome Meaſure a Reſemblance to black, hard to ſoft? and ſo of all other Things which ſeem to be the moſt contrary to each other. Thoſe very Parts which we have agreed have each different Properties and Faculties, and that one is not like the other, I mean the Parts of the Face; if you look to them narrowly, you will find, that they reſemble each other a little, and that they are in ſome Meaſure one like another: and after this Manner you may very well prove, if you will, that all Things are like one another. But however, it is not juſt to call Things alike, that have but a ſmall Reſemblance to each other; as it is not juſt neither to call thoſe Things unlike that differ but a very little from each other, as a light Reſemblance does not render Things alike, to ſpeak properly, ſo a ſmall Difference does not make them unlike.

A ſorry Evaſion of the Sophiſt, who will eſtabliſh between the Parts of Virtue, a remote and almoſt inſenſible Reſemblance, that he may not acknowledge that which is very near, very natural, and very ſenſible.

Being amazed at this Diſcourſe of the Sophiſt, I aſked him, Does then the Juſt and Holy ſeem to you to have only a light Reſemblance to each other?

That Reſemblance, *Socrates*, is not ſo ſmall as I have ſaid, but at the ſame Time it is not ſo great as you ſay.

Well, ſaid I to him, ſince you ſeem to me to be in ſo ill an Humour againſt this Sanctity and Juſtice, let us leave them there, and let us take ſome other Subject.

* What do you think of Folly? is it not entirely contrary to Wiſdom?

It ſeems ſo to me.

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* *Socrates* is going to prove, that Temperance and Moderation are the ſame Thing with Wiſdom, ſeeing they are contrary to Folly; for one Contrary can have but one Contrary: And thus Temperance, Moderation, and Wiſdom, are the ſimilar Parts of Virtue. And conſequently, *&c.*

When

When Men have governed themſelves well and profitably, don't they ſeem to you to be more temperate and more moderate than when they do the contrary?

Without Contradiction.

Are they not then governed by Moderation?

It cannot be otherwiſe.

And thoſe who have no good Government over themſelves, don't they act fooliſhly, and are in no wiſe moderate in their Conduct?

I agree with you in that.

Therefore is not acting fooliſhly contrary to acting moderately?

It is agreed.

That which is done fooliſhly, does it not come from Folly? and does not that which is done diſcreetly proceed from Moderation?

That's true.

Is not that which proceeds from Force, ſtrong; and that which proceeds from Weakneſs, feeble?

Certainly.

Is it not from Swiftneſs that a Thing is ſwift, and from Slowneſs that a Thing is ſlow?

Without doubt.

And all that is done the ſame, is it not done by the ſame? and is not the Contrary done by the Contrary?

Yes, doubtleſs.

Oh! let us ſee then, ſaid I, is there not ſomething that is called Beauty?

Yes.

This Beauty, has it any other Contrary than Uglineſs?

No.

Is there not ſomething that is called good?

Yes.

This Good, has it any other Contrary than Evil?

No, it has no other.

Is there not in the Voice a Sound which is called Acute?

Yes.

And that Shrill, has it any other Contrary than Grave?

No.

Every Contrary then has but one Contrary, and there are no more?

I confeſs it.

Let us ſee then; let us make a Recital of the Things wherein we are agreed.

We have agreed.

1. That every Contrary has but one only Contrary.

2. That Contraries are made by Contraries.

3. That which is done fooliſhly is done after a quite contrary Manner to that which is done diſcreetly.

4. That which is done diſcreetly proceeds from Moderation, and that which is done fooliſhly proceeds from Folly.

'Tis agreed.

That therefore which is done a contrary Way, ought to be done by the Contrary; that which is done diſcreetly, is done by Moderation, and that which is done fooliſhly, is done by Folly, of a contrary Way, and always by Contraries?

For Contraries always produce Contraries, as the ſame produce the ſame.

Certainly.

Is not Moderation then contrary to Folly?

So it ſeems to me.

You remember however, that you agreed juſt now that Wiſdom was contrary to Folly.

I confeſs it.

And that one Contrary had but one Contrary.

That is true.

From which then of thoſe two Principles ſhall we recede, my dear *Protagoras?* Shall it be from this, That one Contrary has but one Contrary? Or from that which we aſſerted juſt now, That Wiſdom is ſome other Thing than Temperance or Modeſty; That each of them are Parts of Virtue, and that as they are different, they are alſo unlike, both by their Nature and Effects, as the Parts of the Face: Which of thoſe two Principles ſhall we renounce? For they don't agree well, and they make a horrible Diſcord. Ah, how is it poſſible they ſhould

ſhould agree, if there be a Neceſſity that one Contrary muſt have but one only Contrary, and can't have more, and that it be found in the mean Time, that Folly has two Contraries, which are Wiſdom and Temperance? Does it not appear ſo to you, *Protagoras?* He has agreed to it, whether he will or not.

Wiſdom and Temperance then muſt of all Neceſſity be but one and the ſame Thing, as we found juſt now, that Juſtice and Sanctity were a little while ago. But don't let us weary ourſelves, my dear *Protagoras*, and let us examine the reſt. I aſk you, A Man, who does an unjuſt Thing, is he prudent in being unjuſt?

For my Part, *Socrates*, ſaid he, I ſhould be aſhamed to confeſs it. However, it is the Opinion of the People.

For the Vulgar believe, that there are many Injuſtices which are prudent while they arep rofitable.

Well, would you have me apply myſelf to the People, or ſhall I ſpeak to you?

I beg it of you, ſaid he, direct yourſelf only to the People.

That's equal to me, ſaid I, provided you anſwer me. For it imports me nothing that you think that or that; I examine only the Opinion; but it may very well be, that in examining the Opinion, 'tis myſelf when I examine, and ſometimes alſo the Perſon who anſwers me.

Upon that, *Protagoras* made ſome Scruple, diſdaining to be thus queſtioned, and ſaying, that the Matter was thorny. But at laſt he took his Part, and reſolved to anſwer me. Then I ſaid to him, *Protagoras*, anſwer, I pray you, to my firſt Queſtion: Do you think any of thoſe who act Injuſtice are prudent?

I think there are ſome, ſaid he.

Is not to be prudent, to be wiſe?

Yes.

Is not to be wiſe, to have right Aims, and to take the beſt Part even in Injuſtice itſelf?

I grant it.

But do the Unjuſt take the right Side when they ſucceed well, or when their Succeſs is naught?

When they ſucceed well.

You

You affirm then, that there are certain good Things.

Certainly.

Then do you call thoſe Things that are profitable to Men good?

Yes, by *Jupiter*; and frequently I don't ſtick to call thoſe which are not profitable to Men alſo good.

The Sophiſt is very angry that *Socrates* ſhould have forced from him this Confeſſion, that he calls that which is profitable good.

The Tone in which he ſpoke to me made me know, that he was exaſperated, in a great Diſorder, and ready to be tranſported with Anger; ſeeing him in this Condition, I had a Mind to make the beſt of him: Therefore I talked him with greater Precaution and Diſcretion; *Protagoras*, ſaid I to him, do you call good, thoſe Things that are profitable to any Man, or thoſe that are no ways profitable?

Not at all, *Socrates*. For I know many that are abſolutely uſeleſs to Men, as certain Drinks, certain Food, certain Medicines, and a thouſand others of the ſame Nature; and I know others that are uſeful to them. There are ſome that are indifferent to Men, and excellent good for Horſes. Some are only uſeful to Cattel, others only to Dogs. Such a Thing is of no Uſe to Animals, and very good for Trees. Moreover, that which is good for the Root is often bad for the Twigs, which you ſhould make to die, if you would cover them with it. Without going further, Oil is the greateſt Enemy to all Plants, and to the Skin of all Cattel, and it is very good for the Skin of Man. It is ſo true, that that which is called good, is various; for Oil itſelf, which I ſpeak of, is good for the exterior Parts of Man, and very bad for the interior. For that Reaſon the Phyſicians abſolutely forbid the Sick to eat it, or at leaſt give them but very little, and only enough to correct the bad Smell of certain Things which they make them take.

Protagoras ſmells what *Socrates* would be at, and, to evade being caught by him, he throws himſelf into all theſe Diſtinctions; where, in commenting upon an impertinent Science, he puts off the chief Queſtion.

Protagoras

Protagoras having thus ſpoken, all the Company clapt their Hands, as if he had ſaid Wonders: And I ſaid to him, *Protagoras*, I am a Man naturally very forgetful, and, if any Body makes long Diſcourſes to me, I immediately forget the Subject of the Diſpute. Therefore as if I was ſomething deaf, and you had a Mind to diſcourſe with me, you would reſolve to ſpeak a little louder to me than to others; even ſo I deſire you to accommodate yourſelf to this Fault that I have. And ſince you have to do with a Man whoſe Memory is very ſhort, ſhorten your Anſwers, if you intend that I ſhould follow you.

How would ye have me abridge my Anſwers? Would you have me make them ſhorter than they ought to be?

No, ſaid I.

Then is it as ſhort as it muſt be?

It is.

But who ſhall be the Judge of it, and to what Meaſure ſhall we cut it? muſt it be mine or yours?

I have always heard, *Protagoras*, that you were a very capable Man, and that you could make others capable of making as long and as ſhort Diſcourſes upon all Sorts of Subjects as one pleaſeth; and as nobody enlargeth ſo much as you when you think fit, ſo nobody can explain himſelf in fewer Words. If then you have a Mind that I ſhould enjoy your Converſation, make uſe of the latter with me; few Words, I conjure you.

Socrates, ſaid he, I have had to do with many People in my Life, and even with the moſt renowned; you cannot but have heard of my Diſputes: but if I had done what you would have me to do now, and if I had ſuffered my Diſcourſes to be cut ſhort by my Antagoniſts, I ſhould never have obtained ſo great Advantages over them, and the Name of *Protagoras* would never have been ſo famous among the *Greeks*.

By this Anſwer I found that this Manner of anſwering preciſely to Queſtions did not pleaſe him, and that he would never ſubmit to be queſtioned. Seeing then that I could no longer be of that Converſation; *Prota-*

gora-

oras, ſaid I to him, I do not preſs you to diſpute with me whether you will or not, and to follow a Method that is diſagreeable to you; but if you have a Mind to ſpeak to me, 'tis your Part to proportion yourſelf to me, and to ſpeak ſo as that I may be able to follow you: For as all the World ſays, and as you yourſelf ſay, it is equal to you to make long or ſhort Diſcourſes. You are very learned, there is nothing to ſay againſt that. For my Part, it is impoſſible for me to follow Diſcourſes that are ſo long winded. I wiſh I were capable of it, but no Man makes himſelf. And ſeeing that is indifferent to you, you ought to have that Complaiſance for me, to the end that our Converſation may continue. At preſent ſeeing you have it not, and that I have not Time to hear you ſo prolixly, for I muſt be going; Farewell, I am juſt going, what Pleaſure ſoever I might have without doubt taken in your curious Diſſertations. At the ſame Time I roſe, as having a Mind to retire; but *Callias* taking me with one Hand by the Arm, and with the other holding me by the Cloke, We will not ſuffer you to go, *Socrates*, ſaid he; for if you go, all is done, there will be no more Converſation. I conjure you then in the Name of God to ſtay, for there is nothing that I would ſo willingly hear as your Diſpute: I beg it of you, do us this Favour.

I anſwered him ſtanding, as I was ready to go; Son of *Hipponicus*, I have always admired the Love you have for Sciences, I admire it ſtill now, and I commend you for it. Truly I would with all my Heart do you the Favour you aſk me, if you demand a Thing that was poſſible. But as if you ſhould command me to run a Race with *Criſon d'Himere*, or ſome of thoſe who run the Race ſix Times together, or with ſome Courier, I would ſay, *Callias*, I ſhould demand nothing more than to have all the Swiftneſs neceſſary; I could wiſh it as much as you, but that is impoſſible. If you would ſee us run, *Criſon* and me, you muſt obtain of him, that he will proportion himſelf to my Weakneſs, for I cannot go

This *Criſon d'Himere* had the Price of the Race of a Furlong three Times ſucceſſively.

go very ſwift, and it lies on him to go ſlowly. I te
you the ſame on this Occaſion, if you have a Mind
hear *Protagoras* and me, deſire him to anſwer me
few Words, as he had begun to do: For otherwiſe, wh
Sort of Converſation would it be? I have hitherto hea
Men ſay, and always believed it, that to converſe wi
one's Friends, and to make Harangues, were two ver
different Things.

Callias favours a little of the Commerce he had with the Sophiſts who lodged with him. He loves long Diſcourſes.

Nevertheleſs, *Socrates*, ſaid *Calli*
to me, methinks that *Protagoras* d
mands a very juſt Thing, ſeeing he d
ſires only to be permitted to ſpeak
much as he ſhall think fit, and that yo
may have the ſame Liberty; the Co
dition is equal.

You are deceived, *Callias*, ſaid *Alc*
biades, that is not at all equal. Fo
Socrates confeſſeth he has not that Abundance, th
Affluence of Words; and he yields that Advantage t
Protagoras. But as for the Art of Diſpute, and to kno
how to queſtion and anſwer well, I ſhall be much ſu
prized if he yields it either to *Protagoras*, or any Bod
elſe whoſoever. Let *Protagoras* the

That's exactly the Character of *Alcibiades*; he fancies that *Socrates* diſputes only through Vanity; and that if *Protagoras* ſhould acknowledge himſelf inferior, *Socrates* would pretend to no more.

confeſs, in his turn, with the ſame Inge
nuity, that he is more weak in th
Point than *Socrates*, that will be enough
but if he brags that he will oppoſe him
then let him enter the Liſt with equa
Arms, that is to ſay, by queſtionin
and being queſtioned, without enlarg
ing without End, and without deviatin
upon every Queſtion, on purpoſe to em
broil the Diſcourſe, and to ſhun th
giving of an Anſwer, and to mak
the Auditor loſe the State of the Queſtion. For as fo
Socrates, I will be Security for him, and that he will forge
nothing; he jeers us when he ſays he is forgetful. So
ſeems to me that his Demand is the more reaſonable
for every one muſt ſpeak and tell his Sentiments in a
Diſputes.

t theſe Words of *Alcibiades*, *Critias* directing his iſcourſe to *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, ſaid, Methinks, my riends, that *Callias* has declared himſelf openly for *Pro-goras*; and that *Alcibiades* is an Opiniator, who ſtrives diſpute, and to exaſperate Men's Spirits. As for us us not fall out with one another in taking Part, ſome ith *Protagoras*, and others with *Socrates*: Let us rather in our Prayers to obtain of them, not to part in ſuch Way, but to continue this agreeable Converſation.

You ſpeak extraordinary well, *Cri-as*, ſaid *Prodicus*; all thoſe who e preſent at a Diſpute, ought to Neuters, but not indifferent, for eſe two Things ought not to be nfounded: to be neuter, is to give to each Party all e Attention which he requires; and not to be indiffe-nt, is when one reſerves his Vote for him who is in right. For my Part, if you would follow my Ad-e, *Protagoras*, and you *Socrates*, here is a Thing where-I would willingly have you agree between you, that to diſpute and not to quarrel; for Friends diſpute be-en themſelves for their better Inſtruction, and Ene-s quarrel to deſtroy one another. By this Means this nverſation would be very agreeable and very profita-to us all. Firſt, the Fruit which on your Side you uld reap there-from, would be, I don't ſay our Prai-, but our Eſteem: Now Eſteem is a ere Homage, which cauſes a Soul be truly touched and perſuaded; reas Praiſe is frequently but a vain deceiving Sound, which the Mouth pronounces con-y to the proper Sentiments of the Heart. And we Auditors ſhould get thereby, not that which is called ertain Pleaſure, but a real and ſenſible Satisfaction.

The Duty of thoſe who are preſent at a Diſpute.

The Difference between Eſteem and Praiſe.

By this Paſſage it appears that the *Greeks* made ſome difference eet σωφρόνεσθαι and ἥδεσθαι, that by the firſt they meant the ghts of the Spirit, and by the other the Pleaſures of the Body. was not always exactly obſerved: But at the Bottom theſe s are determined to this Senſe by their Root.

For

For Satisfaction is the Contentment of the Spirit, which is inſtructed, and which acquires Wiſdom and Prudence; whereas Pleaſure is only, properly ſpeaking, the tickling of the Senſes.

Moſt of the Auditors highly applauded this Diſcourſe of *Prodicus*, and the wiſe *Hippias* afterwards beginning, ſaid: My Friends, I look upon you all, ſo many as are here, as Kinſmen, Friends, and Citizens of one and the ſame City, not by Law, but by Nature; † for by Nature every Thing is tied to its like. But the Law, which is a Tyrant over Men, forceth and layeth violent Hands upon Nature on many Occaſions. It would be a very ſhameful Thing, if we, who know the Nature of Things perfectly, and who paſs for the ableſt among the *Greeks*, ſhould come into *Athens*, which for Sciences ought to be looked upon as the auguſt *Prytaneum* of *Greece*, and ſhould be aſſembled in the greateſt and richeſt Houſe of the City, to do nothing there worthy of our Reputation, and to ſpend our Time in wrangling and conteſting about Trifles, like the moſt ignorant of Men. I conjure you then, *Protagoras* and *Socrates*, and I adviſe you, as if we were here your Arbitrators to regulate you, to pitch upon a Temperament and a Medium. You *Socrates*, don't you ſtick too rigorouſly to the plain and conciſe Method of a Dialogue, unleſs *Protagoras* will acquieſce therewith. Leave him ſome Liberty, and ſlacken the Reins of his Diſcourſe, that it may appear more magnificent and ſublime to us. And you, *Protagoras*, don't ſwell the Sails of your Eloquence, ſo as to carry you into the High-Sea, and to make you loſe the Sight of the Shore. There is a Medium between theſe two Extremes. Therefore if you will give Ear to me, you ſhall chuſe a Moderator, a Pre-

† For the Law eſtabliſhes ſeveral Corporations that are contrary one to another, whereas Nature unites all that are of the ſame Kind. Therefore there is a Principle of Union in human Nature.

ſiden-

dent, who ſhall oblige you both to keep within Bounds.

This Expedient pleaſed all the Company. *Callias* old me again, that he would not ſuffer me to go, and ey preſſed me to name the Preſident myſelf: I de- lined it, ſaying it would be a Shame for us to take a Moderator of our Diſcourſes. For, ſaid I, he whom we all chuſe ſhall be either our Inferior or our Equal. If e be our Inferior, it is not juſt that the moſt uncapable ould give Laws to the moſt learned: and if he be our qual, he will think as well as we, and that Choice will come altogether uſeleſs.

But, it will be ſaid, you ſhall name who is more learn- d than you; it is eaſy to ſay ſo, but in Truth I don't ink it poſſible to find a more able Man than *Protago- as*; and if you ſhould chuſe one who is not ſo able as e, and whom you pretend, however, to be more able, ou yourſelves ſee what Diſtaſte you give to a Man of that Merit, in ſubjecting him to ſuch a Moderator. For, as or my Part, that in no Ways concerns me, it is not my nterest that makes me ſpeak, I am ready to renew our Converſation to ſatisfy you: That if *Protagoras* will ot anſwer, let him queſtion: I will anſwer, and at the me Time ſhall endeavour to ſhow him the Manner how think every Man who is queſtioned ought to anſwer. When I have anſwered him as often as he ſhall have ought fit to queſtion me, he will give me Leave to ueſtion him in my Turn, and he will anſwer me fter the ſame Manner. That if he ſcruples to anſwer me, hen you and I will join to beg that Favour of him, hich you deſire of me at preſent, which is, not to break e Converſation, and there is no Neceſſity to name a Moderator for that; inſtead of one, we ſhall have many, r you ſhall all be ſo.

Every Body ſaid that this was what ought to be done. *Protagoras* was not much for it; but in fine, he was bliged to ſubmit, and to promiſe that he would queſ- on firſt, and that when he ſhould be weary of queſtion- g, he ſhould permit me to do it in my Turn, and ſhould nſwer in his Turn preciſely to the Queſtion without oaming.

Then

Then he began after this Manner.

* Methinks, *Socrates*, that the beſt Part of Erudition conſiſts in being very well verſed in reading the Poets; that is to ſay, to underſtand all they ſay ſo well, as to be able to diſtinguiſh what is well ſaid, and what is ill ſaid: to give Reaſons for it, and to make every Body ſenſible of it. Don't fear that I am going to remove myſelf far off from the Subject of our Diſpute, my Queſtion ſhall run upon Virtue. All the Difference there ſhall be therein, is, that I ſhall tranſport you into the Country of Poetry. *Simonides* ſays in ſome Place, directing his Diſcourſe to *Scopas*, the Son of *Creon* the *Theſſalonian*: 'It is very difficult to become truly virtuous, and to be in Vertue as a Cube; that is to ſay, 'that neither our Carriage, our Actions, nor our Thoughts 'ſhall ſhake us, and ſhall never draw us from that State 'of our Mind; and that they ſhall neither deſerve the 'leaſt Reproach, nor the leaſt Blame.' Do you remember that Paſſage, or ſhall I relate it to you?

There is no need, ſaid I, I remember it, and have ſtudied it with great Pains.

You are in the right: but do you think that Piece is well or ill done?

It ſeems to me to be perfectly well done, and is of very great Senſe.

But would you call that Piece well done, if the Poet contradicts himſelf in it?

No, without doubt.

Oh! ſaid he, another Time examine Things better, and look into them more narrowly.

As for that, my dear *Protagoras*, ſaid I, I believe I have ſufficiently examined it.

Since you have ſo well examined it, you know then that he ſays in the Sequel: 'The Saying of *Pittacus* 'does not pleaſe me at all, tho' *Pittacus* was one of the

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* The *Sophiſts* boaſted that they underſtood all the Poets perfectly well, and we are going to ſee the Difference in that Point between a *Sophiſt* and a Man who is truly learned.

‹ Sages.' For he ſays that it is difficult to become virtuous. Do you comprehend that the ſame Man ſaid this after what he had ſaid but a little before?

Yes, I do.

And do you find that thoſe two Paſſages agree?

Yes, *Protagoras*, ſaid I, and at the ſame Time, leſt he ſhould go upon ſome other Thing, I aſked him, Don't you find that they agree?

How ſhall I find that a Man agrees with himſelf when he blows cold and hot? At firſt he fixes this Principle, *That it is difficult to become virtuous.* And a Minute after he forgets that fine Principle; and in relating the ſame Motto, ſpoke in his own Senſe by *Pittacus*, *That it is very difficult to become virtuous*; he blames him, and ſays in plain Terms, that that Sentiment does not pleaſe him in any wiſe, and yet it is his own. Thus when he condemns an Author, who ſays nothing but what he had ſaid himſelf, he manifeſtly cuts his own Throat, and he muſt of neceſſity ſpeak ill either there or here.

He had no ſooner ſpoke, but a great Noiſe was raiſed, and the Auditors fell a praiſing of him. As for me, I confeſs it, like a Fencer who had received a great Blow, I was ſo ſtunned that I neither ſaw nor heard, and my Brains were turned as well with the Noiſe they made, as with what I heard him ſay. In fine, for I muſt tell you the Truth, to gain Time to dive into the Meaning of the Poet, I turned myſelf toward *Prodicus*, and directing my Diſcourſe to him; *Prodicus*, ſaid I to him, *Simonides* is your Country-Man; it is therefore juſt that you ſhould come to his Aſſiſtance, and I call you to it, as *Homer* feigns that the *Scamandre*, being vigorouſly preſſed upon by *Achilles*, calls *Simois* to his Succour, in ſaying to him:

Let you and I repel this terrible Enemy.

I ſay the ſame to you, let us take Care leſt *Simonides* be turned topſy-turvy by *Protagoras*. The Defence of this Poet depends on your Ability, which makes you to

For *Prodicus* was a Native of *Ceos*, as well as *Simonides*.

diſtinguiſhed ſo ſubtilly between * *Will* and *Deſire*, as two very different Things. It is that ſame Ability which has furniſhed you with ſo many fine Things that you juſt now taught us. See then if you will be of my Opinion, for it does not at all appear to me that *Simonides* contradicts himſelf. But tell me firſt I pray, what you think of it. Do you think, that to be, and to become, are one and the ſame Thing, or two different Things?

A fine Queſtion! two very different Things, aſſuredly, anſwered *Prodicus*.

In the firſt Verſe then, *Simonides* declares his Thought in ſaying, *That it is very difficult to become truly virtuous*.

You ſay true, *Socrates*.

And he blames *Pittacus*, not as *Protagoras* thinks, for having ſaid the ſame Thing as he, but for having ſaid ſomething very different from it. In Effect, *Pittacus* has not ſaid as *Simonides* did, *That it is difficult to become virtuous*, but *to be virtuous*. Now my dear *Protagoras*, *to be* and *to become*, are not the ſame Thing, even in the Judgment of *Prodicus*. And if they be not the ſame Thing, *Simonides* does in no wiſe contradict himſelf. Perhaps that *Prodicus* himſelf and many others, entering into *Simonides*'s Thought, might ſay with *Heſiod*, *That it is very difficult to become virtuous*: For the Gods have placed Labour before Virtue, but when a Man is come to the Pinnacle of the Mountain where it dwells, then tho' it be very difficult, it is eaſy to poſſeſs it.

For *to be* denotes a fixed State, and *to become* denotes an Alteration, or a going from one State to another.

'Tis a Paſſage of *Heſiod* in his Poem of Works, v. 287.

Prodicus having heard me ſpeak thus, praiſed me extremely. But *Protagoras* anſwering, ſaid, *Socrates*

* Diſtinctions were the Strength of the *Sophiſts*. *Socrates* is going to put *Prodicus* upon it to make ſome, and whilſt he guides him *Prodicus* ſpeaks to a Miracle; but ſo ſoon as he has laid a Snare for him, the *Sophiſt* fails to fall into it.

you

your Explication is ſtill more vicious than the Text, and the Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe.

Then I have done very ill, according to your Reckoning, *Protagoras*, anſwered I; and I am a pleaſant Phyſician indeed, ſeeing that in deſigning to cure a Diſtemper, I make it to grow worſe.

It is juſt as I tell you, *Socrates.*

How ſo?

The Poet, ſaid he, would be impertinent and ignorant, if he had ſpoke of Virtue as of a Thing which is vile, deſpicable and naughty, * that it is eaſy to poſſeſs it, for every Body agrees that it is very difficult.

Being amazed at this Quibble; in Truth, ſaid I, *Protagoras*, we are happy that *Prodicus* is preſent at our Diſpute. For I fancy that you are very well perſuaded that the Science of *Prodicus* is one of the divine Sciences that you call thoſe of the ancient Times, and which is not only as old as *Simonides*, but alſo much more ancient. You are certainly very able in many other Sciences; but as for that, you ſeem to me to be but little inſtructed in it. For my Part, I may ſay that I have ſome Tincture of it, becauſe I am one of *Prodicus*'s Diſciples. (*a*) Methinks that you don't comprehend that *Simonides* does not give the Word *difficult* the Senſe

This is founded upon what *Protagoras* ſaid at the Beginning, in ſpeaking of the Antiquity of the Sophiſts.

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* *Protagoras* changes Sides here, according to the good Cuſtom of the Sophiſts; and inſtead of demonſtrating the pretended Contradiction of *Simonides*, he throws himſelf upon *Heſiod*, who ſays, that it is eaſy to poſſeſs Virtue; and in that he puts a very ridiculous Quibble upon him. This is the Character of the Sophiſts. They were very ignorant at the Bottom; but with ſome Reading, which had ſpoiled their Minds, and which they ſupported with Abundance of Impudence, they made themſelves to be admired by Fools.

(*a*) At all Times, when a Word ſeems to ſignify ſomething contrary to the Deſign of the Poet, all the different Significations that that Word can have in the Paſſage in Queſtion, ought to be

Senſe which you give it. Perhaps it is with that Word *(a)* as with thoſe of *Dreadful*, *Terrible*. At all Times when I make uſe of them in a good Part, and ſay, for Example, to praiſe you, *Protagoras is a terrible Man*, *Prodicus* is always at me for it, and aſks me, if I be not aſhamed to call that which is laudable, terrible: For ſays he, that Word is always taken in an ill Senſe. This is ſo true, that you ſhall find nobody who ſays, *terrible Riches*, *terrible Peace*, *terrible Health:* but every body ſays, *a terrible Sickneſs*, *a terrible War*, *a terrible Poverty*, that Word always denoting Evil, but never Good. How do you know but that *(b)* perhaps by this Epithet *difficult*,

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examined into. This Maxim is extraordinary good, and of very great uſe in Criticiſm, as *Ariſtotle* hath very well obſerved. *Socrates* makes uſe of it here in Appearance to defend *Simonides*, and in Effect to make thoſe Sophiſts perfectly ridiculous.

(a) Socrates cunningly makes the Impertinence of thoſe Sophiſts appear here, in the Criticiſm which they made upon Words: For Example, upon the Word δεινὸς, they would not have it uſed in a good Senſe, becauſe it was never uſed but in ſpeaking of Things that are bad, as Poverty, Priſon, Sickneſs. But theſe Sophiſts ought to have obſerved this Difference, that this Word is always truly taken in an ill Senſe, when applied to inanimate Things, but that, it may be taken in a good Senſe when applied to Perſons. *Homer* who underſtood and wrote his Language better than all thoſe Sophiſts, has more than once joined δεινὸς with αἰδοῖος, *venerable*. As in the Beginning of the 8th Book of the Odyſſes, in ſpeaking of *Ulyſſes*; for δεινὸς, as our Word *terrible* ſignifies often aſtoniſhing, and extraordinary, which attracts Conſideration, Reſpect.

(b) The Snare which *Socrates* lays here for thoſe Sophiſts would be too plain, if the Word χαλεπὸς *difficult*, did never ſignify *bad*, *vexatious*, but it is taken in this laſt Senſe by all the Poets. *Homer* himſelf has uſed it in that Senſe, as in the Beginning of that fine Ode of *Anacreon*, χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι. *It is a vexatious Thing not to love.* 'Tis that which deceives *Prodicus*, whoſe Ignorance he makes to appear in going about to perſuade him, that perhaps it was the Inhabitants of the Iſle of *Ceos*, who uſed that Word in that Senſe. *Prodicus* being deceived, would value himſelf upon this Remark, and acting the great Critick, he ſays that *Simonides* reproaches *Pittacus* who was a Man of *Leſbos*, whoſe Language was groſs and barbarous, for having uſed that Word ignorantly. *Protagoras* is a little more cunning.

Simonides

Simonides and all the Inhabitants of the Iſle of *Ceos* have a Mind to expreſs ſomething that is bad, vexatious, or other Thing which we don't underſtand. Let us aſk *Prodicus*. For it is reaſonable to aſk him the Explication of the Terms which *Simonides* made uſe of. Tell us then, *Prodicus*, what would *Simonides* ſay by that Word *difficult?*

He would ſay, *bad.*

Behold then, ſaid I, my dear *Prodicus*, why *Simonides* blames *Pittacus* for having ſaid that it *is difficult to be virtuous*, imagining, without doubt, that he meant thereby that it is a bad Thing to have Virtue.

Do you think, *Socrates*, anſwered *Prodicus*, that *Simonides* meant any other Thing, and that his Aim was not to upbraid *Pittacus*, who neither knew the Force nor the Difference of Terms, but (*a*) ſpoken coarſly, like a Man born at *Leſbos*, and accuſtomed to barbarous Language?

Protagoras, do you underſtand what *Prodicus* ſays? and have you any Thing to anſwer?

I am very far from your Opinion, *Prodicus*, ſaid *Protagoras*; and I take it for a Truth, that *Simonides* underſtood nothing more by that Word *difficult*, than what we all underſtand; and that he meant not that that was bad, but that it was not eaſy; and that it muſt be acquired with much Pains and Labour.

To tell you the Truth, *Protagoras*, I doubt not in the leaſt but that *Prodicus* knows very well what *Simonides*'s Meaning is. But he plays upon you a little, and lays a Snare for you, to ſee if you will fall into it, or if you have the Cunning to avoid it, and to maintain your Opinion. For here is an indiſputable Proof, that *Simonides* does not call *difficult* that which is bad, becauſe he adds immediately after, *And God alone poſſeſſes that precious Treaſure.* For if he had meant that it is a bad Thing to be virtuous, he would never have added, that God

(*a*) The Language of the *Leſbians* barbarous. The Rudeneſs of Language uſually accompanies Clowniſhneſs of Manners.

alone has Virtue; he would have been very wary of making ſo bad a Preſent to the Divinity alone. If he had done it, *Prodicus*, far * from calling *Simonides* a divine Man, would not fail to call him a Blaſphemer and a Profligate. But ſince you are ſomething curious to know if I be well verſed in that which you call the Reading of the Poets, I am going to tell you the Meaning of that ſmall Poem of *Simonides*; or if you had rather explain it to me, I will willingly hearken to you.

Protagoras hearing me ſay ſo, failed not to take me at my Word; and *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, with the reſt, beſought me, not to defer giving them that Satisfaction.

I am going, ſaid I, to endeavour to explain to you my Sentiments upon that Piece of *Simonides*. You muſt know then, that Philoſophy is very ancient among the *Greeks*, † particularly in *Crete* and *Lacedemon*. There are more Sophiſts there than in all the World beſide;

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* Here is a very ſmall Fault; yet it fails not to corrupt the Text extremely, and to alter the Senſe of it. To follow the Letter, we ſhould have rendered it, *very far from calling him a Man of* Ceos; for the *Greek* ſays καὶ ὐδαμοῦ κεῖον, *and not in the leaſt a Man of* Ceos. But there is nobody but will agree that it ought to be read, καὶ ὐδαμοῦς θεῖον, *and not in the leaſt a divine Man*, for *Simonides* was called ſo. What Senſe would *a Man of* Ceos bear in Oppoſition to Blaſphemer and Profligate? That was never heard of before. But it will be ſaid, the Piety of the Men of *Ceos* might be ſo recommended; and ſo famous, that perhaps they might ſay *a Man of* Ceos, for a pious Man. It was quite contrary. The Inhabitants of the Iſle of *Ceos* were an impious People, witneſs the Law they made to put to Death all the old Men above ſixty Years of Age; and that when they were beſieg'd by the *Athenians*, they put to Death all thoſe who were not able to bear Arms; which ſtruck the *Athenians* with ſo much Horror, that they raiſed the Siege to ſtop the Current of ſuch horrible Impiety.

† He put *Crete* with *Lacedemon*, becauſe *Lycurgus* had brought back from *Crete* to *Lacedemon* many of the Laws that were made by *Minos*, and had drawn from thence the Idea of the Government which he had eſtabliſhed. See the Remarks of *Plutarch* upon the Life of *Lycurgus*, Tom. I. p. 199.

but

but they conceal themſelves, and make as if they were ſimple and ignorant People, juſt like the Sophiſts you ſpoke of, that it may not be diſcovered that they ſurpaſs all the *Greeks* in Learning and Science, and that they may be only looked upon as brave Men, who are ſuperior to others by their Courage and Contempt of Death. (*a*) For they are perſuaded that if they were known, for what they are, every Body would apply themſelves to that Study, and the Art would be no longer valued. Thus by concealing their Ability, they deceive thro' all the Towns of *Greece*, thoſe who affect to follow the *Lacedemonian* Way of living. The moſt Part, in Imitation of them, cut their Ears, have only a Cord for their Girdle, uſe the hardeſt Exerciſes, and wear their Cloaths ſo ſhort, that they don't cover half their Body. For they perſuade themſelves, that 'tis by thoſe Auſterities, that the *Lacedemonians* have made themſelves Maſters of *Greece:* and the *Lacedemonians* are ſo jealous of the Science of their Sophiſts, that when they have a Mind to diſcourſe with them freely, and are weary of ſeeing them in Secret and by Stealth, (*b*) they turn out all thoſe Apes that counterfeit them; that is to ſay, all thoſe Strangers they find in their Towns, and then diſcourſe with thoſe Sophiſts, without admitting any Stranger to thoſe Converſations. Neither do they ſuffer their young People to travel into other Towns, for Fear they ſhould forget what they have learnt; and the ſame Thing is done in *Crete*. Among thoſe great Teachers,

The Folly of moſt of the Towns of *Greece*, which affected to imitate the auſtere Life of the *Lacedemonians*.

(*a*) This Paſſage favours and ſupports what *Thucydides* wrote, That *Lycurgus* baniſhed all Foreigners, for Fear they ſhould imitate his Policy, and learn to love Virtue: and 'tis for this that *Plutarch* thought he ought to juſtify him. See the Life of *Lycurgus*, p. 243.

(*b*) *Lycurgus* ſhut up the Gates of *Sparta* againſt all Strangers whoſe Curioſity only drove them thither, and came not for any Advantage or Profit: he alſo forbid travelling. *Plutarch* gives very fine Reaſons for it, *p.* 248.

there are not only Men, but also Women: and a certain Mark that I tell you the Truth, and that the *Lacedemonians* are perfectly well instructed in Philosophy and Learning, is, that if any body will discourse with the most pitiful Fellow of the *Lacedemonians*, he will at first take him for an Idiot; but in the Sequel of the Conversation, that Idiot will find means pertinently to place a short and quick Repartee, and full of Sense and Strength, which he will shoot like an Arrow out of a Bow. Insomuch that he who had so bad an Opinion of him, will find himself but a Child in Comparison to him. Also Abundance of People in our Age, and the Ages past, have conceived that to *laconize*, is more to study Philosophy than to work, being well persuaded, and justly, that it belongs only to a Man who is well instructed and well educated to speak such fine Sentences. Of this Number were *Thales* of *Miletum*, *Pittacus* of *Mitylene*, *Bias* of *Priene*, our *Solon*, *Cleobulus* of *Lynde*, *Myson* of *Chen*, a Town of *Laconia*, and *Chilon* of *Lacedemon*. All those Sages were zealous Followers of the *Lacedemonian* Learning, as appears still by some of their good Sentences that have been preserved. Being one Day all together, they consecrated to *Apollo*, as the first Fruits of their Wisdom, those two Sentences which are in every Body's Mouth, and caused them to be wrote in Letters of Gold upon the Portals of the Temple of *Delphos*; *Know thyself, and know nothing too much.*

For the Women were educated as the Men.

They accustomed their Children to make quick and sharp Repartees and to wrap up Abundance of Sense in a few Words.

Why is it that I relate to you those Pieces of Antiquity? It is to let you see the Way and Character of the Philosophy of the Ancients was a certain Laconick Brevity. Now, one of the best Sentences that was attributed to *Pittacus*, and that the Sages most boasted of, is deservedly this, *It is difficult to become virtuous. Simonides* then, as emulating *Pittacus* in that Career of Wisdom, conceived that if he could overthrow this fine Sentence,

Sentence, and triumph over it as over a Champion of Reputation, who had carried away the Acclamations of every Body, he would thereby acquire an immortal Renown. It is then this Sentence he only carps at, and 'tis with a Deſign to deſtroy it, that he hath compoſed this whole Poem, at leaſt I believe it ſo; let us examine him together, to ſee if I be in the right.

Firſt, the Beginning of this Poem would be ſenſleſs, if to expreſs only, *That it is difficult to become virtuous* the Poet ſhould ſay, *It is difficult, I confeſs, to become virtuous*; For that Word, *I confeſs*, is added without any Sort of Reaſon, unleſs we ſuppoſe that *Simonides* had conſidered the Sentence of *Pittacus* to quarrel with it. *Pittacus* having ſaid, *That it is difficult to be virtuous: Simonides* oppoſeth that, and corrects that Principle, in ſaying, *That it is difficult to become virtuous, and that that was truly difficult.* For obſerve well, that he does not ſay that it is difficult to become *truly virtuous*; as if among the virtuous, there might be ſome who were truly virtuous, and others who were virtuous without being truly ſo: that would be the Diſcourſe of a Fool and not of a wiſe Man, as *Simonides*. Therefore there muſt needs be a Tranſpoſition in this Verſe, and the Word *truly* muſt be tranſpoſed and put out of its Place to anſwer *Pittacus*. For 'tis as if there was a Kind of Dialogue there between *Simonides* and *Pittacus*. The latter ſays immediately, *My Friends, it is difficult to be virtuous.* And *Simonides* anſwers; *Pittacus, you advance a falſe Principle there, for it is not difficult to be virtuous, it is yet worſe: but it is difficult, I confeſs, to become virtuous, ſo as not to be ſhaken, and to be firm, in Virtue, as a Cube on its Baſis; and that neither our Carriage, our Thoughts, nor our Actions, can draw upon us the leaſt Reproach or Blame; that it is truly difficult.* At this Rate 'tis plain that he has Reaſon to put this Word, *I confeſs*, there: and that the Word *truly* is very well placed at the End. The whole Sequel of the Poem proves that this is the true Senſe; and it would be eaſy to make it appear that all its Parts agree together, that they are perfectly well compoſed, and that all poſſi-

ble Grace and Elegance is found in them, with Abundance of Strength and Senſe; but that would carry us too far to run it all over; let us content ourſelves to examine the Idea of the Poem in general, and the Aim of the Poet, to make it appear that he only propoſes to himſelf by all that Poem to refute that Sentence of *Pittacus.*

This is ſo true, that a little after, as if it were to give a Reaſon for what he had ſaid, *That to become virtuous is a Thing truly difficult*; he adds, *However that it is poſſible for ſome Time; but after one is become ſo, to perſiſt in that State, and to be virtuous, as you ſay,* Pittacus, *that's impoſſible, and above the Strength of Man: This happy Privilege is only for God alone, and it is not humanly poſſible for a Man not to become wicked when an inſurmountable Calamity falls upon his Head.*

He is going to prove that in all Things Vice ſuppoſes a State of Virtue which preceded. A very remarkable Truth.

But what Sort of People are they that inſupportable Calamities afflict, ſo as that they are no longer themſelves? For Example, among thoſe who ſit at the Helm of a Ship. It is evident that they are not the Ignorant and the Idiots, for the Ignorant are caſt down even in a Calm. As one does not throw to the Ground a Man that is lying upon it, but one that is ſtanding upright; ſo Calamities only deject and change an able Man, and they never change one who is ignorant. A terrible Tempeſt which turns the Sea topſie-turvey all of a ſudden, aſtoniſhes and overcomes a Pilot; irregular and ſtormy Seaſons aſtoniſh and overcome the Huſbandman; a wiſe Phyſician is confounded by Accidents, that he could not foreſee with all his Art of Phyſick: in a Word, 'tis the good that happen to become wicked, as another Poet teſtifies in this Verſe: *The Good are ſometimes good, and ſometimes wicked.*

But it never happens to the Wicked to become wicked, he is always ſo. It is only the Learned, the Good, and the Wiſe, to whom it happens to be wicked when a frightful and ſudden Calamity overthrows them. And it is humanly impoſſible that it can be otherwiſe. And

you,

you, *Pittacus*, you ſay, *that it is difficult to be good*; ſay rather, *That it is difficult to become ſo*, and that yet it is poſſible; but to perſiſt in that State, is what is impoſſible; for you muſt agree that every Man who does good, is good; and that every Man who does ill, is wicked, What is it then to do good, for Example, in Learning? and who is the Man that you call good in that? Is it not he who has Knowledge, and who is Learned? What is it that makes a good Phyſician? Is it not the Knowledge to cure or to comfort the Sick? And is not that which makes an ill Phyſician, his Want of Skill to cure? Whom then ſhall we call a bad Phyſician? Is it not evident that a Man muſt in the firſt Place be a Phyſician, before we can give him that Name? and that in the ſecond Place he muſt be a good Phyſician, for it is only the good who is capable of becoming a bad Phyſician? In effect, we who are ignorant in Phyſick, tho' we ſhould commit Faults in that Art, yet we ſhould never become bad Phyſicians, ſeeing we are not Phyſicians ourſelves.

He that does not know what Architecture is, can never properly be what is called a bad Architect, for he is no Architect at all: and ſo in all other Arts. Every Man then who is no Phyſician, whatever Faults he commits in acting the Phyſician, is not however, in a ſtrict Senſe, a bad Phyſician. It is the ſame of the virtuous Man; he may become vicious, without Conteſt, whether it be by Age, Labour, Sickneſs, or by any other Accident; but he can't become vicious, unleſs he was virtuous before. Therefore the only Scope of the Poet in this Work is to make it appear, that it is not poſſible to be, and to perſevere always in that State; but that it is poſſible to become virtuous, as it is poſſible to become vicious. The virtuous are abſolutely thoſe whom the Gods love and favour. Now the Sequel of the Poem makes it plainly appear, that all this is ſaid againſt *Pittacus*. For he adds: 'Wherefore I ſhall not fatigue myſelf to ſeek that

This Principle of *Socrates* tends naturally to this Truth, that all Men being born corrupt, were virtuous in their Original.

'which is impoſſible to find, and I ſhall not conſume 'my Life in flattering myſelf with the 'vain Hopes of ſeeing a Man without 'Blame, and intirely innocent amongſt 'us Mortals, who live upon what the 'Earth preſents to us. If I were hap-'py enough to find him, I ſhould 'quickly tell it you.' And in all his Poem he carps ſo much at this Sentence of *Pittacus*, that he ſays a little after, 'For my 'Part, every Man who does not a ſhameful Action, vo-'luntarily, I praiſe him, I love him. I do not ſpeak 'of Neceſſity, that is ſtronger than the Gods them-'ſelves, all this is alſo ſpoke againſt *Pittacus*. In Effect *Simonides* was too well taught to refer this *Voluntarily* to him who commits ſhameful Actions, as if there were People who did ill voluntarily. For I am perſuaded that of all the Philoſophers, there is not one to be found, who ſays that Men ſin voluntarily. They all know that thoſe who commit Crimes, commit them whether they will or not. Therefore *Simonides* does not ſay, that he will praiſe him who does not commit Crimes voluntarily; but this *Voluntarily* has Reference to himſelf. He ſays, that he will praiſe him voluntarily, and with all his Heart; For he was perſuaded that it frequently happens that an honeſt and a good Man is forced to love and to praiſe certain People. For Example, a Man has a very unreaſonable Father and Mother, an unjuſt and cruel Country, or ſome other ſuch like Thing. If that happens to a wicked Man, what does he? Firſt he is very glad of it, and afterwards his chief Care is to complain publickly, and to make the ill Humour of his Father and Mother, and the Injuſtice of his Country known every where, in Order thereby to free himſelf from the juſt Reproaches that might be made againſt him for the little Care he has of them,

We muſt not hope to find an innocent Man upon Earth without Sin. *Non eſt homo juſtus in Terra.* Eccleſ. vii. 21.

There was never a Philoſopher who durſt aſſert that Men ſinned voluntarily.

There are certain People that we ought always to praiſe and love whatever Miſchief they do us. All that *Socrates* ſays here is wonderful.

them, and for having abandoned them; and under this very Notion he multiplies the Subjects of his Complaint, and adds a voluntary Hatred to that forced Enmity. The Conduct of an honeſt Man is far different in ſuch Occaſions: His ſole Care is to hide and cover the Faults of his Father and Country; far from complaining of them, he hath ſo much command of himſelf, as always to ſpeak well of them. That if any crying Injuſtice hath forced him to be angry with them, he himſelf is their Mediator to himſelf; he argues with himſelf for them, and tells to himſelf all the Reaſons they can bring to appeaſe him, and to bring him back to his Duty; and he is never at Peace with himſelf till that being Maſter of his Reſentment, he has reſtored them his Love, and praiſed them as before. I am perſuaded that *Simonides* himſelf * has frequently found himſelf under an Obligation to praiſe a Tyrant, or ſome other conſiderable Perſon. He has done it, † but he did it in Spight of himſelf. This then is the Language he ſpeaks to *Pittacus*. 'When I blame 'you, *Pittacus*, it is not becauſe I am naturally inclined 'to blame; on the contrary, it ſuffices me that a Man 'is not wicked and uſeful to no good Purpoſe, nobody 'ſhall ever ſee me quarrel with any Perſon, who may be 'of any Uſe to his Country. I do not love to find 'Fault, for the Race of Fools is ſo numerous, that if 'any Man ſhould take upon him to reprehend them, he 'ſhould never have done. We muſt take all that for 'good and fine, wherein we find no ſhameful Mixture, 'or ſcandalous Blot. When he ſays, we muſt take all 'that for Good, *&c.* It is not the ſame as if he ſaid, 'We muſt take all that for white, wherein we 'find no Mixture of black, for that would be altogether

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* He ſpeaks this, becauſe *Simonides* had kept a very good Correſpondence with *Pauſanias*, King of *Lacedemon*, who gained the Battle of *Platees*, and with *Hiero* the wiſeſt of all the ancient *Tyrants*.

† That is to ſay, that he did it in Obedience to the Law of Nature, confirmed by the written Law, and which he called by the Name of Neceſſity.

'ridiculous.'

'ridiculous.' But he would have them to underſtand, that he contents himſelf with a Mediocrity, and that he reprehends and blames nothing wherein this Mediocrity is found. For we muſt not hope to meet with Perfection in this World. 'Wherefore, ſaith he, I do not 'look for a Man who is altogether innocent among all 'thoſe who are nouriſhed by the Product of the Earth. 'Were I happy enough to find him, I ſhould not hide 'him from you, but ſhould quickly ſhew him to you. 'Till then I ſhall praiſe no Man as being perfect. It 'ſufficeth me that a Man be in this laudable Mediocrity, 'and that he do no ill. Thoſe are the People whom I 'love and praiſe.' And as he ſpeaks to *Pittacus* who is of *Mitylene*, he ſpeaks in the Language of the *Mitylenes, Voluntarily I praiſe them, and I love them.* This Word *Voluntarily* has no Reference to what precedes, but to what follows. He means that he praiſes thoſe People of his own Accord, whereas there are others whom he praiſes of Neceſſity. 'Thus then, *Pittacus*, conti-'nues he, if you had kept yourſelf in that Mediocrity, 'and told us Things that were probable, I ſhould never 'have reprehended you; but in lieu thereof you impoſe 'upon us, for Truths, Principles that are manifeſtly 'falſe, and which is worſe, about very eſſential Things; 'wherefore I contradict you. Behold, my dear *Prodicus*, and my dear *Protagoras*, what, in my Opinion, is the Meaning and the Scope of this Poem of *Simonides*.

Then *Hippias* anſwering, ſaid, Indeed *Socrates* you have perfectly well explained the hidden Meaning of that Poem: I have alſo a ſhort Speech to make to you to confirm your Explication. If you pleaſe I will communicate my Diſcoveries to you.

That is very well, ſaid *Alcibiades*, interrupting him, but it muſt be another Time. At preſent it is reaſonable that *Protagoras* and *Socrates* make an End of their Diſpute, and that they ſtand to the Treaty they have made. If *Protagoras* inclines ſtill to queſtion, *Socrates* muſt anſwer; and if he has a Mind to anſwer in his Turn, *Socrates* muſt queſtion. I leave it to *Protagoras*'s Choice, ſaid I, let him ſee which is moſt agreeable to him. But

if

if he would be adviſed by me, we ſhould leave off the Poets and Poetry. I confeſs, *Protagoras*, that I ſhould be wonderfully well pleaſed to dive with you into the Depth of the firſt Queſtion I propoſed, for in converſing thus of Poetry, we do as the ignorant and common People when they feaſt one another, * for not being able to diſcourſe among themſelves of fine Things, and to maintain Converſation, they are ſilent and borrow Voices to entertain one another; they hire at a great Charge Singers and Players upon Flutes to ſupply their Ignorance and Clowniſhneſs. Whereas when honeſt Men, who have been well educated and inſtructed, eat together, they don't ſend for Singers, Dancers, and Players on the Flute; they find no Trouble to entertain one another without all thoſe Fopperies and vain Amuſements that are only pardonable in Children: But they ſpeak and hear one another reciprocally with Decency and good Behaviour, even when they excite one another the moſt to drink, and to prefer the Harmony of their Diſcourſe to all Voices and Flutes. It ought to be the ſame in this Kind of Converſation, eſpecially when it is between ſuch People, as moſt of thoſe who are here value themſelves to be; they have no Occaſion for ſtrange Voices, nor for Poets, of whom they cannot aſk a Reaſon for what they ſay, and to whom moſt of thoſe who cite them attribute ſome one Senſe, ſome another, without being ever able to convince one another, or to come to an Agreement. That's the Reaſon why able Men ought to let alone thoſe Diſſertations upon the Poets, and to entertain themſelves together, in ſounding and examining one another by their Diſcourſe, to give a Proof of the Progreſs they have made in the Study of Wiſdom,

Good Converſation preferable to the moſt excellent Muſick.

* The Muſicians and Players upon Inſtruments were introduced to Feaſts by clowniſh People who were uncapable of entertaining themſelves. Do not the violent Paſſion that is obſerved now a-days for Muſick proceed from the ſame Defect? Perhaps we ſing only becauſe we cannot diſcourſe.

That's the Example which methinks you and I ought rather to follow. Letting the Poets alone then, let us diſcourſe together, or if I may ſay ſo, let us fence together to ſee how far we are in the right. If you have a Mind to queſtion me, I am ready to anſwer you; if not, give me Leave to propoſe the Queſtion to you, and let us endeavour to bring the Enquiry which we have interrupted, to a happy Iſſue.

When I had ſpoke thus, *Protagoras* knew not which Part to take, and made no anſwer. Wherefore *Alcibiades* turning towards *Callias*, he ſaid, that *Protagoras* does well in not declaring what he will do, whether he will anſwer or propound.

No, without doubt, ſaid *Callias*; let him enter the Liſt then, or elſe let him tell why he will not, that we may know his Reaſons, and that thereupon *Socrates* may diſpute with ſome other, or that ſome one of the Company may diſpute with the firſt who ſhall offer himſelf.

Then *Protagoras* being aſhamed, as I thought, to hear *Alcibiades* talk ſo, and to ſee himſelf ſollicited by *Callias*, and almoſt by all thoſe who were preſent, at laſt, reſolved with much Difficulty, to enter into Diſpute, and deſired me to propoſe Queſtions to him.

Preſently I began to ſay to him, *Protagoras*, do not think that I will converſe with you upon any other Deſign than to ſearch into the Bottom of ſome Matters, whereof I ſtill daily doubt; for I am perſuaded that *Homer* hath very well ſaid, *Two Men who go together ſee Things beſt, for one ſees what the other ſees not.* In effect, we poor Mortals, all of us whatever, when we are together, we have a greater Felicity for all that we have a Mind to ſay, do, or think; whereas one Man alone, tho' never ſo able and witty, ſeeks always ſomebody to communicate his Thoughts, and to conform himſelf till ſuch Time as he has found what he ſought. Behold alſo why I converſe more willingly with you than with another, being very well perſuaded that you have better examined than another Man all the Matters that an honeſt Man ought in Duty to ſearch into the Bottom

In the tenth Book of his *Iliads*.

Bottom of, and particularly all that relates to Virtue. Alas! to whom could one addreſs himſelf rather than to you? Firſt, you value yourſelf on being a very honeſt Man; and beſides that, you have an Advantage that moſt honeſt Men have not, that is, that being virtuous, you can alſo make thoſe virtuous who frequent your Company: You are ſo ſure of doing it, and rely ſo much upon your Wiſdom, that whereas the other Sophiſts hide and diſguiſe their Art, you make publick Profeſſion of it, by poſting of it up, if I may ſay ſo, in all the Cities of *Greece*, that you are a Sophiſt; you give yourſelf out publickly to be a Maſter in the Sciences and in Virtue; and you are the firſt who have ſet a Value upon yourſelf, and put a Price upon your Precepts: Why then ſhould we not call you to the Examination of Things that we enquire after, and that you know ſo well? Why ſhould we not be impatient to aſk you Queſtions, and to communicate our Doubts to you? For my Part, I can't refrain it, and I die with Deſire that you would make me remember the Things that I have already aſked you, and that you would explain to me thoſe which I have ſtill to aſk.

The firſt Queſtion I aſked you, I remember it very well, is, if Science, Temperance, Valour, Juſtice, and Sanctity; I ſay, if theſe five Names are applicable to one only and the ſame Subject, or if every one of thoſe denotes a particuler Eſſence, a Thing which has its diſtinct Properties, and is different from the other four. You anſwered me, that theſe Names were not applicable to one only and the ſame Subject, but that each of them ſerved to denote a Thing ſeparate and diſtinct, and that they were all Parts of Virtue, nor ſimilar Parts, as thoſe of Gold, all which reſemble the whole Maſs whereof they are Parts, but diſſimilar Parts, as the Parts of the Face which are all Parts of it, without any Reſemblance to each other, and without reſembling the whole, whereof they are Parts, and which have every one their different Properties and Functions. Tell me then if you are ſtill of this Opinion; and if you have altered it, explain your Thoughts to me; for if you have changed your Opinion,

I will

I will not hold you to the Rigour, but leave you an entire Liberty to gainſay yourſelf; and ſhall not in the leaſt be ſurprized that you have broached thoſe Principles at firſt, as it were to try me.

But I tell you moſt ſeriouſly, *Socrates*, anſwered *Protagoras*, thoſe five Qualities which you have named, are Parts of Virtue. To tell you the Truth, there are four of them which have ſome Reſemblance to each other: But Valour is very different from all the reſt, and by this you ſhall eaſily know that I tell you the Truth; you ſhall find an infinite Number of the People who are very unjuſt, very impious, very debauched and very ignorant; yet at the ſame they are valiant to Admiration.

Socrates is going to prove that Valour cannot be without Knowledge, and that conſequently Valour is inconſiſtent with Imprudence and Ignorance.

I ſtop you there, ſaid I, for I muſt examine what you have advanced. Do you call thoſe who are bad, Valiant? Is that your Meaning?

Yes, and thoſe who go headlong where others fear to go.

Let us ſee then, my dear *Protagoras*, don't you call Virtue a fine Thing? And don't you boaſt of teaching it as ſomething that is fine?

Yes, and as ſomething that is very fine, otherwiſe I have loſt my Judgment.

But is that Virtue fine in Part and ugly in Part, or is it altogether fine?

It is altogether fine, and that very fine.

Don't you find ſome People who throw themſelves headlong into Wells and deep Waters?

Yes, our Divers.

Do they do it becauſe 'tis a Trade they are accuſtomed to and expert in, or for ſome other Reaſon?

Becauſe it is a Trade they are expert at.

Who are thoſe who fight well on Horſe-back? Are they ſuch as know how to manage a Horſe well, or thoſe who cannot?

Doubtleſs thoſe who can manage a Horſe.

Is it not the ſame with thoſe who fight with a Buckler?

Yes

Yes certainly, and in all other Things the ſame, thoſe who are expert in them are more brave and courageous than thoſe who are not, and the ſame Troops, after having been well diſciplined and inured to War, are far different from what they were before they had learned any Thing.

But, ſaid I, you have ſeen People who without having learned any Thing of what you ſay, are notwithſtanding very brave, and very courageous upon all Occaſions?

Yes certainly, I have ſeen ſome, and thoſe moſt brave.

Don't you call thoſe People who are ſo brave and ſo bold, valiant Men?

You don't conſider, *Socrates*, what you ſay; then Valour would be an ugly and ſhameful Thing, for thoſe Men are Fools.

But I ſay have not you called bold Men, valiant Men?

Yes, ſo far.

And nevertheleſs now thoſe bold Men ſeem to you to be Fools, and not valiant; and juſt now quite contrary, you thought the moſt learned, and the moſt wiſe to be the moſt bold. If they are the moſt bold, then according to your Principles, they are the moſt valiant; and conſequently Science is the ſame Thing as Valour.

You don't well remember, *Socrates*, what I anſwered to; you demand if valiant Men were bold, I anſwered, Yes. But you did not at all aſk me if bold Men were valiant; for if you had, I ſhould have brought a Diſtinction, and have told you that they are not all ſo. Hitherto my Principle, that the valiant are bold, remains in its full Strength, and you have not been able to convict it of any Falſhood. You make it appear very well that the ſame Perſons are more bold when they are inſtructed and well trained-up, than before they had learned any Thing; and that diſciplined Troops are more bold than thoſe that are not diſciplined; and from thence you are pleaſed to conclude, that

'Tis an Evaſion of the Sophiſt drawn from the Rule of univerſal affirmative Propoſitions, which are not convertible but by adding ſome Reſtriction to the Attribute which becomes the Subject.

that Valour and Science are but one and the ſame Thing. By this fine Way of arguing, you will alſo find that Strength and Science are but one and the ſame Thing. For firſt, you'll aſk me after your uſual Way of Gradation, * Are the Strong, Puiſſant? I ſhould anſwer you, yes. Then you'd add, are thoſe who have learned to wreſtle more puiſſant than thoſe who have not learned? And the ſame Wreſtler, is he not more puiſſant after having learned, than he was before he knew any Thing of that Exerciſe? I ſhould ſtill anſwer, yes. And from thoſe two Things which I ſhould have granted, you would believe, that by making uſe of the ſame Proofs, you might lawfully draw this Conſequence, that by my own Confeſſion Science is Strength. Fair and ſoftly, I pray you; I have not granted, neither do I grant that the Puiſſant are ſtrong, I only ſay that the Strong are puiſſant. For Puiſſance and Strength are far from being the ſame Thing. Puiſſance comes from Science, and ſometimes from Choler and Fury; whereas Strength comes always from Nature and from the good Nouriſhment that is given to the Body. It is thus that I have ſaid that Boldneſs and Valour were not the ſame Thing, and that there were ſome Occaſions wherein the valiant were bold, but that it could not be inferred from thence that all the Bold were valiant. † For Men become bold by

That's true alſo, and *Socrates* will ſoon make it appear in the Sequel.

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* To underſtand *Protagoras*'s Way of arguing, we muſt know that by *Strength*, he means the natural Diſpoſition of a robuſt Body; and that by *Puiſſance*, he means a ſupernatural Vigour like that of a frantick Perſon, who in his Fits breaks Chains, and he alſo means acquired Vigour, like that of a Champion. This is the Reaſon why he grants that the Strong are Puiſſant, and denies that the Puiſſant are Strong, for Strength is natural, and Puiſſance ſprings from Habit, or from an Impulſe of the Mind. But in the Bottom 'tis nothing but a mere Quibble wherein the Sophiſt even contradicts himſelf, as will be ſeen immediately.

† He means that the more Men are diſciplined, trained up to roar, or tranſported with Anger, they are the more bold. He compares Boldneſs to Puiſſance, and Valour to Force. But he does not

by Exerciſe and Art, and ſometimes by Anger and Fury, juſt as they become puiſſant. But Valour proceeds from Nature and the good Nouriſhment that is given to the Soul.

‖ But don't you ſay, my dear *Protagoras*, that certain People live well, that is to ſay, agreeably, and that others live ill, that is to ſay, diſagreeably?

Without doubt.

And do you ſay that Man lives well, when he ſpends his Life in Troubles and Grief?

No aſſuredly.

But when a Man dies after having ſpent his Life agreeably, don't you think he lived well?

Yes, I do.

After your reckoning then, is it not a good Thing to live pleaſantly, and is it not a very bad Thing to live diſagreeably?

* 'Tis according as one delights in what is decent and honeſt, ſaid he.

What, *Protagoras*, ſaid I, will you be of the Opinion of the Vulgar, † and will you, with them, call certain Things that are agreeable, bad, and ſome others that are diſagreeable, will you call them good?

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not ſee that in confeſſing that Valour proceeds from the Good Nouriſhment given to the Soul, he acquieſceth with *Socrates*'s Principle, that Valour is nothing but Science. *Socrates* is going to lead him another Way.

‖ To know well what Valour is, one muſt firſt fix well what Grief and Pleaſure is; and this is what *Socrates* is going to do after an admirable Way, worthy of ſo great a Philoſopher.

* *Protagoras* is aſhamed of what he juſt now confeſſed, for he ſees the Conſequence of it; therefore he contradicts himſelf all of a ſudden, and he acknowledges that a Man who ſpends his Life in honeſt Things, and who delights therein, lives agreeably, even tho' the ſaid Things be painful. *Socrates* makes good Uſe of this Confeſſion, and is going to purſue this Principle which will overthrow the Sophiſt immediately.

† For the Vulgar are perſuaded that there were ſome agreeable Things that are bad, and ſome diſagreeable Things that are good. But they reckon them good or bad only by their Conſequences; for to conſider them in themſelves, they find the Things that are agreeable to be good, and the diſagreeable bad.

Yes certainly.

How ſay you? Thoſe agreeable Things, are they bad in that which makes them agreeable, independently from all that may happen? And thoſe diſagreeable Things, are they good after the ſame Manner independently on all Conſequences?

* Yes, it is juſt ſo.

† Then they are not bad in ſo far as they are diſagreeable.

In Truth, *Socrates*, ſaid he, I know not if I ought to make my Anſwers as ſimple and as general as your Queſtions, and if I ought to aſſert abſolutely, that all agreeable Things are good, and that all diſagreeable Things are bad. Methinks, that not only in this Diſpute, but alſo in all others that I may have, it is ſureſt to anſwer, that there are certain agreeable Things that are not good, and that among the Diſagreeable, there are certain Things that are not bad; and that there is a third Kind which keeps the Middle, and which are neither good nor bad.

But don't you call thoſe Things agreeable, that are joined with Pleaſure, and which give Pleaſure?

Moſt aſſuredly.

I aſk you then if they are not good, in ſo far as they are agreeable, that is to ſay, is not the Pleaſure they cauſe ſomething of good?

To that, *Socrates*, ſaid he, I anſwer you what you daily anſwer others, that is, that we muſt examine it, and if it agrees with Reaſon, and we find that the agreeable and the good are but one and the ſame Thing, we muſt acquieſce therewith, if not, there is an open Field for Diſpute.

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* This Sophiſt confeſſeth one Thing here, whereof he is not in the leaſt perſuaded; he alſo retracts it in the following Anſwer, for he foreſees very well that that Confeſſion would ingage him too far. He knows not how to rid himſelf out of the Trouble and Confuſion he is in.

† 'Tis a neceſſary Conſequence of what this Sophiſt confeſſed juſt now. For if diſagreeable Things are good independent from what may follow, they cannot be bad becauſe they are diſagreeable.

Which

Which do you like beſt then, *Protagoras*, ſaid I, will you be pleaſed to lead me in this Inquiry, or ſhall I lead you?

It is moſt reaſonable that you ſhould lead me, for you began.

I will do it, ſaid I, and here's perhaps a Means, that will make the Thing appear plain, as a Maſter of Exerciſe, or Phyſician ſeeing a Man whoſe Conſtitution he would know, in order to judge of his Health, or the Strength and good Diſpoſition of his Body, does not content himſelf with looking on his Hands and Face, but ſays to him, ſtrip yourſelf, I pray you, and let me ſee your Breaſt and your Back, that I may judge of your State with the more Certainty; I have a Mind to uſe the ſame Conduct with you for our Inquiry; after having known your Sentiments of Good and of Agreeable, I muſt ſtill ſay to you as that Maſter of Exerciſes, my dear *Protagoras*, diſcover yourſelf a little more, and tell me your Thoughts of Science. Are your Thoughts of that like thoſe of the Vulgar, or are you of other Sentiments? For this is the Opinion of the Vulgar in Reference to Science or Knowledge: They think it is a Thing that is neither ſtrong, capable of Conduct, nor worthy to command: They can't fancy to themſelves that it has any of thoſe Qualities; and they perſuade themſelves, that when Science is found in a Man, it is not that which leads and conducts him, but a quite different Thing; that ſometimes 'tis Anger, ſometimes Pleaſure, ſometimes Sadneſs, at other Times Love, and moſt frequently Fear. In a Word, the Vulgar take Science to be a vile Slave always inſulted and domineered over, and dragged along by the other Paſſions. Are you of the ſame Opinion with them? Or do you think on the contrury, that Science is a firm Thing, that it is capable of commanding Man, and that it can put him into a State never to be conquered

For the Knowledge of Things that are agreeable or diſagreeable depends ſolely upon Science.

The Opinion that the Vulgar had of Science.

A fine Portraicture of Science, the Character whereof was explained in the Argument.

quered by any Paſſion, and that all the Potentates upon Earth ſhall never be able to force him to do any Thing but what Science ſhall command him, for it is alone ſufficient to deliver him.

The Vanity of the Sophiſt.

* I do not only think all that you have ſaid, *Socrates*, anſwered *Protagoras*, of Science; but I add, that it would ſeem worſe in me than in any other Man, not to maintain that it is the ſtrongeſt of all human Things.

You have Reaſon *Protagoras*, that is true. However you know very well that the Vulgar don't believe us upon this Subject, and that they maintain that moſt Men do to little Purpoſe know what is moſt juſt, and what is beſt, for they do nothing of it, although it be in their Power, and that frequently they act quite contrary. Thoſe of whom I have aſked the Cauſe of ſo ſtrange a Conduct, have all told me, that thoſe People are overcome with Pleaſure, or by Sadneſs, or vanquiſhed, and carried away by ſome other Paſſion. I am apt to believe that thoſe whom I have conſulted, are deceived in that, as in many other Things. But, let us ſee, endeavour with me here to teach them, and to make them plainly know what this unhappy Inclination is, and wherein it conſiſts, which occaſioneth them to be overcome by Pleaſures, and that they do not act that which is beſt, though they know it. For perhaps if we ſhould ſay to them, Friends, you are deceived, and you have a falſe Principle, they would aſk us in their Turn, *Socrates* and you, *Protagoras*, What! Is it not a Paſſion to be overcome by Pleaſures? Tell us then what it is? from whence it comes, and wherein it conſiſts?

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* Yes, but *Socrates* ſpeaks of another Science far different from that which the *Sophiſt* means, and whereof he boaſts, for he ſpeaks of the Knowledge of God and of the Knowledge of the Truth, which alone can deliver Man; whereas the *Sophiſt* ſpeaks of human Science, which is more capable of deſtroying a Man than ſaving him.

How,

How, *Socrates!* ſaid my Antagoniſt, are we obliged to ſtand to the Opinions of the Vulgar, who ſpeak at random all that comes into their Heads?

However, methinks, anſwered I, that this ſerves in ſome Meaſure to make us underſtand the Coherence that Valour may have with the other Parts of Virtue. If therefore you will ſtand to what you firſt accepted of, which is, that I ſhould lead you through that Way which I think the beſt and the ſhorteſt, follow me; if not, as you think fit, I give it over.

On the contrary, ſaid he, *Socrates*, I pray you to continue as you began.

Reſuming my Diſcourſe then, If thoſe ſame People, ſaid I, my dear *Protagoras*, ſhould perſiſt to aſk us, how do you call that State which we call to be overcome by Pleaſures? What ſhould we anſwer? For my Part, this is the Way I ſhould take to anſwer them. I ſhould immediately ſay to them, My Friends, hearken, I pray you, for *Protagoras* and I are going to endeavour to give a ſatisfactory Anſwer to your Queſtion. Do you think that any other Thing happens to you than what really happens, at all Times when you are enticed by the Pleaſure of Feaſting, or by that of Love, which ſeems very agreeable to you, you yield to the Temptation, though you know very well that thoſe Pleaſures are very bad and very dangerous? They would not fail to anſwer, that 'tis nothing elſe. We ſhould afterwards aſk them, Why ſay you that thoſe Pleaſures are evil? Is it becauſe they give you a Sort of Pleaſure in the very Minute that you enjoy them, and that they are both agreeable? Or is it becauſe in the Sequel they ingender Diſeaſes, that they throw you headlong into Poverty, and that they draw after them a thouſand and a thouſand Misfortunes that are as fatal? Or ſuppoſe they ſhould not be followed by any of thoſe Miſchiefs, would you always call them bad, * becauſe they cauſe Men to rejoyce, and to

* For that's what would be needful to ſay, to confeſs, as *Protagoras* has already done, that agreeable Things are bad independent of their Conſequences. This is a Principle altogether Divine. *So-*

to rejoice in Vice is the moſt deporable of all Vices, and the Puniſhment of Sin? Let us conſider, *Protagoras*, what other Thing could they anſwer to us, than that they are not bad, by Reaſon of the Pleaſure they occaſion at the Time of Enjoyment, but becauſe of the Diſeaſe and other Accidents which they draw after them?

† I am perſuaded, ſaid *Protagoras*, that that's what all of them almoſt would anſwer.

Does not, ſay I, all that which deſtroys our Health, or which cauſeth our Ruin, vex us? I fancy they would agree to it.

Without doubt, ſaid *Protagoras*.

Then ſhould I continue, You think, my Friends, as we ſay, *Protagoras* and I, that thoſe Pleaſures are not bad, becauſe they terminate in Sorrow, and deprive Men of other Pleaſures which they deſire to enjoy? They would not fail to acquieſce therein.

Protagoras conſents to it.

But, ſay I, if we ſhould take the contrary Side, and ſhould aſk them, My Friends, you ſay that diſagreeable Things are good, how do you underſtand it? Will you ſpeak by Example of bodily Exerciſes of War, of Cures that the Phyſicians perform by Inciſion, by Purgations, or by the ſtricteſt of Diet? Do you ſay that thoſe Things are good, but that they are diſagreeable? They would be of that Opinion.

Without any Difficulty.

Why do you call them good? Is it becauſe at the

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crates does not inſiſt upon this, becauſe he finds it too ſublime for the Vulgar; and that he knew very well that it is not their Opinion.

† And conſequently *Protagoras* has ſpoke againſt his own proper Sentiments, when he anſwered, that certain agreeable Things were bad by the very ſame Thing that made them agreeable, and independent from all that might happen, and that certain diſagreeable Things were good after the ſame Manner, independent of all that may follow. We muſt obſerve this wonderful Art whereby *Socrates* makes *Protagoras* contradict himſelf ſo plainly, without ever offending him.

very

very Minute they cauſe the greateſt of Aches and infinite Pain? Or becauſe by their Operation, they occaſion Health and a good Habit of Body, that they are the Preſervation of Cities, that they raiſe to Empire, and that they heap Glory and Riches upon certain States? Without doubt they would make no Scruple to take the laſt Part: And *Protagoras* acquieſceth therein.

But ſuppoſe I ſhould go on and aſk if all thoſe Things which I have named are good for any other Reaſon than becauſe they end in Pleaſure, and that they remove and chaſe away Vexation and Sadneſs? For could you have any other Motive which ſhould oblige you to call thoſe Things good, than the removing of Vexation and the Expectation of Pleaſure? I can't believe it.

Nor I neither, ſaid *Protagoras*.

Therefore don't you ſeek after Pleaſure as a good Thing, and don't you avoid Vexation, as an Evil?

Without Contradiction.

And conſequently you take Vexation for an Evil, and Pleaſure for a Good? You call Pleaſure itſelf an Evil, when it deprives you of certain Pleaſures that are greater than thoſe which it procures you, and when it cauſes you Troubles more ſenſible than all its Pleaſures. For if you ſhall have any other Reaſon to call Pleaſure an Evil, and if you ſhould find that it had any other End, you would make no Difficulty to tell it us, but I am ſure you can't find it.

I am alſo ſure that they can't find any, ſaid *Protagoras*.

Is it not the ſame Thing with Grief or Pain? Don't you call it Good when it delivers you from certain Anguiſhes that are greater than thoſe which it occaſions you, or when the Pleaſures it procures, are greater than its Vexations? For if you could propoſe to yourſelf any other End than what I have told you, for calling Pain Good, you would without doubt tell it us; but you can't.

That is very true, *Socrates*, ſaid *Protagoras*.

Suppoſe, continued I, you ſhould aſk me in your Courſe, why I turn the Thing ſo many Ways? I ſhould ſay, Pardon me, my Friends, this is my Way of exa-

mining into Subjects on all Sides. For first, it is not easy to demonstrate to you what that is which you call *to be overcome by Pleasures*; and on the other hand, there is no means to make certain and sensible Demonstrations. But you are still at your Liberty to declare unto me, if you find Good to be any other Thing than Pleasure, and Evil to be any other Thing than Pain and Sadness. Tell me, would not you be very well satisfied to spend your Time agreeably, and without Vexation? If you are contented therewith, and if you can't find that Good and Evil are any other thing than what I say, hearken to what follows.

The only Way to make sure Demonstrations is to examine into the Objections on all Sides.

That being presupposed, I maintain that there is nothing more ridiculous than to say as you do, that a Man knowing Evil to be Evil, and being able to prevent his abandoning himself thereunto, ceaseth not to commit it, because he is hurried along by Pleasure, and that it is no less absurd to advance as you do; on the other Side, that a Man knowing good, yet refuseth to do it, because of some present Pleasure that puts him off from it. The Ridiculousness that I find in those two Propositions will visibly appear to you, if we don't make Use of many Names, which only serve to embroil us, as *Agreeable, Disagreeable, Good, Evil.* Seeing therefore we speak but of two Things, let us make use only of two Names: Let us at first call them by the Names of *Good* and *Evil*; and afterwards we shall call them by those of *Agreeable* and *Disagreeable.* That being granted, let us say, *That a Man knowing Evil, and being sensible that it is so, ceaseth not to commit it.* We shall certainly be asked, *why does he commit it?* We shall answer him, *because he is overcome.* And *by what is he overcome,* they will say? We can answer no more *by the Agreeableness of it,* that is to say, *by Pleasure,* for 'tis a Word that is banished, and in Lieu thereof, we have agreed to make use of that Word *Good.* Therefore we must make use of that Term only, and we must answer, *That that Man commits Evil only because he is overcome and*

ſurmounted. By what? We muſt cut ſhort the Words, *overcome and ſurmounted by Good.* If he who queſtions us has ever ſo little Inclination to Raillery, and if he be a Man who can puſh us home, you ſee what a fine Field we give him. He will laugh immediately with all his Might, and will ſay to us, in Truth that's a very pleaſant Thing, that a Man who knows Evil, and is ſenſible that it is ſo, and being able to forbear doing of it, ceaſeth not to commit it, becauſe he is overcome by Good. He will add, do you think that God is uncapable of ſurmounting Evil? Or is it capable of it? Without doubt we will anſwer that it is not capable of it, for otherwiſe he whom we ſay to be overcome by Pleaſure would not have ſinned. But for what Reaſon is Good incapable of ſurmounting Evil? Or why has Evil the Strength to ſurmount Good? Is it not becauſe one is greater, and the other leſs? Or becauſe one is more numerous and the other leſs? For we have no other Reaſons to alledge to them.

For if Good had been capable of ſurmounting Evil, he would have done it, and conſequently the Evil would not have been committed.

Then it is evident from this, would he add, that according to you, *to be overcome by Good, is to chuſe the greateſt Evils in Room of the leaſt Good.* There's an End on that Side. Now let us change thoſe Names by calling this *Good* and *Evil* by the Names of *Agreeable* and *Diſagreeable.* And let us not ſay that a *Man does*, we have hitherto ſaid *Evil*, but let us now ſay *diſagreeable Things. A Man then does Things that are diſagreeable, knowing that they are ſo, he does them becauſe he is overcome and ſurmounted by thoſe that are agreeable, and that notwithſtanding are uncapable to overcome and ſurmount.* And what is it that makes Pleaſure uncapable of ſurmounting Grief? Is it not the Exceſs or the Defect of the one in Reference to the other? that is to ſay, when the one is greater or leſs than the other; when one is more or leſs flat and dull than the other.

But if any Body ſhould object to us * that there is a great Difference between a preſent † Pleaſure, and a Pleaſure or a Pain that is to come and expected: I aſk upon that Head: But do they differ by any other Thing than by Pleaſure or Pain? They can differ in nothing elſe. Now I ſay, that a Man who knows how to balance Things well, and who puts agreeable Things on one ſide, and diſagreeable Things on another, as well theſe that are preſent, as thoſe that he may foreſee are to come, knows very well which are the moſt numerous. For if you weigh the Agreeable with the Agreeable, you muſt always chuſe the moſt numerous, and the greateſt: if you weigh the Diſagreeable with the Diſagreeable, you muſt chuſe the leaſt in Number, and the ſmalleſt; and if you weigh the Agreeable with the Diſagreeable, and that the laſt are ſurmounted by the firſt, ‖ whether it be that the preſent are ſurmounted by the abſent, or the abſent by the preſent, we muſt always

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* That's the laſt Refuge of thoſe who maintain, that Men commit Evil voluntarily, becauſe they are carried away by Pleaſures, for the Man prefers a preſent Pleaſure to a future one, and this Pleaſure is ſtill more preferable than Pain that he foreſees. This is what *Socrates* is going to refute after a very plain Manner, and with much Strength.

† This is *Socrates*'s Anſwer to the foregoing Objection. Pleaſure and Pain differ only in the Number or Degree of the Pains, and Pleaſures. Therefore it is ridiculous to think that a Man ſhould be ſo much an Enemy to himſelf, as voluntarily to prefer a ſmall preſent Pleaſure to a great Pleaſure that he is ſure of, and to run after a Pleaſure which he ſees is followed by a certain Pain. For it is agreed that every Man ſeeks the Good and ſhuns the Evil. All that is in Queſtion is to take a Balance, and to weigh the Good and the Evil, ſeeing they are known. This is not done, and it is a ſure Token that they are not known, and conſequently 'tis the want of Knowledge, that is to ſay, Ignorance, that precipitates us into Evil. This is without all Doubt.

‖ That is to ſay, whether the preſent Pains be leſs numerous than the Pleaſures that are expected, or the Pains that are expected fewer than the preſent Pleaſures, the greateſt Number ought always to be choſen: In a word, we muſt run after Good when it is greater than Evil, whether that Evil be preſent or abſent. A great Principle.

chuſe the greateſt Number, that is, the firſt, the Agreeable; and if the latter, I mean the Diſagreeable, weigh down the Scales, we muſt beware of making ſo bad a Choice. Is not that all the Art to be uſed? Yes, without doubt, they would ſay. *Protagoras* alſo agrees to it.

Since that is ſo, I would ſay, anſwer me, I pray? Does not an Object appear greater near at hand than at a Diſtance? Don't you underſtand a Voice better when it is near you, than when it is far off?

Without Contradiction.

If our Happineſs depended upon the Greatneſs of Subjects, every Body would meaſure with all poſſible Exactneſs.

If therefore our Happineſs conſiſted always in chuſing and doing that which is leaſt, what ſhould we do, and to what ſhould we have Recourſe to aſſure us of Happineſs all our Life-time? Should we have Recourſe to the Art of Meaſuring, or ſhould we content ourſelves with Appearances, and with a ſimple Glance of the Eye? But we know that the Sight has often deceived us, and that when we have judged by the Eye, we have been often obliged to change our Opinion when the Queſtion to be decided has been which is the greateſt? Whereas the Art of Meaſuring has always removed thoſe falſe Appearances, and by making the Truth appear, has ſet the Mind at Eaſe, which relied upon this Truth, and has aſcertained the Happineſs of our Life. What would our Diſputants ſay to that? Would they ſay that our Safety depends upon the Art of Meaſuring, or upon any other Art?

Upon the Art of Meaſuring, without doubt.

If our Safety ſhould depend upon Numbers, there is nobody but who would learn to cypher.

And if our Safety ſhould depend upon the Choice of even and odd, every Time that one muſt chuſe the leaſt, and compare the moſt with the moſt, or the leaſt with the leaſt, and the one with the other, whether they be near or at a Diſtance, upon what Art would our Safety depend? Is it not upon the Art of Arithmetick? or the Art of Meaſuring, which teacheth us nothing but

the Greateſt of Things, is no longer the Buſineſs in Queſtion; it would be requiſite to know the Even and the Odd, and nothing but the Knowledge of Arithmetick can teach us that. Would not our People agree to that?

Aſſuredly, ſaid *Protagoras.*

* That's well then, my Friends. But ſince it has appeared to us that our Safety depends upon the good Choice which we ſhould make between Pleaſure and Pain, that is to ſay, between that which in thoſe two Kinds is the greateſt or the leaſt, the moſt numerous or the leaſt, the neareſt or the furtheſt off; Is it not true that the Art of Meaſuring is the Art of examining the Largeneſs of Things, and of comparing their different Reſemblances?

It can't be otherwiſe.

Then the Art of Meaſuring muſt be † an Art and a Science, they could not diſagree to it. We ſhall examine another Time what that Art is, which at the ſame Time is an Art and a Science: now that the Art of Meaſuring is a Science, we agree to it, and that ſuffices for a Demonſtration that we ought to give you, *Protagoras*, and I, upon the Queſtion that you have propoſed to us; for at the ſame Time that you and I have agreed, that there is nothing ſo ſtrong as Science, and that wherever it is found, it is victorious over Pleaſure, and all other Paſſions, you have contradicted us, in aſſuring us, that Pleaſure is often victorious, and that it triumphs over Man, even when he knows the Poiſon of it: and as we have not agreed to your Principle, then if you remember it, you have demanded, *Protagoras*, and you, *Socrates*, if that be not to be overcome by Pleaſure, tell us then what

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*. Our Safety depends upon the good Choice between Pleaſure and Pain. We are only unhappy becauſe we deceive ourſelves in our Choice. Our Misfortunes proceed only from our Ignorance, for nobody deſires to be unhappy.

† It is an Art, becauſe there are Rules and a Method; and 'tis a Science, becauſe its Objects are Things neceſſary and immaterial, and becauſe it makes its Demonſtrations by infallible Arguments built upon neceſſary Principles that are inconteſtable and certain.

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it is, and how do you call that Inclination that carries us away. If we ſhould have anſwered you upon the Spot that we called it *Ignorance*, you would have laughed at us. Laugh on now, and you will laugh at yourſelves. For you have confeſſed that thoſe who deceive themſelves in the Choice of Pleaſure and of Pain, that is to ſay, of Good and Evil, are not deceived, but for want of Knowledge; and afterwards you further agreed, not only for Want of Knowledge, but for Want of that Science which teacheth to meaſure. Now every Action wherein one is deceived for Want of Knowledge; you know very well yourſelf, that it is an Ignorance, and by Conſequence it is a very great Ignorance to be overcome by Pleaſure. *Protagoras*, *Prodicus*, and *Hippias*, boaſt that they can cure this Ignorance, and you becauſe you are perſuaded, that this unhappy Inclination is ſome other thing than Ignorance; you will not apply yourſelf, and will not ſend your Children to thoſe Sophiſts who are ſuch excellent Maſters, as holding it for a certain Truth that Vertue cannot be taught, and you ſave the Money which you would be obliged to give them. And it is that fine Opinion that cauſes all the Misfortunes not only of the Republick, but alſo of particular Perſons.

That's what we would anſwer to thoſe honeſt People. But I apply myſelf now to you, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, and I aſk you as well as *Protagoras*, if you think what I juſt now ſaid to be true or falſe?

They all agreed that they were very ſenſible Truths.

You agree then, ſaid I, that Agreeable is that which is called Good, and Diſagreeable, that which is called Evil. For as for that Diſtinction of Names which *Prodicus* would have introduced, I kiſs his Hands. In effect, *Prodicus*, call Goodneſs Agreeable, Delectable, Delicious, Charming; and invent ſtill more Names if that pleaſes you, it is alike to me: Anſwer only to what I aſk you.

Prodicus agrees to it, ſmiling, as do alſo the others.

Every Action which tends to make us live without Pain is fine, and conſequently good and uſeful.

Then what do you think of this, my Friends, ſaid I, are not all Actions fine which tend to live agreeably, and without Pain? And is not a fine Action at the ſame Time good and uſeful?

They agree to it.

If it be true that Agreeable be good, and that it be the Good, then it is not poſſible that a Man knowing that there are better Things than thoſe which he does, and knowing that he can do them, ſhould notwithſtanding do the Evil and leave the Good. Therefore to be overcome by Pleaſure is nothing elſe than to be in Ignorance; and to overcome Pleaſures is nothing elſe than to have Knowledge.

They acquieſced therein.

What is it to be in Ignorance?

But, ſaid I to them, what do you call it to be in Ignorance? Is it not to have a falſe Opinion, and to deceive one's ſelf in Things that are very eſſential and very important?

Without Contradiction.

It follows then, from this Principle, that no Perſon runs voluntarily into Evil, nor into that which he takes to be Evil. * And it is not at all in the Nature of Man to run after Evil, as Evil, inſtead of running after Good. And when one is forced to chuſe one of two Evils, you will find nobody who would chuſe the greateſt, if it were in his Power to take the leaſt.

That ſeemed to us all to be manifeſt Truth.

Then, ſaid I, what call you Terror and Fear? ſpeak *Prodicus*. Is it not the Expectation of an Evil, whether you call it Terror or Fear?

Protagoras and *Hippias* acquieſced, that Terror and Fear were nothing preciſely but that, and *Prodicus* confeſſed it of Fear, but denied it of Terror. But that is no Matter, my dear *Prodicus*, anſwered I. The only

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* For it is a certain Truth our Will never inclines to any Thing but that which pleaſeth it moſt. And there is nothing but Good, or what it takes for ſuch, that pleaſes it.

important

important Point is to know if the Principle which I juſt now aſſerted be true. If it be ſo, all your Diſtinctions are uſeleſs. In effect, who is the Man who would run after that which he fears, when he might go before that which he fears not? That is impoſſible by your own Confeſſion; for from the Time that a Man fears a Thing, he confeſſeth that he believes it to be bad: and there is nobody that voluntarily ſeeks after and receives that which is bad.

They agreed to it.

Thoſe Foundations being laid down, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, ſaid I, *Protagoras* muſt now juſtify and prove the Truth of what he at firſt aſſerted; or rather I muſt grant him Quarter for what he advanced at firſt, for he ſaid that of the five Parts of Virtue, there is not one that reſembles another, and that they had each of them their own Qualities and a different Character. I will not inſiſt upon that, but let him prove what he ſaid afterwards, that of thoſe five Parts there were four which had ſome Reſemblance to each other, and one which was altogether different from the other four, that is to ſay, Valour.

He added, that I ſhould know this Truth by this evident Mark, that is, ſaid he, *Socrates*, that you ſhall ſee Men who are very imperious, unjuſt, debauched and ignorant, and yet have a heroick Valour; and you will underſtand by that, that Valour is extremely different from the other Parts of Virtue.

I confeſs that at firſt I was very much ſurprized at this Anſwer, and my Surprize hath been greater ſince I examined the Thing with you. I aſked him if he did not call bold and reſolute Men, Valiant? He told me, that he gave that Name to thoſe bold Spirits who run headlong into Danger; for you remember it very well, *Protagoras*, that was the Anſwer you made me.

I do remember it, ſaid he.

Tell us then wherein are the Valiant bold, is it in Things that the Timorous undertake?

No, without doubt.

Is it in others? In thoſe that the Brave undertake?

Aſſuredly.

Don't Cowards run upon thoſe Things that ſeem to be ſafe, and the Valiant upon thoſe that ſeem to be terrible?

So People ſay, *Socrates* anſwered *Protagoras.*

You ſay true, *Protagoras*; but that's not what I aſk you, I would know your Sentiment. Wherein do you ſay are the Valiant bold? Is it in things that are terrible? and that they themſelves find ſo?

Don't you remember, *Socrates*, that you have plainly made it appear already, that that was impoſſible.

For he has made it appear that Terror is the expectation of an Evil, and that no Body runs voluntarily to Evil.

You are in the right, *Protagoras*, I had forgot it. Then it is a Thing demonſtrated, that nobody runs upon Things that he finds to be terrible, becauſe it is moſt certainly an Ignorance to ſuffer one's ſelf to be overcome by Paſſions.

'Tis agreed to.

But on the other Side, both the one and the other, * the Brave and the Coward run upon Things that ſeem to be ſafe and without Danger, and by that Means the Cowards undertake the ſame Things as the Brave.

There is a great Difference, *Socrates*; The Cowards do the quite contrary to what the Brave do; without going further, the one ſeeks War, and the other flies from it.

But do they find it to be a fine thing to go to War?

Yes, certainly, moſt fine.

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* 'Tis a neceſſary Conſequence of what *Protagoras* juſt now confeſſed, that the Brave don't run upon terrible Things becauſe it is an Evil. Then they run upon Things that are ſafe, and that appear to be without Danger; and by Conſequence they do the ſame Thing as the Cowards, and they tend to the ſame Mark: That is certain; but here's the Difference between the Cowards and the brave Men, that the brave Men acting always by Knowledge, are never deceived in the Side they chuſe; for they certainly know what is terrible, and what is not. Whereas the Cowards acting by Ignorance, and fixing Safety where Danger is, and Danger where Safety is, are always deceived. How many great Truths are cleared by this Principle!

If it be fine, it is alſo good, for we have agreed that all Actions that are fine are good.

That is moſt true, ſaid he to me, and I have always been of that Sentiment.

I am very glad of it. But who are thoſe then who will not go to the War which they find to be ſo fine and ſo good:

They are Cowards, ſaid he.

In the mean Time, ſaid I, to go to War is a fine and a good Thing; is it not alſo agreeable?

It is a Sequel of the Principles which we have agreed to.

Do the Cowards refuſe to go to that which is finer, better, and more agreeable, although they know it to be what it is?

They don't know it, then they are in Ignorance.

But, *Socrates*, if we ſhould confeſs that, then we overthrow all our firſt Principles.

How, ſay I, do not the Brave run upon all that they think to be the fineſt, the beſt, and the moſt agreeable?

It can't be denied.

Then it is evident that the Brave have not a ſhameful Fear when they fear, nor a ſhameful Aſſurance when they are firm and aſſured?

The Brave fear where one ſhould fear, but not otherwiſe.

'Tis true.

If they are not ſhameful, then they are fine and honeſt; Is it not ſo? And if they be honeſt, they are good?

Yes.

And are not the Cowards, tho' raſh and furious, quite contrary? Have they not unworthy Fears and ſhameful Aſſurances?

Cowards and Fools fear unſeaſonably, and truſt after the ſame Manner.

I confeſs it.

And from whence come thoſe unworthy Fears and ſhameful Aſſurances? Is it not from Ignorance?

That is certain.

But,

But, what do you call that which makes Cowards, Cowards? Do you call it Valour or Cowardiſe?

I call it Cowardiſe, without doubt.

Then the Cowards appear to you to be ſo, becauſe of their Ignorance of ſenſible Things.

Moſt aſſuredly.

Then 'tis that Ignorance which makes them Cowards?

I agree to it.

You have agreed that it is Cowardiſe that makes Cowards?

Aſſuredly.

According to you, Cowardiſe is the Ignorance of Things that are terrible, and of thoſe that are not? He made a Signal that he agreed to it. At the ſame Time Valour is oppoſite to Cowardiſe? He made the ſame Sign of Approbation.

And conſequently the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of thoſe that are not in Oppoſition to the Ignorance of the ſame Things? He gave another Sign of his Conſent.

Is Ignorance, Cowardiſe?

He paſſed this over with ſome Difficulty.

And is not the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of thoſe that are not, Valour; ſeeing it is contrary to the Ignorance of the ſame Things?

Oh! upon that ne'er another Sign, and not one Word.

How, ſaid I, *Protagoras*, will you neither grant me what I demand, nor deny it me?

Come to an End only, ſaid he.

He has made it appear that that's impoſſible.

Then I aſk you only one ſmall Queſtion more. I aſk you if you ſtill think as you did lately, that there are Men who are very ignorant and yet very brave?

Seeing you are ſo preſſing, ſaid he to me, and that you will oblige me to anſwer you ſtill, I will do you that Pleaſure. I tell you then, *Socrates*, that that which you aſk me, ſeems impoſſible, according to the Principles that we have eſtabliſhed.

I aſſure

I aſſure you, *Protagoras*, ſaid I to him, that I propoſe all thoſe Queſtions to you with no other Deſign, than to examine narrowly into all the Parts of Virtue, and to know well what Virtue itſelf is: For I am perſuaded that that being well known, we ſhould certainly find what we ſeek for, and what we have diſcourſed ſo much upon, I in ſaying that Virtue can't be taught, and you in maintaining, that it can. And at this cloſe of our Diſpute, if I durſt preſume to perſonate Virtue, I ſhould ſay that it mightily upbraids us and laughs at us, in ſaying to us, you are pleaſant Diſputants, *Socrates* and *Protagoras?* You, *Socrates*, after having maintained that Virtue can't be taught, you are now running to contradict yourſelf, by endeavouring to make it appear that all is Science, to wit, Juſtice, Temperance, Valour, *&c.* which is juſt going to draw a Concluſion, that Virtue can be taught: For if Knowledge be different from Virtue, as *Protagoras* endeavours to prove it, it is evident that Virtue can't be taught; whereas, if it paſſes for a Science, as you would have it be acknowledged, * Men will

* That is founded upon this erroneous Opinion which is very common, that every Science can be taught. *Socrates* ſenſibly proves it to be an Error, ſeeing by maintaining that Virtue is a Science, he aſſerts at the ſame Time, and proves after a moſt ſolid Manner that Men cannot teach it. And it is not difficult to ſee what he aims at: He means that it can be learned of no body but God; for he is the God of Sciences, *Deus Scientiarum*, as he is called in the holy Scripture; wherefore *David* ſays to him, *Lord teach me Knowledge*; and he aſſureth us, that it is he who teacheth it to Men, *qui docet hominem ſcientiam*. If that be true of Knowledge, it is alſo true of Valour, ſeeing *Socrates* hath already proved, that Valour and Knowledge are but the ſame Thing. *Plato* was not the firſt Heathen who had the Idea of thoſe excellent Truths; above three hundred Years before him, *Homer* had ſaid, when he brings in *Agamemnon* ſpeaking to *Achilles*, *If thou be ſo valiant, from whence comes thy Valour? Is it not God who gave it thee?* And almoſt three hundred Years before *Homer*, *David* had ſaid, *'tis God who teacheth my Hands to War, qui docet manus meas ad præ-*

1 *Kings* ii. *Pſal.* cxix. 66. *Pſal.* xciv. 10.

In the firſt Book of his Il. Pſal. xviii. 34. *and* cxliv. 1.

lium.

will never apprehend that it can't be taught. And, *Protagoras*, on the other hand, after having maintained that it can be taught, contradicts himself also, by endeavouring to persuade us that it is some other Thing than Knowledge,

But let us leave the Fiction. For my Part, *Protagoras*, I am heartily sorry to see all our Principles so horribly confounded and turned topsy-turvy; and I could passionately wish that we could disintangle, and explain them; that after having searched thro' all the Parts of Virtue, we might plainly shew what it is in itself, and that putting our chief Question at last to a Hearing again, we might examine if Virtue could be taught or not, to the End, we might know what to stand by: For I am very much afraid that your *Epimetheus* has deceived us in our Examination, as you say he deceived, and forgot us in the Distribution he made. I will also tell you frankly, that in your Fable, *Prometheus* has pleased me much better than that Lover of Confusion *Epimetheus*; and 'tis by following his Example that I take all Care and Precaution to frame my whole Life well, imploying myself solely in those Injuries, and if you would, as I told you just now, I would most willingly dive into the Bottom of all those Matters with you.

We ought to follow *Prometheus*, and not *Epimetheus*; that is to say, to govern themselves by the Spirit of God, and not by that of the World, which is quite contrary to God.

Socrates, said *Protagoras* to me, I extremely commend your good Intentions, and your Way of treating upon Subjects. I can boast that I have no Vice, but above all, that I am fartheſt from that of Envy;

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lium. But one will say, why does not *Socrates* explain his Meaning? 'Tis because a Philosopher ought to fix what Virtue is, before he explains from whence it comes, and who are the Masters that teach it; for Virtue being known, its Author is also consequently known, and the Proof is made.

no Man in the World is leſs inclined to it than myſelf: And as for you, I have often ſaid, that you are the only Perſon of all thoſe I converſe with, whom I admire the moſt, and that there is none of all thoſe of your Age, but who I think are infinitely below you; and I add, that I ſhall not in the leaſt be ſurprized that you be ſeen one Day among the Number of thoſe great Perſons who have rendered themſelves famous by their Wiſdom. But we ſhall ſpeak another Time of thoſe Matters, and it ſhall be when you pleaſe. At preſent, I am obliged to go Home about ſome other Buſineſs.

We muſt then, *Protagoras*, ſaid I to him, put off the Diſpute till another Time, ſeeing you will have it ſo; beſides, I ſhould have been gone a great while ago, where I am expected; but I tarried to oblige handſome *Callias*, who deſerved it of me. That being ſaid, every one retired whither his Affairs called him.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE *RIVALS*.

THIS Dialogue is only a Recital of a Conference which *Plato* feigns that *Socrates* had with ſome young People in the School of a Grammarian; or perhaps that *Plato* has preſerved it for us, ſuch as *Socrates* actually had it, and ſuch as he related it to his Diſciples. Its intitled THE RIVALS; for the Ancients quote it by this Name: It is Moral, and treats of Philoſophy. *Socrates* diſputes here againſt two Errors which run in the Heads of young People of his Time: Some miſunderſtanding a Paſſage of *Solon*, fancied that Phiſoſophy conſiſted in knowing all the Sciences. And others believed that to deſerve the

ἀντέραστα, and not ἐράστα.

the Name of Philoſopher, it was ſufficient to have a little Smack of Sciences and Arts, that they might be able to diſcourſe of them with Maſters, and to acquire the Reputation of an univerſal Man who could judge of every Thing. *Socrates* argues very ſolidly againſt thoſe two Principles. He overthrows the laſt, in making it appear that there is nothing more ridiculous than to fancy the Philoſopher to be a ſuperficial Man, inferior in all to Maſters in each Science, and conſequently fit for none. And he refutes the firſt, by inſinuating that as too much Food hurts the Body, ſo too great a Heap of Sciences and Knowledge hurts the Soul; whoſe Health, like that of the Body, proceeds from a juſt Meaſure of the Food that is given it. The moſt ſkillful is not always he who knows moſt, but he who knows well the Things that are neceſſary. Which puts me in Mind of a fine Saying of one of the moſt learned Men of this Age, and whoſe Works are known to every Body: He ſaid,

That he ſhould have been as ignorant as many others, if he had read as much as they. Mr. *le Fevre.*

There are Millions of Things uſeleſs to lead us to true Philoſophy, and which inſtead of advancing us, put us behind. Philoſophy is ſomething greater than Arts, and more admirable than that which is commonly called the Sciences; for it is nothing elſe but the Knowledge of Things Divine and Human, which diſpoſeth us to ſubmit to the firſt, and to guide and govern others by the Rules of Prudence and Juſtice; inſomuch that we may be uſeful to our Neighbours and to ourſelves, in oppoſing Vice, and making Virtue to grow and to flouriſh. 'Tis by this that one Friend gives good Advice to another; by this a Magiſtrate does Juſtice well; by this the Maſter of a Family governs his Houſe; and, in a word, by this a King governs his People: Theſe are the Truths that *Socrates* teaches in this ſhort Converſation which is very valuable. One would ſay, that he

he is *Solomon*'s Diſciple, and that he had heard what Wiſdom ſpoke from his Mouth: *To me belong Counſel, Equity, Prudence, and Strength; 'tis by me that Kings reign, and that Law-givers eſtabliſh Laws; 'tis by me that Princes command, and that the Powers of the Earth decree Juſtice.*

Another very important Truth which *Socrates* alſo teacheth here, is, that the moſt Learned are not always thoſe who are the beſt diſpoſed to true Wiſdom. The moſt Ignorant is frequently nearer to it, than he who has grown old in Books, and who has ſeen and read all. We have Inſtances of it every Day.

THE RIVALS.

SOCRATES. I went t'other Day into the School of *Denis*, who teacheth Learning. I found there ſome of the handſomeſt young People, and of the beſt Families of the City, with their Lovers. I there obſerved above all, two of them who were diſputing together, but I could not underſtand the Subject of their Diſpute; it ſeemed to me to be upon ſome Points of the Doctrine of *Anaxagoras* or *Oenopidas*, for they were drawing of Circles, and quite ſtooping; they were imitating certain Turnings and Motions of the Heavens with a wonderful Attention. Curious to know what it was, I addreſſed myſelf to a young Man who ſat by me; and it happened that he was the Lover of one of thoſe who were diſputing together. I aſked him then, jogging him a little with my Elbow, what occaſions this great Attention? Is the Subject of the Diſcourſe ſo great and ſo fine, as to require ſuch a ſerious Application?

Socrates always obſerves the Corruption that reigned at *Athens*.

Good, anſwered he, ſo great and ſo fine! they are prating of heavenly Things, and they do nothing but ſpeak Folly with all their Philoſophy.

Surprized

Surprized at the Anſwer, How, ſaid I, my Friend, do you think it is Folly to be a Philoſopher? How comes it that you ſpeak ſo harſhly? Another young Man that was ſeated by him, who was his Rival, and had heard my Queſtion, ſaid to me, In Truth, *Socrates*, you will not find your Account, in applying yourſelf to that Man; and in aſking him if he believes Philoſophy to be Folly: don't you know that he has ſpent all his Life in eating, ſleeping, and in bodily Exerciſes? Can you expect any other Anſwer from him, unleſs it were, that there is nothing more ſhameful nor more fooliſh than Philoſophy? He who ſpoke to me thus, had always applied himſelf to Sciences; whereas the other whom he treated ſo ill, applied himſelf wholly to Exerciſes.

I thought it convenient to let alone that Champion who had neglected the Mind, only to exerciſe the Body, and to keep to his Rival, who pretended to be more able. And that I might the better draw from him what I deſired, I ſaid, what I aſked at firſt, I aſked it of you both in common. And if you think you are more able to anſwer me, than he, I apply myſelf only to you. Anſwer me, do you think that it is a fine Thing to be a Philoſopher? Or do you believe the contrary? The two Diſputants, who had heard us, gave over their Diſpute, and drawing nearer, they reſolve to hear us with a deep Silence. I know not what Influence this Approach had on our two Rivals; for my Part I was ſurprized at it, for it is uſual to me, I cannot ſee handſome young People * without admiring them.

He to whom I ſpoke did not ſeem to be leſs touched than myſelf; however, he did not fail to anſwer me with ſome Sort of Aſſurance and Self-love: For my Part, *Socrates*, if I thought it was a Shame to be a Philoſopher,

* It was an Admiration that produced in him the Deſire of being able to contribute to the making of them as virtuous as they were handſome. See what *Maximus de Tyr*, has ſaid on this Paſſage.

I ſhould

I ſhould not believe myſelf to be a Man: And whoever has that Thought, I have altogether as bad an Opinion of him. By that he hit his Rival home: therefore he raiſed his Voice that he might be underſtood by him whom he loved.

Then 'tis a fine Thing, anſwered I, to be a Philoſopher! Yes aſſuredly, ſaid he. But, anſwered I, do you think it poſſible for one to decide whether a Thing be fine or ugly, unleſs he knows it before? Do you know what it is to be a Philoſopher? Without doubt, ſaid he, I know it. Then I aſked him, what is it?

'Tis nothing elſe, anſwered he, than what *Solon* ſaid: *In making myſelf old, I learn an Infinity of Things.* For, methinks, that he who would be a Philoſopher ought to learn ſomething every Day of his Life, both in his Youth and in his old Age, to the End, that he may know all that can be known.

At firſt, methought, he ſpoke ſomething. But after having pauſed a little upon it, I aſked him if he held that Philoſophy was nothing elſe but a Polymathy, that is to ſay, a Heap or a confuſed Maſs of all the Sciences? He told me, it was nothing but that. But, ſaid I, do you think that Philoſophy is only a fine Thing, or do you believe it alſo a good Thing? I believe it to be very good, anſwered he. Do you think that is particular to Philoſophy, continued I, or do you find the ſame Thing in others? For Example, do you think the Love of Exerciſes is as good as it is fine, or are you of Opinion that it is neither fine nor good. In my Opinion, anſwered he, jeſting merrily, for you, that Love is very fine and very good; but as for him, ſpeaking of his Rival, it is neither the one nor the other. And do you believe, ſaid I, that the Love of Exerciſes conſiſts in having a Mind to do all Exerciſes? Without doubt, ſaid he; *as the Love of Wiſdom*, that is to ſay, Philoſophy, conſiſts in having a Mind to know all Things, But, I aſked him, Do you think that thoſe who apply themſelves to Exerciſes have any other Aim than that of the Health of their Body? No, without doubt, ſaid he, they

they propoſe to themſelves no other End. And conſequently, ſaid I, is it not the great Number of Exerciſes that makes People enjoy their Healths?

Would it be poſſible, anſwered he, that one could be in good Health by applying himſelf only to a few Exerciſes?

Upon that I thought fit to ſtir up my Champion a little, that he might come to my Aſſiſtance with the Experience he had in Exerciſes: Then directing my Diſcourſe to him, why are you ſilent, ſaid I, my Dear, when you hear your Rival ſpeak of your Art? Do you alſo believe as he, that 'tis the great Number of Exerciſes that cauſeth Health? Or, on the other hand, do you think that it is to uſe ſuch of them as you ſhall think fit, and neither to exerciſe yourſelf too much nor too little?

For my Part, *Socrates*, he anſwered me, I am ſtill perſuaded, as I have always been, that there is nothing more true than what the common Proverb ſays, that moderate Exerciſes cauſe a good Health: Is not that a fine Proof of it? That poor Man with his Application to Study, and his Deſire to know every Thing, ſee how he is: He has loſt his Appetite, and does not ſleep: He is as ſtiff as a Stake, and as dry as a Match.

At theſe Words the two young Men fell a laughing, and the Philoſopher bluſhed.

Seeing his Confuſion, I turned towards him, What do you pretend to then, ſaid I? Don't you confeſs now that 'tis neither the great nor the ſmall Number of Exerciſes that cauſe Health; but moderate Exerciſes, and to keep directly in the mid Way? Will you reſiſt too?

If I had to do with him only, ſaid he, I would make my Part good, and I find myſelf ſtrong enough to prove to him what I have advanced. even though it ſhould be far leſs probable; he's ſo far from being a dangerous Enemy. But with you, *Socrates*, I will not diſpute againſt my Opinion. I confeſs then, that it is not the great Number of Exerciſes, but moderate Exerciſes, that cauſe Health.

Is it not the ſame with Food, ſaid I? He agreed to it, and I made him confeſs the ſame, as to all other Things

Things that relate to the Body, that it was the juſt Middle that was uſeful, and in no wiſe the too much, nor the too little. And as to what relates to the Soul, ſaid I afterwards, is it the Quantity of Food that is given it which is uſeful, or is it only a juſt Meaſure?

'Tis the juſt Meaſure, ſaid he to me.

But, continued I, are not Sciences of the Number of thoſe Foods of the Soul? He acknowledged it. And conſequently, ſaid I to him, It is not the great Number of Sciences that nouriſh the Soul well, but the juſt Meaſure, which is equally diſtant from too much and too little?

He acquieſced in it.

To whom then ſhould we reaſonably addreſs ourſelves, continued I, to know exactly what is that juſt Meaſure of Food and Exerciſes that is uſeful for the Body? We all there agreed that it muſt be to a Phyſician, or to a Maſter of Exerciſes. And as to ſowing of Seed, to whom ſhould we apply ourſelves to know that juſt Meaſure? To a Huſbandman without doubt. And as to other Sciences, I add, whom ſhall we conſult to know the juſt Medium that muſt be kept in ſowing or planting them in the Soul? Upon that we found ourſelves all three equally full of Doubts and Uncertainties. Seeing we cannot overcome this Difficulty, I told them ſmiling, ſhall we call thoſe two handſome young Youths to our Aſſiſtance, or ſhall we be aſhamed to call them, * as *Homer* ſays of *Penelope*'s Lovers, who not being able to bend the Bow, would not have it that any other could do it?

When I ſaw that they deſpaired of finding what we ſought after, I took another Method. What Sciences, ſaid I, ſhall we fix upon that a Philoſopher ought to

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* In the 21 Book of the *Odyſſ. v.* 285. the Lovers of *Penelope* openly teſtify the fear they were in that the Beggar, who was not yet known to be *Ulyſſes*, ſhould bend the Bow, whereof *Penelope* was to be the Reward.

learn? For we have agreed that he ought not to learn them all, nor even the greateſt Part.

The learned Man, anſwering, ſaid they ought to be the fineſt, the moſt agreeable, and thoſe that could do him the greateſt Honour; and that nothing could do him more Honour than to ſeem to underſtand all the Arts, or at leaſt the moſt conſiderable; and that thus a Philoſopher ought to learn all the Arts that were worthy of an honeſt Man's Knowledge, as well thoſe that depend upon the Underſtanding, as thoſe that depend upon Handy-work.

You mean, continued I, for Example, the Joyners Trade: One may have a very able Joyner for five or ſix Marks. That's a Trade that depends upon Handy-work. And the Art of Architecture depends on the Underſtanding. But you can't have an Architect for ten thouſand Drachms; for there are very few among the *Greeks*. Are not thoſe the Sorts of Arts you mean? When he had anſwered me yes; I aſked him, if he did not think it impoſſible that a Man could learn two Arts perfectly, a d much more to learn a great Number, and thoſe alſo the moſt difficult?

For 15 or 20 Piſtoles.

For 100 Crowns. Architects ſcarce in *Greece* in *Socrates*'s Time.

Upon that, he anſwered me, don't you underſtand me, *Socrates?* 'Tis not my Meaning that a Philoſopher ſhould know thoſe Arts as perfectly as the Maſters, who practiſe them: it is ſufficient that he knows them like a Gentleman, ſo as he may underſtand what thoſe Maſters ſay better than the Vulgar Sort of Men; and alſo be able to give his Opinion, to the end that he may make it appear, that he has a very fine and delicate Taſte of all that is ſaid or done in Relation to thoſe Arts.

And I, ſtill doubting what his Meaning was, ſaid, ſee, I pray you, if I apprehend your Idea of a Philoſopher; you pretend that a Philoſopher ſhould be the ſame with the Tradeſman, * as a Pentathle or Cham-

* This Paſſage is extraordinary fine, and furniſhed *Longinus* with the Idea of the Compariſon he made of *Demoſthones* with *Hiperides*, and which I have explained in the Remarks upon that Rhetorician *Chap.* xxviii. *p.* 173.

pion,

pion, who does five Sorts of Exerciſes in the Academy with the Runner or the Wreſtler; for he is overcome by all thoſe Champions in the Exerciſes that are proper to each, and holds but the ſecond Rank after them; whereas he is above all the other Champions who enter the Liſt againſt him. Perhaps that's the Effect which you pretend Philoſophy produces upon thoſe who follow it; they are truly below Maſters in the Knowledge of every Art, but they are alſo ſuperior to all other Men who pretend to judge of them. Inſomuch that according to you, we muſt conceive a Philoſopher, as a Man who in every Thing is below the Maſter that profeſſeth it. That I believe, is the Idea that you would give of a Philoſopher.

Very well, *Socrates*, ſaid he to me, you have admirably well comprehended my Meaning, and there is nothing more juſt than your Compariſon; for the Philoſopher is truly a Man who does not keep to one Thing only, like a Slave, ſo as to neglect all others, as the Tradeſmen do, in order to carry it to the laſt Perfection: But he applies himſelf indifferently to all.

After this Anſwer, as if I ſtill deſired to know his Meaning more clearly, I aſked him if he believed that able Men were uſeful or uſeleſs.

I believe them to be very uſeful, *Socrates*, anſwered he.

If the able are very uſeful, replied I, the unable are very uſeleſs.

He agreed to that.

But, ſaid I, are the Philoſophers uſeful or not?

They are not only uſeful, anſwered he, but alſo very uſeful.

Let us ſee then, replied I, if you ſay true, and let us examine how it can be that thoſe Philoſophers, who hold only the ſecond Rank in any thing whatſoever, ſhould be ſo uſeful; for by what you juſt now ſaid, it is clear as the Day, that the Philoſopher is inferior to Tradeſmen in all the Arts which they profeſs,

He agrees to it.

Oh! ſaid I, let's ſee, if you or any of your Friends for whom you had a great Love were ſick; tell me, I pray you, would you call a Philoſopher, that inferior Man, or would you ſend for a Phyſician to recover your Health, or that of your Friend?

For my Part, I would ſend for both, anſwered he.

Ah! don't tell me that, anſwered I, you muſt chuſe which of them you would rather call.

If you take it that Way, ſaid he, I think there is nobody would heſitate, but would much rather call a Phyſician.

And if you were in the Middle of the Sea, toſſed with a furious Tempeſt, to whom would you abandon the Conduct of your Ship, to the Philoſopher, or to the Pilot!

To the Pilot, without doubt, ſaid he.

Thus then both in Storm and in Sickneſs, and in all other Things, while the Artiſt or the Maſter of every one of thoſe Things is preſent, is not the Philoſopher very uſeleſs? Would he not be as it were, a dumb Perſon?

So methinks, anſwered he.

And conſequently, replied I, the Philoſopher is a very uſeleſs Man: For we have Artiſts in every Thing, and we have agreed that the able are only uſeful, and that others are not. He was obliged to agree to it. Shall I preſume to aſk you ſome other Things, ſaid I to him, and will not you look upon it as clowniſh and ruſtick to aſk you ſo many Queſtions?

Aſk me what you think fit, ſaid he.

I want nothing more than that we ſhould agree again on what we have ſaid. Methinks, we have agreed on one ſide, that Philoſophy is a fine Thing; that there are Philoſophers; that Philoſophers are able Men; that able Men are uſeful; and that unable Men are uſeleſs; and on the other hand, we have agreed that Philoſophers are uſeleſs, when we have People by that are Maſters of every Profeſſion, and there are always ſome. Is not that what we have agreed to?

'Tis ſo, anſwered he.

And

And conſequently, ſay I, ſeeing Philoſophy, accoring to you, is only the Knowledge of all Arts, while Arts ſhall flouriſh among Men, the Philoſophers will not have any Luſtre among them; on the other hand, they will be altogether uſeleſs. But, believe me, the Philoſophers are not what we have fancied to ourſelves; and to be a Philoſopher is not to meddle with all Arts, and to ſpend his Life in all Shops ſtooping and working like a Slave. Neither is it to learn many Things. Upon my Word, 'tis ſomething more ſublime and more noble. For that Application is ſhameful, and thoſe who take it upon them are only called Mechanicks and mean Tradeſmen. The better to ſee, if I ſpeak true, anſwer me further, I pray you, who are thoſe that can break a Horſe well? Are not they ſuch as can make him better?

Yes.

And is it not the ſame of Dogs?

Yes.

Thus one and the ſame Art breaks them and makes them better?

Yes.

But that Art which breaks them, and makes them better, is it the ſame by which one knows thoſe that are bad? Or is it another?

No, ſaid he, 'tis the ſame.

Will you ſay the ſame Thing of Men, replied I? The Art which makes them better, is it the ſame with that which reclaims them, and which knows thoſe who are good, and thoſe who are bad?

'Tis the ſame, ſaid he.

Does the Art which judges of many, judge alſo of one, and that which judges of one, does it alſo judge of many?

Yes.

Is it the ſame, ſaid I, of Horſes, and of all other Animals? He agrees to it. But ſay I, how do you call the Science or Art which chaſtiſes and reclaims the wicked Rake-hells that are in the Cities, and who violate the Laws? Is it not Judicature? And is not this Art or Judicature, that which you call Juſtice?

Without

Without doubt, anſwered he.

Thus ſaid I to him, that Art which ſerves the Judges to correct the Wicked, ſerves alſo to make them know who are wicked and who are good?

Aſſuredly.

And the Judge who knows one of them, may alſo know more; and he who can't know many of them, can't know one? Is it not ſo?

I confeſſed it, ſaid he.

Is it not alſo true, ſaid I, that a Horſe which knows not the other Horſes that are good or bad, does not know what he is himſelf? I ſay as much of all other Animals.

He agreed to it.

Why then, added I, a Man who knows not Men, if they be good or bad, is he not alſo ignorant what he is himſelf, tho' he be a Man?

That's moſt true, ſaid he.

Not to know one's ſelf, is it to be wiſe, or to be a Fool?

To be a Fool.

And conſequently, continued I, to know one's ſelf is to be wiſe. Thus the Precept that is wrote upon the Gate of the Temple of *Delphos*, exhorts us to apply ourſelves to Wiſdom and Juſtice. It is the ſame Art that teacheth us to chaſtiſe and puniſh the Wicked; by the Rules of Wiſdom we know how to know them, and to know ourſelves alſo.

Know thyſelf.

That ſeems to me to be very true, ſaid he.

And conſequently, ſay I, Juſtice and Wiſdom are but the ſame Thing. And that which makes Cities well governed and peopled, is the Puniſhment of the Wicked.

Is not that the Occaſion of good Government?

He agreed to it.

When a Man, ſay I, governs a City or State well, what Name is given to that Man? Is he not called King?

Without doubt.

Then he governs by the Royal Art, by the Art of Kings;

Kings; and is not that Art the ſame with thoſe we juſt now ſpoke of?

So methinks.

When a private Man governs his Houſe well, what Name is given to him? Is he not called a good Steward, or good Maſter?

Yes.

By what Art does he govern his Houſe ſo well? Is it not by the Art of Juſtice?

Certainly.

Then methinks that King, Politician, Steward, Maſter, Juſt, and Wiſe, are but one and the ſame Thing; and that Loyalty, Policy, Oeconomy, Wiſdom and Juſtice, are but one and the ſame Art?

He agreed with me.

What then, continued I, ſhall a Philoſopher be aſhamed when a Phyſician ſhall ſpeak before him of Diſtempers, or ſome other ſhall ſpeak of his Art; I ſay, ſhall he be aſhamed that he does not underſtand what they ſay, and that he can't give his Advice? and when a King, a Magiſtrate, a Politician, an Oeconomiſt, ſhall ſpeak of their Art, he ſhould not be aſhamed that he can't underſtand them, or ſay any Thing of his own Head?

How, ſhould it not be much more ſhameful, *Socrates*, ſaid he to me, not to be able to ſay any Thing upon ſo great and ſo important Things?

But, continued I, ſhall we fix it, that upon theſe ſame Things the Philoſopher ſhould be as the Pentathle, whom we juſt now ſpoke of, that is to ſay, always below the Maſters, and that he is but of the ſecond Rank, ſo that he will always be uſeleſs when thoſe Maſters are preſent? Or ſhall we rather ſay, that he ought to be Maſter himſelf, that he may not be of the ſecond Rank, and may not give his Houſe to the Conduct of another, but that he may manage it himſelf in the Rules of Wiſdom and Juſtice, if he would have it well governed, and that it ſhould proſper?

He agreeth with me.

In fine, ſaid I to him, if his Friends ſhould abandon themſelves to his Conduct, or his City call him to the Office

Office of the Magiſtracy, or ſhould order him to be Arbitrator upon publick or private Affairs, would it not be a Shame for him to be only of the ſecond or third Rank, inſtead of being the Head?

So methinks, ſaid he.

Then, my dear, Philoſophy wants much of being a Love of all Sciences, or an Application to all Arts. At theſe Words the learned Man being confounded, knew not what to anſwer, and the illiterate Man aſſured me that I was in the right. All the reſt likewiſe ſubmitted to thoſe Proofs.

FINIS.

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